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First Screen Magazine—Founded 1911

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Motion Picture

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

NSC

February

MOTION
PICTURE
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Hedy Lamarr

Will Clark Gable Ever Marry Carole Lombard?

.M5

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Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children.

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

WHAT'S THE LINE-UP FOR BILL POWELL?

Bill Powell has gone through a siege of illness. For a time his friends and fans feared he was through with the screen. But he comes back to carry on his "Thin Man" series. And Myrna Loy will play opposite Bill again. There's a lively, up-to-date story about Bill in the March MOTION PICTURE —as well as lively stories about Myrna Loy, Mickey Rooney, Ellen Drew, Fred MacMurray and a host of other top-ranking stars. This issue will be packed with the very latest candid art of Hollywood. To say nothing of timely flash news reporting all the gossip. Order the March issue from your local newsdealer now. It pays to shop early for MOTION PICTURE.

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Motion Picture

Incorporating

Movie Classic

LAURENCE REID
Editor

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"I love you

Words torn from the anguished heart of a woman in love . . . words breathing the intense emotion of a proud woman whose pride has vanished in the wonder, the thrilling glory of her first great love . . . the words of the immortal Zaza to her beloved Bernard . . . pouring tumultuously from the screen as Claudette Colbert brings Zaza, gay, reckless Zaza, who loved too well, to thrilling, glorious life in Claudette's mightiest acting triumph, in the year's grandest screen love drama.

more than you love me . . ."

"Don't be modest, darling. There are men women can't leave alone. And you're one of them. Yes, and there are men who can't leave women alone and you're one of those, too!"

Adolph Zukor presents

Claudette Colbert

in **"ZAZA"** with

Herbert Marshall

Bert Lahr · Helen Westley · Constance Collier
Genevieve Tobin · Walter Catlett

Directed by George Cukor • Produced by Albert Lewin
Screen Play by Zoe Akins • From the Play by Pierre Berton & Charles Simon
A Paramount Picture

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RAW THROAT?

Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact;* (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.

DANDRUFF ITCH

DANDRUFF ITCH?

Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.

2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*

3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*

4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*

5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.*

Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction* — or your money back in full!

*Zonite is an improvement on the Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery . . . Use

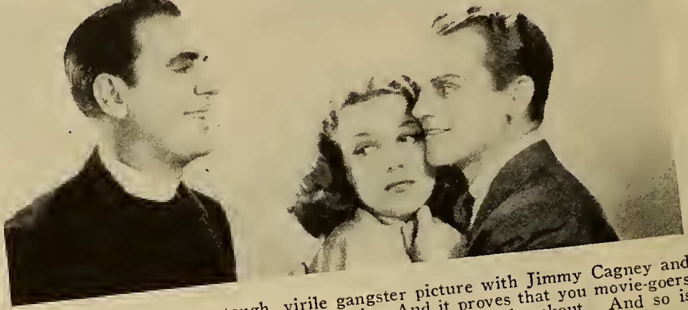
ZONITE

for

FIRST AID · SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH · DANDRUFF
FEMININE CLEANSING

PICTURE PARADE

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—AAAA—



Well you asked for a tough, virile gangster picture with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien co-starred again and here it is. And it proves that you movie-goers know what you want for *Angels With Dirty Faces* is a knockout. And so is Jimmy as the thug and Pat O'Brien as his pal and father-confessor. Warner Bros. who are fast becoming the answer to a movie-goer's and movie critic's prayer saw to that. They also saw to it that all the mothers and fathers, who begged that a halt be called on motion pictures glamorizing underworld characters, were answered, too. Their answer is *Angels With Dirty Faces* which will probably do more to stop that hero(?)-worship than the dearth of this type of film. For the very theme of *Angels With Dirty Faces* is built around this very angle of a pack of kids idolizing a public enemy No. 1. Besides Cagney and O'Brien there's Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan (reverse her initials and see what you get) and the *Dead End* Kids and they all turn in superb performances. While this is a bloody drama of the underworld you needn't hesitate about bringing the kids because there's a good lesson for them in it.—*Warner Bros.*

THE GREAT WALTZ —AAA½—

A musical extravaganza based on the life of Johann Strauss II, *The Great Waltz* is indeed a fitting tribute to this great and beloved composer. The composer's name may not ring familiar to some of you but his music will and when you hear the *Blue Danube* and *Tales of the Vienna Woods*—two of his most renowned works—you will find it difficult to refrain from accompanying the orchestrations vocally and terpsichorally. This should bring the waltz back. Johann Strauss is played by Fernand Gravet with much finesse and you will be held spellbound by the glorious voice of Miliza Korjus the continental opera star who makes her American debut in this. Her voice is majestic and so is her face and figure. Luise Rainer plays the role of *Poldi*, Frau Strauss, and while her role is an unhappy one after *Carla Donner* (Miliza Korjus) falls in love with her husband we believe Miss Rainer could have used a little restraint—her winsomeness and hysteria were a trifle overdone. Hugh Herbert adds the comedy relief.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page* 10]

STUDY THIS FACE!

You'll never forget it. For here are forever written the ecstasy and pain of woman loved and loving. Here is the face of Bette Davis in her supreme dramatic triumph, "Dark Victory." Here is the screen's most gifted actress in a role which is destined to win for her another Academy Award. Watch for "Dark Victory"—a Warner Bros. presentation—in America's leading theatres soon.

A GREAT ADVANCE in Feminine Hygiene

ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS

Perhaps you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white, antiseptic . . . and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact and remain in long, effective antiseptic action. Absolutely safe to use, too — because they contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a *unique* GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

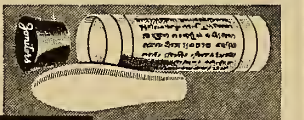
Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12 *individual* glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

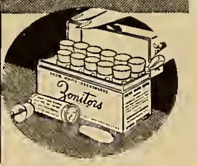
Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3203, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.



Each in individual glass vial.

Zonitors FOR FEMININE HYGIENE *A Zonite Product*



PICTURE PARADE

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS —AAA½—

Sixty Glorious Years is a royal pageant of the reign of England's greatest and most loved queen—Victoria. Excepting that unlike *Victoria the Great* this highlights the personal more than the royal life of the Queen. It is based on the Queen's own intimate diary and commences with Victoria's opening of Parliament in 1840 when she announces her engagement to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. Which is as it should be for Victoria's life didn't really begin until she married her "foreigner." However it is punctuated with history and politics—the opposition to her Consort, the first International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, the Crimean campaign and its thrilling climax with the Charge of the Light Brigade, the Golden Jubilee and then in 1901 witb the words "The Queen is dead, long live the King." Anna Neagle plays the queen with much grace and restraint and Anton Walbrook makes the Prince Consort a human and lovable character. There's also C. Aubrey Smith as the Duke of Wellington. It's colorful, educational and entertaining. Done entirely in Technicolor you will gasp at the magnificent colors.—*RKO-Radio.*

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER—AAA½—

This will delight not only Bob Burns' own fans but every type of movie audience because it has lots of homely charm and plenty of action. Remember the Will Rogers' films, well this is not unlike them, neither is Bob himself. And while this is Bob's first starring vehicle the producers were canny and didn't give him the entire load to carry. He is given excellent support by an outstanding cast among who are Fay Bainter, John Beal, Jean Parker, Lyle Talbot, Irvin S. Cobb and Dickie Moore. The story tells of the *Allen* family who are struggling against great odds to keep the late *Mr. Allen's* newspaper going. Into this turmoil comes the *Arkansas Traveler*. He takes things into his own hands—both the newspaper and the family—and everything starts humming. He not only turns guardian angel to the *Allens* but he saves the town from the clutches of a crooked politician—and plays Cupid to boot. Given a good story, good lines and funny situations, Bob draws the laughs without resorting to his bazooka or *Grandpa Snazzy*.—*Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 74]

BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"

I USE COSMETICS BUT I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER

TO pass the Love Test, skin must be smooth and soft. The eyes of love look close—and *linger*—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. It's so foolish to risk the *choked pores* that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—*appealing*.

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"UNION PACIFIC"

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK'S advice— has skin that passes the LOVE TEST

I DON'T WANT COSMETIC SKIN TO SPOIL MY LOOKS SO I TAKE THE SCREEN STARS' ADVICE. LUX TOILET SOAP LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

***Get a Trial Bottle FREE!**

For over 2 generations, Italian Balm has held the "first choice" vote, among all anti-chapping preparations, in Cold-weather Canada.

And, in the United States, its rapid rise to wide-spread popularity has been one of the sensations of toilet goods history.

So if your hands are dry, or rough and chapped, from housework or weather—test this famous Skin Softener at Campana's expense. Try it before you buy it!

Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest selling brands of lotion—yet its cost to *use* is *negligible.* It's wide-spreading—that's why! Not thin—watery—or wasteful. One drop (not a handful!) is the right amount for both hands per application. Get your FREE Vanity Bottle now. You be the judge.

Campana's
Italian Balm
Secret Formula—Exclusive Process

FREE
CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
572 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

*Name*________
*Address*________
*City*________ *State*________
In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F572 Caledonia Road, Toronto

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 16]

Prior to leaving NYC to be entertained with cocktail parties, Nancy Kelly was thrown cocktail party by Ed Norris who gave her boo'ful gardenia necklace

Arlen with Virginia Grey, who seems to run first in his interest now-a-nights. The Arlens were sweet to each other, but nobody noticed them dance together.

■

THE Harmon Nelsons are still at sea about their own split. Bette admits she doesn't know whether to go through with divorce proceedings or not, and she's pretty jittery about it. She probably will, sooner or later. Meantime, they haven't gotten around, yet, to the stage of doing a lot of going out with other companions.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Maxine Lewis and Eddie Norris
Two hearts that beat in single chorus!

[*Continued on page* 20]

The Kid takes after Pop, likes the ponies, too. Gary Evans Crosby goes for ride on Shetland pony, a gift from Daddy Bing

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

HOPE this letter reaches you before you buy that new light-weight coat. Because Gale Page gave me the grandest idea to pass on to you. I met Gale on the Boulevard 'tother noon, looking too smart in a form-fitting dress of navy blue nubby wool. Zipped from hem to neckline, the plainness of the dress was accented by heavy silver costume jewelry. When I asked Gale if it matched the blue coat I saw her wear the day before—she told me it *was* the blue coat! Yep—all she had to do was zip it all the way down the front, wear it over a bright print dress, and she had a brand new outfit! . . . Of course that idea started me on my old style snooping to find out what else the gal might know, and it was while we were talking over an afternoon "lift" in the Brown Derby that Gale told me about the feather decorations both she and Gloria Dickson are using on their plain frocks. . . . Seems while they were on a location trip, Gale and Gloria found an Old Indian woman who does beautiful feather work. When they returned to Hollywood, Gloria was wearing a collar and cuffs set of peacock blue coq feathers, and Gale had belted a black wool dress with a brilliant turkey-red belt of the same small feathers. . . . Of course you may not have an Indian woman in your home—but you can always get the small feathers in a millinery shop and do your own inventing. . . . Must be this Indian Summer weather that is bringing out the redskin motive in dress ornaments. While we were talking, Jane Wyman walked into the Derby wearing a black jersey street frock with cuffs made of bright Indian bead work. . . . Jane's circular skirt had that definite swing and swish to it when she walked—you know the sort of thing you see in ads but can never quite achieve. But here's the secret. Under cover of the table Jane lifted her skirt and showed me how she gets that verve into her step. All around the hem of the skirt—where they won't show—she has sewn small Chinese coins.

I SUPPOSE you're sick to death of my telling you about gadgets and tricks to pep up your plain wool dress. So before you shut me up completely—here are a few more I glimpsed on the late afternoon droppers-inners at the Derby. Maureen O'Sullivan has remodeled some of her old charm bracelets and made studs of them. She chose five of her favorite little charms from her various bracelets, had them mounted as studs, and uses them to fasten the bodice of a shirtmaker dress. . . . Rosella Towne's only ornament on her sport suit was a lapel gadget of twig and suspended acorn. The bottom of the acorn screws into the top and conceals a needle and thread—"just in case." . . . Priscilla Lane wore a large gold numeral "7" on her suit jacket. And she had a reason. Priscilla believes the number seven is her lucky number and uses it on her clothes whenever possible. Even has them embroidered on some of her frocks. . . . The Lane sisters were traveling in pairs that day and it was Rosemary who told me to be sure and tell you about her newest clip. A lobster claw. And I mean a real one! She wore it pinched onto the shoulder of her featherweight blue suede blouse.

AND I might tell you now, the Hollywood gals are using perfume these days in more ways than you would think possible. . . . Rosemary's ring was of filigree silver with a top that opens like a locket. In this little container, she had placed a piece of cotton saturated with her favorite scent. . . . She told me about Lana Turner's perfume bracelet. Lana has an ordinary looking charm bracelet. But each one of the little charms is hollow and contains a wad of perfumed cotton. . . . Just a little time out from fashions while I tell you of Glenda Farrell's idea of scenting her home before she entertains. Glenda ties a piece of cloth, heavily perfumed with her favorite scent, to the front of her electric fan and lets it blow through the room for about a half hour before her guests arrive.

THAT'S about all the clothes gossip I could get out of the girls that day. They were all talking about the season opening at Palm Springs, and what they would wear. But no one would give away advance tips on their resort clothes. There's nothing more deadening to a woman's spirits than to see some one wearing the same thing she is. It's particularly true in Hollywood where every gal tries to be a fashion designer. . . . So your style-snooper is going to have to take a vacation in Palm Springs to give you next month's fashion letter.

Mlle. Chic

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!
Cashmere Bouquet
FRANKLY, I HOPE TO WIN PHIL! THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP BEFORE OUR DATES!
IT MAKES SUCH A DIFFERENCE WHEN A GIRL BATHES WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP! CASHMERE BOUQUET'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR, AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS... LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!
YOU CERTAINLY ARE A SWEET LITTLE ARMFUL, KAY! DID I REMEMBER TO TELL YOU I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU?
I WANT TO KEEP HIM FEELING THAT WAY, SO I'LL ALWAYS BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE NICER WAY TO AVOID BODY ODOR!
I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!
Cashmere Bouquet
10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores
THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY

"HOW DOES AGNES EVER SATISFY HER CHILDREN BETWEEN MEALS WITHOUT SPOILING THEIR APPETITES?"

HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house. The youngsters love it. P. S. So do grown-ups!

ONE OF AMERICA'S GOOD HABITS

Beech-Nut

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 18]

Co-starring on the screen for the first time are two of its finest troupers, Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer—who give you a "how-do-you-do" from *Love Affair*

BY THE way, this Eddie Norris lad is just a pushover for redheads. He's just been divorced by one—Ann Sheridan. And before that, he had two wives—Virginia Hiller and Lona Andre (oh, successively, not simultaneously, y'unnastan!)—both of whom were redheads. . . And now it's Maxine Lewis (Donald Cook's ex-wife), who's as redheaded as the rest of 'em. . . !

◆

IF ANYTHING will keep Margaret Lindsay and Bob Abbott from saying "I do" to the nearest J-o-P, it'll be a little matter of religious differences. And even that, their pals are betting, won't delay the mrandmrsing very long.

It's not easy keeping track of Olivia de Havilland's men-about-town. Clive Haliday took her to San F. Opera opening

◆

BARBARA STANWYCK, who's been fighting her head off with every legal weapon to keep ex-hubby Frank Fay from seeing their adopted tot, Dion, has lost—and she's got to let Frank visit the lad three times a week. Dion is now six years old—and he's been the biggest thing in Barbara's life for a long time. Even more important than Bob Taylor, take it from those who know which has the biggest share of Barbara's heart.

As for Fay, he's to be seen these days, running up and down the Beverly Hills bridle paths, trying to keep in first-rate physical condition. He's still as determined as ever to show Barbara that he, too, can still be a movie topliner.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET: Oren Haglund and Virginia Lane—Li'l Danny's got 'em practical-in-sane!

◆

MARGO'S been Mrs. Francis Lederer for a year, now—and the honeymoon isn't over yet! Margo and Francis are the artiest couple in Hollywood, even including Frances Farmer and Lief Erikson. They don't go in for Hollywood whoopee and super-sophistication. And so, when their first anniversary rolled around, they did it in the naive (to Hollywood) fashion of sneaking off to Carmel for a quiet little twosome of their own.

[*Continued on page* 24]

Hollywood's
Trick Parties

DRESS-UP Party of the Month—was when Jimmy (FDR's son) Roosevelt and that ducky wife of his guested at the Walter Wangers and brought out all the Hollywood honeys, to the grinning delight of convalescent Jimmy. . . . Norma Shearer came with Howard Hughes, and wore all white. Merle Oheron doubled with David Niven (whom she just can't forget forever) and Bob Riskin. She had her hair "up" for the first time in public. Tyrone Power did the Lambeth walk with Jimmy Roosevelt's wife, which was a thrill for both. Fredric March danced the same steps with her, but Ty took top honors. On the other side, Jimmy danced with Joan Bennett (so looooovely!) and Joan Crawford. Who brought Joan?—why, Cesar Romero, of course. Connie Bennett, all dolled out in heads, went home early on account of she is a working girl these days. The Henry Fondas took special care of Romelle Schneider, who's Jimmy Roosevelt's nurse, and who's a honey herself. . . . New fad-starter of the party was Gary Cooper's Sandra, who had a Gibson-girl hair-do.

NITE-CLUBBING around: Ray Bolger throws a birthday whoopee for wifie at The House of Murphy. . . . Mary Astor and Hubby Manuel del Campo stepping at La Conga. . . . Alice Faye and Tony Martin, slapping down the rumors by two-soming at The House of Murphy. . . . Bing Crosby's double, Billy Starr, headlining at the show at Gordon's. . . . Virginia Sale taking gal-friend-from-school, Thelma Strabel, to dinner at The Tropics. . . . Lawrence Tibbett and the missus at the Bublichki . . . And Bucolic Whoopee of the Month—was the "barn dance," a la 1938, staged at the Darryl Zanuck ranch. Some old-time rancher should see what the wonder-boy of the movies calls a "ranch." Imagine—a polo field! The ranch-house looks like a movie set. And that party. . . . Western clothes. jodhpurs, overalls, slacks, were *au fait;* soup-and-fish were *de trop.* (My, don't we know fancy words!) Virginia Zanuck showed how to dance in riding boots. Mary Pickford there with Hubby Buddy Rogers, just in by airplane. A ten-gallon Stetson atop Gary Cooper made him sky-high. Merle Oberon, British beauty, in Yankee farm clothes. Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, farmers together. . . . Barbecue dinner—take your pick: steaks, suckling pigs, and lamb for them as didn't eat pork. Barn dancing of course varied with the Lambeth Walk now and then. Cards and backgammon on the sidelines. . . . And I'll lay a hundred to one that not one of the "farmers" or "farmerettes" who attended could have milked a cow to save their lives!

STEPPING around the nitespots some more: Joan Woodbury squired by Sid Rice at the Bali . . . Gloria Blondell and Joe Gardner, incurable niteclubbers, at the Slapsie Maxie emporium of jitters . . . Designer Eddie Stephenson taking Gertrude Michael to the Balalaika . . . The Jade, a dark-cornered hideout for Eddie Norris, Janct Lind, Ginger Alten and Tony Averill . . . Alex d'Arcy Hula-Hutting with Vicki Lester . . . Fashion Plate Adolphe Menjou with the missus, Russian feeding at Bublichki . . . and Most Unsuccessful Yacht Party of the Month—was the share-the-expense hire-a-boat cruise of Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot, Arthur Sheekman and Gloria Stuart, and a coupla other couples. They hired a boat for a three-day Catalina cruise. So three hours out, the compass wouldn't work and a fog set in and wasn't that swell. But the fog cleared, they reached Catalina and wanted to go ashore. . . . So the motor in the shore boat wouldn't work, and they had to row. So they got ashore and telephoned the boat-hire place that their stuff was—oh, so lousy, so the place said they'd send another boat. But the boat didn't arrive for so many hours after it was promised that the Hollywoodsmen vowed, when they finally got back to the mainland, that their next all-water party would be in a bathtub.

NITE sights: Everett Crosby and Florence George at the LaMaze. . . . Marsha Hunt and Jerry Hopper two-soming at the Palomar. . . Peter Gregory squiring Madeleine Carroll at the House of Murphy. . . . Harmon Nelson ALONE, at the same place. . . . stagging trio of Franchot Tone, Johnny Weissmuller and Pat De Cicco at the Bublichki. . . . Kcn Dolan and Shirley Ross honeymooning at Slapsie Maxie's. . . . Weldon Heyburn with Adrienne Ames at Club Cercle. . . . Richard Arlen taking Virginia Grey out for a dinner at Mike Lyman's. . . . Randy Scott with Mary Lou Dix at the Tropics. . . . Sigrid Gurie and Dr. Lawrence Spangard (wonder when they'll be mrandmrs?) at Sardi's. . . . Lew Ayres a House-of-Murphy stag. . . . Social-Activity Note of the Month—was Freddie Bartholomew's protesting appearance, in tow of Aunt Cissie, at a Hollywood fashion show and hanging back at the entrance so that the doorman, thinking to ease his male embarrassment, explained that another man was inside. "Who?" asked Freddie. "Sabu," said the doorman. "That sissy!" said Freddie, but went on in.

WINTER WARNING!

Underarms perspire all year 'round

**Popular girls never risk offending.
In winter, as in summer, they use MUM**

A MAN—A GIRL! Every chance for romance if that lovely wool dress is always fresh and sweet—free from underarm odor! Even when she sees no *moisture,* a smart girl knows there's danger of *odor.* And she realizes that warm clothes and indoor living actually make this danger worse.

That's why she uses Mum! For in spite of heavy clothing and tighter-fitting sleeves, Mum makes odor *impossible.* With Mum you're *always* nice to be near!

For Mum does what no bath can do—Mum *prevents* underarm odor. A bath removes only *past* perspiration but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you sweet. Mum is so easy, so *dependable!*

MUM IS QUICK! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum, and your underarms are fresh for a full day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today, and know that you're always charming!

NO WINTER WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM!

IMAGINE THINKING WINTER MAKES YOU SAFE FROM ODOR. WARM CLOTHES ACTUALLY MAKE ODOR WORSE.
TO HERSELF: THIS ROOM IS WARM — BUT I NEEDN'T WORRY. MUM KEEPS ME FRESH.
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins—
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Marlene Dietrich's gams, right, won her third place in the contest. They were once the most beautiful in Hollywood

Ladees and genteemen, in this corner we have the winnah—Martha Raye. Excellent support you have, Martha!

MARTHA RAYE—— THE WINNAH

WE ARE HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT MARTHA RAYE IS THE UNDISPUTED WINNER OF MOTION PICTURE'S "BEAUTIFUL LEGS CONTEST." MARTHA WON BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY RECEIVING THREE TIMES AS MANY VOTES AS THE RUNNER-UP

Left, Claudette Colbert who came in second with her out*standing* features

MARTHA RAYE—THE WINNAH

AND NOW WE COME TO THE PRIZE WINNERS IN THE "BEAUTIFUL LEGS CONTEST."

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THEM YOU WILL FIND YOUR NAME AMONG THE FOLLOWING:

1st Prize—Trip to Hollywood
Carl R. Canterbury, 1527 Eleventh Ave., Moline, Illinois

2nd Prize—Gruen Lady's Watch
Elizabeth S. Rice, 911 So. 31st St., Birmingham, Ala.

3rd Prize—50 pc. Set of 1881 Rogers Silverware
Mrs. Del Sanguinet, 2630 Kulshan St., Bellingham, Wash.

4th Prize—Croton Lady's Watch
Miss H. E. Whelen, 3918 Cass, Omaha, Nebr.

5th Prize—Royal Vacuum Cleaner
Mrs. O. M. Green, 728 West 6th, Spokane, Wash.

6th Prize—Lane Cedar Chest
Margaret Herzog, Farmington Ave., Unionville, Conn.

7th Prize—Lady's Samsonite Traveling Bag
Mrs. Betty Eaton, 195 High St., Waltham, Mass.

8th Prize—Tussy Beauty Kit
Dorothy Atkinson, 1605 N. O'Brien, South Bend, Ind.

9th Prize—Swim Outfit by U. S. Rubber Co.
Gertrude Mosher, 2423 11th St., Rock Island, Ill.

10th Prize—1 pr. Johnson, Stephens, Shinkle Shoes
Helen Trafford Moore, 85 Spring St., Portland, Maine

11th Prize—Hickory Foundation Garment
Josephine Bures, 1640 So. Wisconsin Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

12th Prize—Sterns & Foster Quilt
Grace Violet Marlow, N. 4227 Wall St., Spokane, Wash.

13th Prize—B. V. D. Swim Suit
M. V. Holman, 735 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

14th Prize—B. V. D. Swim Suit
Estelle Novak, 302 Franklin St., Stevens Point, Wis.

15th Prize—B. V. D. Swim Suit
Hazel Samuels, 24—14th St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

16th Prize—Luxor Beauty Kit
Helen Barker, 5823 Christian St., Philadelphia, Pa.

17th Prize—Samson Card Table
Mrs. Louise Frost, 3908 E. Taylor, Portland, Oregon

18th Prize—Kit of Bristol-Meyers Products
Marie Cecrle, Hopp, Mont.

19th Prize—Special Carton of Phillip Morris Cigarettes
Mr. Alan Lloyd-Jones, Box 340, Kelowna, B. C., Canada

20th Prize—Special Carton of Phillip Morris Cigarettes
Mrs. Oleta J. Aubrey, Box 329, Gainesville, Texas

21st Prize—Special Carton of Phillip Morris Cigarettes
Mrs. C. M. Frank, 817 St. Louis, New Orleans, Louisiana

22nd Prize—Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
Virginia Merkle, 798—38th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

23rd Prize—Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
Grace D. Rutherford, 446 Maria Ave., Saint Paul, Minn.

24th Prize—Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
Elsie N. Creek, 201 S. 9 St., Herrin, Ill.

25th Prize—Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
Doris S. Miller, 620 N. Graham, Charlotte, N. C.

26th Prize—Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
Mary M. O'Neil, 314 Whittier Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

27th Prize—Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
Carletha Creech, P. O. Box 155, Blackwater, Missouri

28th Prize—Leigh Beauty Kit
Bee Greenberg, 145 25th Drive, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

29th Prize—Kraft-Phenix De Luxe Cheese Assortment
Mrs. Ann Smith, 1712 N. Prospect, Milwaukee, Wis.

30th Prize—Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
Eleanor Andrews, 2707 Union, St. Louis, Mo.

31st Prize—Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
Florence Green, Box 258, Bowling Green, Ky.

32nd Prize—Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
Betty J. Delmege, 375 Newport Ave., Detroit, Mich.

33rd Prize—Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
Verna Ann Bates, E. Stanwich Rd., Greenwich, Conn.

34th Prize—Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
Miss La Verne Hanser, 401 5th St., Bismarck, N. Dak.

35th Prize—Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
Mary Theresa Janoski, 107 Terrace, New Castle, Pa.

36th Prize—Campana Kit
Mildred Bratcher, 1019 Harding Rd., Des Moines, Iowa

37th Prize—1 pr. Slipperettes
Lillian Height, 20 Sunnyside Ave., Harrison, N. Y.

"For Skin men find Appealing—TRY CAMAY"

WILTON, CONN.

I never trust my skin to any soap but Camay. I'm sure Camay's gentle cleansing helps to keep skin fresh and smooth ... to bring out its natural loveliness!

(*Signed*) Pamela Schreiber
November 23, 1938 (*Mrs. Tell Schreiber*)

Every girl wants the fresh, smooth skin that men find so attractive! Charming brides like Mrs. Schreiber—and thousands of other girls who win romance—tell you, "We use Camay to help keep complexions lovely!"

No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather. It cleanses *thoroughly*, yet *gently*, too! That's why, for regular care of your complexion, and for your daily bath of beauty, you won't find a more refreshing, more *luxurious* beauty soap. Let Camay help bring you all-over loveliness—and the exquisite daintiness that wins romance!

Get three cakes of Camay today. You'll agree with lovely Mrs. Schreiber that you never tried a finer beauty soap—you'll be grateful for Camay's low price!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 20]

New York columnist Lucius Beebe and Rosalind Russell make it a foursome when they join those happy romancers, Adrian and Janet Gaynor, at Lily Pons' party

TALKING of the Farmer-Erikson marriage, Holly-WOULD like to know what there is to the rumors that all isn't as smooth as ice—but nearly as cold.

■

TYRONE POWER, next to getting new gals, likes nothing better than keeping the old ones. . . . And so those on the Hollywood inside weren't at all surprised to see Ty making a big play at a series of retakes of his long-cooled romance with Sonja Henie. When Sonja came back to Hollywood after her long absence, it was Ty Power with whom she had three dinner-dates in a row. . . .

It doesn't make Sonja's close friends happy. They're afraid that Sonja is letting herself think too much of the lad who makes no secret of the fact that he likes the ladies, but hasn't any intention whatever of marrying one of them, now. And Sonja isn't far enough removed from the European state of mind not to let the thought of marriage play a large part in any romance she may enter. Sonja's friends are afraid that any such romance as Ty may be willing to bring into her life won't bring her much happiness.

■

TRUSTINGEST soul in town is Cary Grant, who has turned over to Randy Scott the job of taking Gal-Friend Phyllis Brooks out nights, while Cary is in Europe. Either Cary trusts Randy something terrific, or Cary's pretty well sold on himself . . .!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET: June Travis and Junior Laemmle—Got each other hot and traemmle!

BASHFUL Eddie Bergen, who manages to speak for himself as well as Charlie McCarthy, doesn't let his timidity stand in the way of fast getting a reputation as Hollywood's fastest and furious-est galfriend-changer-of-er! Hardly is Hollywood convinced that he's that way about whoosis than Eddie's dating somebody else. Within the past month, it's definitely been Anita Louise!—and Jane Stanton . . . With Jane seeming to hold the lead as the month ends.

The Fred Marches are giving up Hollywood and pictures for a while in order to do a Broadway play. Last year's effort was a flop—this time they hope for a hit

Hollywood star **ANDREA LEEDS** in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Last Frontier." You can buy the dress in **SIMPLICITY** pattern 2978—at any Simplicity dealer.

for YOU and YOURS

Healthful

Yes Chewing Double Mint Gum aids your teeth, breath, digestion. Helps you feel alive and alert.

Delicious

Yes Just try Double Mint Gum and you realize how satisfying its mild yet long lasting flavor is.

DOUBLE MINT GUM

Enjoy it. Buy Several packages Today.

LATEST reports on the Jack-Oakie-Venita-Varden will-or-won't-they-reconcile situation is that they will. Maybe by the time you read this, they'll be off together on that European second honeymoon Jack is trying to talk Venita into... On the other hand, however—don't make any bets.

■

IDA LUPINO and Louis Hayward were on the verge of matrimony so long that nobody believed they would go through with it. But on November 16th, they ended their own and Hollywood's suspense by getting married in Santa Barbara. Louis got two hours off from working in *The Duke of West Point*—this was a few days before the marriage. "Ida," he explained, "is picking out a house, and I want to see it." So there was the tip-off that Lou and Ida meant business.

■

GEORGE RAFT and Virginia Peine have kissed and made up, at the moment. But don't let that mean anything to you. They've done it before, and it hasn't lasted... !

■

MARRIAGES you can look for:—Ben Blue and Pasadena gal Leona Valde.
—Joy Hodges and Robert Wilcox, by the beginning of the year.
—Sigrid Gurie and Dr. Lawrence Spangard, via a Mexican elopement.
—Kay Francis and Baron Barnekow, despite all the chatter that it's cold.

■

TALKING of marriages, the Margaret Tallichet-William Wyler wedding burned up the Hollywood

[*Continued on page* 86]

Charlie McCarthy gets even with Bill Fields for all of that name-calling. As one dummy to another he'll mow him down if he starts cracking wise. Seriously, Charlie and Bergen support Bill, now starring in *You Can't Cheat An Honest Man*

WILL HE KISS YOU, *TONIGHT*? Your heart is ready... *but your lips are not* ...if harsh greasy lipstick makes you look older, less desirable than the girl of his dreams. He's apt to turn away...and take his kisses to a wiser girl...with sweeter, more natural lips. Smooth, soft and alluring, ready for his own. So...

FOR LIPS THAT LURE—TANGEE! Here's orange magic in a lipstick known the world over for its "*young*" appeal! Watch it change on *your* lips to your *very own* shade of blush-rose...see how it makes them *glow* with life, as though your heart beat through them... a *living* fascination, impossible with "paint".

ROUGE AND POWDER, TOO!... Tangee Rouge to match, Compact or Creme, gives your cheeks lovely "*natural*" color. Clinging Tangee Powder makes your skin seem petal-smooth, all ready to be kissed. Tangee Make-up is ideal for blondes, brunettes, in-betweens and redheads... *just try it and see!*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

NEW! *Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.*

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps *or* coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________________
(Please Print)
*Street*____________________
*City*__________*State*__________F29

TAKE HIS WORD FOR "IT"

In *Gunga Din*, Doug. Fairbanks, Jr. finds the beauty of Joan Fontaine irresistible

SINCE WOMEN MAKE THEMSELVES BEAUTIFUL FOR MEN, WHY NOT A MAN'S IDEA OF BEAUTY? SO HERE'S DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., POPULAR LEADING MAN IN BOTH REAL AND REEL LIFE, GIVING YOU HIS WORD FOR IT

By DENISE CAINE

SINCE women want to make themselves beautiful for men, I thought it might be a good idea to let a man take the floor this month. So I interviewed a movie star who has certainly had plenty of opportunity to study women. Not only American, but English, girls. Like all men, young Doug Fairbanks assured me that he doesn't know a thing about what makes women beautiful or the reverse. But after getting this off his chest, he produced some ideas that I'm sure you'll find enlightening.

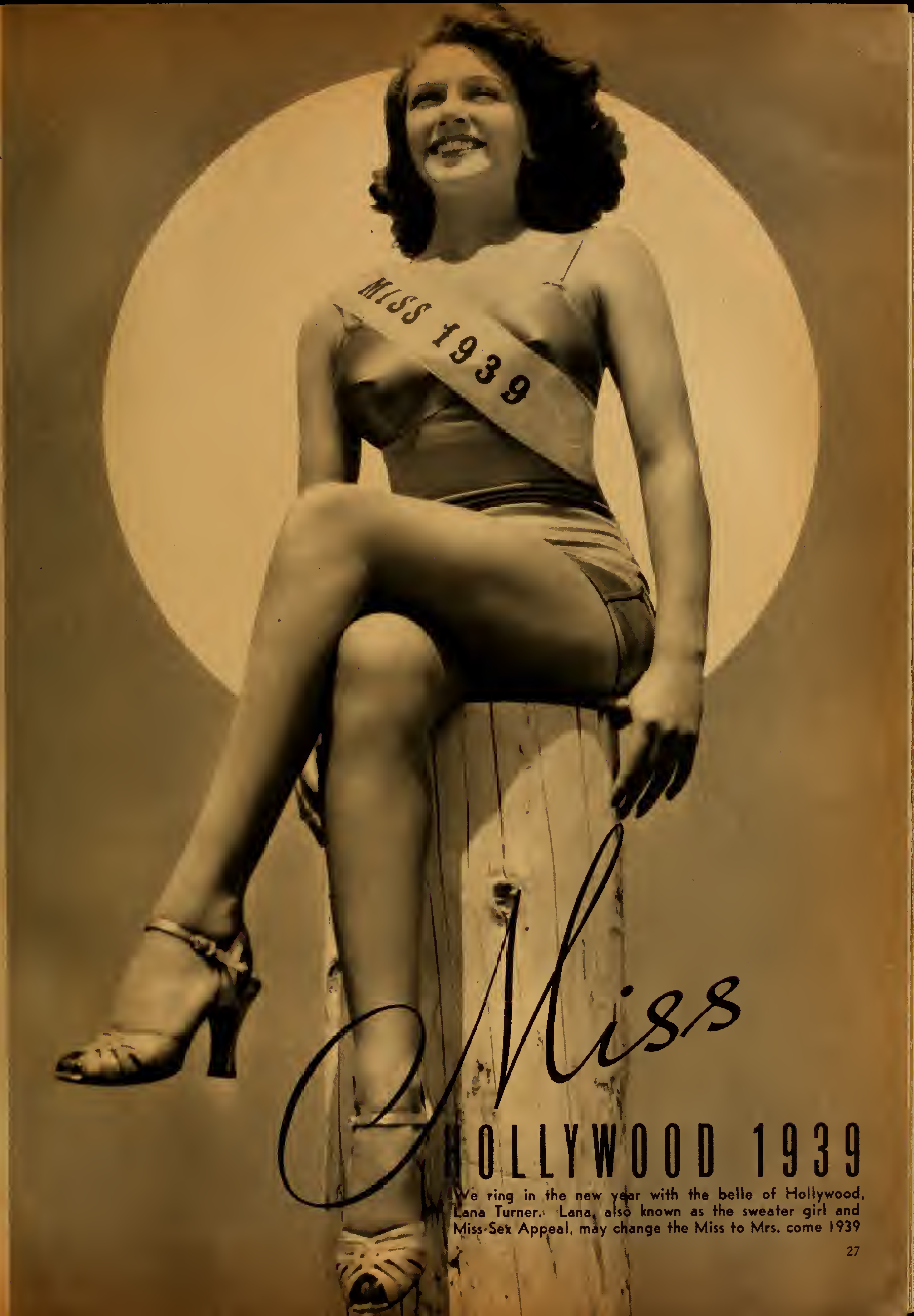
Fresh from a stay in Hollywood, where he had just finished *Gunga Din* for RKO, Doug carried a memory of the hordes of comely girls out there.

"Mere prettiness is a dime a bushel in Hollywood," he said. "There's so much of it that most of us come away with the feeling that perfect features aren't worth half as much as a glowing personality. If a girl has sparkling eyes and teeth, a well-groomed look and an interest in life, she's much more attractive to me than the one with a Grecian nose and dead-pan attitude. I want to know the first girl. The second can sit and stare at herself in the mirror for all I care."

That was pretty encouraging to me, with my nose that is about as Grecian as a button. It's always nice to be reminded that beauties are only born, but that attractive, well-groomed and interesting women are self-made.

"It's no lie about English girls' lovely complexions," Doug said in reply to my anxious query. "Their skins are soft and dewy because the climate keeps the skin moist. But the American girl is smarter looking, better groomed. This may be because she hasn't a tradition of tweeds, sweaters [*Continued on page 62*]

Denise Caine will be glad to help you get off to a fresh start in the Romance Handicap for the year. Write her today about your special beauty problems, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (3 cents in U. S. postage, please) for her answer. Send your letter to Denise Caine, c/o MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Miss HOLLYWOOD 1939

We ring in the new year with the belle of Hollywood, Lana Turner. Lana, also known as the sweater girl and Miss Sex Appeal, may change the Miss to Mrs. come 1939

The MOST EXCITING

PAULETTE GODDARD HAS MADE HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES FOR SEVEN YEARS. SHE ADMITS SHE'S MRS. CHAPLIN AND HOPES SHE WILL PLAY SCARLETT O'HARA

THERE was always a party going on in the big house on Long Island where Paulette Goddard lived with her uncle. At the height of festivities, Paulette could usually be found (and usually was) bent over, with one eye pressed against the keyhole, her short, starched skirts forming a halo behind her. She was learning about life.

Uncle Charlie Goddard was president of the Great Neck Golf Club and liked his home to be considered the nineteenth hole. He liked parties and gaiety and entertained the sophisticated Long Island set as well as the stars of Broadway.

Having the theatre brought right to her own keyhole fascinated Paulette and at the age of five she determined to be an actress. The fact that she was frequently caught peeking, spanked and sent to bed failed to dampen her ardor and when she was fourteen she decided it was high time she went to work to support her mother. It was only natural that she should turn to the late Florenz Ziegfeld, whom she had met many times at her uncle's house, and he made her one of his glorified girls in "Palm Beach Nights."

Years passed and recently when Mervyn LeRoy was preparing to start a picture with Luise Rainer as his star, he demanded more. "I want the most talked-of woman in Hollywood in the other

Though having but [illegible] [illegible]ing picture to her [illegible] [illegible] to the time she was cast [illegible] *Dramatic School*, Paulette [illegible] Hollywood's most talked about girl. It's because her vital personality makes everything she does exciting. And she'll talk about the Chaplin marriage "when it's time"

GIRL *in* HOLLYWOOD

By FRANC DILLON

feminine role," he said. "I want Paulette Goddard!"

And that is how it happened that a girl with little experience and only one talking picture to her credit was given a role equal in importance of that of Luise Rainer, an established star, in *Dramatic School,* a new M-G-M picture.

Since she came to Hollywood almost seven years ago, Paulette's life has been divided into newspaper headlines. There has never been a time when she was not "in the news" but there have been four major situations that have kept her on the front pages for six years.

With no effort she has been given over-generous doses of publicity. She refuses to talk about herself and has never disclosed anything of her personal life. Her studio biography is a triumph of withheld information. Only on rare occasions does she give interviews, an idea no doubt fostered by Chaplin,

[*Continued on page* 64]

WILL CLARK GABLE *Ever Marry* CAROLE LOMBARD?

By FORD BLACK

ONE THING IS SURE, CLARK AND CAROLE ARE MADLY IN LOVE. BUT YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS HOLLYWOOD'S WHETHER THEY'LL MARRY

THE odds in Hollywood, where you can get a bet from the wise guys on practically anything at all, are about fifty-fifty that IF Jane Peters ever marries The Moose, it'll be the beginning of the bust-up of the grandest, finest romance Hollywood has ever known—off or on screen . . . !

"You'll notice I've got that "IF" in capitals.

Because the same wise guys will give you about ten to one that that "IF" never becomes "when."

You see, Jane Peters is Carole Lombard. That's her real name; Carole Lombard is just something a numerologist gave her. And The Moose is her

He calls her Ma, she calls him The Moose or Poppy. Here's Poppy giving Ma a light at a radio rehearsal

When Carole isn't working herself she can be found on the sidelines helping Clark in his work, coaching him, rehearsing his lines

Carole has done more in a material and spiritual way for Gable than all the rest of his life added up. It spells companionship and joy of living

Clark and Carole don't believe in putting on an act. When they step on the gas they want the world to see they enjoy each other's company

pet name for Clark Gable, the guy she's in love with, and vice-versa. That is, she calls him "the moose" when she's talking *about* him, with others. When she talks with him, she just calls him "Poppy."

And he calls her "Ma."

That's how it is with Clark and the Lombard. That's how it's been for more months than cynical Hollywood ever believed it possible for two people to be as deliriously, insanely, happily head-over-heels in love with each other in movieland.

But before they can ever get married, there's quite a bit of technicality in the way. The matter of Clark's being divorced from or by Rhea Gable, the lady to whom he's still married.

A great number of people, in and out of Hollywood, have been wondering when Rhea Gable will ever give Clark a divorce. You've probably read innumerable items and rumors in the gossip columns about it. There's probably been more baseless twaddle written about Clark's marital status than about anybody else's in Hollywood—even Georgie Raft's.

But recently, I learned, from one of those pretty accurate and trustworthy sources, that only the other day, Rhea Gable, growing annoyed and consequently articulate about the constant reiteration of question-marks about when she'd ever divorce Clark, replied:

"But he's never even asked me to!"

And that quite effectually shut up the interrogation, for the time being at least.

As a matter of fact, the real low-downers of Hollywood are convinced that there'll never be a Rhea-Clark divorce. They feel, although the principals never openly discuss the matter, that Clark and Carole both feel that the situation is quite all right as it stands. Hollywood has its own table of ethics about things like this—a set of rules and taboos that are governed to a large extent by such things as publicity and the so-called "hinterland reaction." Hollywood fears, above all else, the wrath of millions of moviegoers whose moral sensibilities are assumed to be as fragile as gold-leaf, and as pure. There is justification, says that part of Hollywood which treads lightly, for an assumption that if Clark Gable should be divorced from Rhea Gable, and then leap headlong into an immediate remarriage with Carole Lombard, that the box-office status of both Gable and the Lombard would suffer a deep pain in the intake.

And what Hollywood can't stand at all is a drop in box-office rating.

So, since the world of movie fans apparently takes it for granted, and quite all right, too, that Clark is not in love with his wife, but is in love with Carole, the two of them seem content to let it lie at that, and why change the situation?

THERE has, in the past, been terrific studio pressure to "kill" all publicity linking the Lombard and Gable names. It was a policy in line with that fear of the hinterland reaction. But of late, we in Hollywood who make our living by writing about it have noticed that from the two studios concerned—Carole's Paramount and Clark's M-G-M—there has been a gradual but definite lightening of the taboo.

Both studios may just as well be—because Clark and Carole themselves aren't bothering with even a semblance of hide-up! You'll see them go careening down Ventura Boulevard in that dusty station-wagon of theirs, both of them togged in dirty old overalls [*Continued on page 73*]

Jimmy Cagney

THE OKLAHOMA KID

Jimmy, back in tough roles, is sitting comfortably in the saddle. Here he shoots it out in *Oklahoma Kid*

IS BETTE'S CAREER IN DANGER?

By FRED COLTON

BETTE DAVIS' FRIENDS WONDER OVER THE EFFECT HER MARITAL RIFT HAS ON HER CAREER. THEY ARE HOPING SHE'LL CARRY ON

"Ham" Nelson (with Bette below) has been not only hubby and pal, but also severest critic. She enjoyed his pinning her ears back. They might reconcile

THERE is an excellent reason for the silence of Bette Davis on the subject of her separation from Harmon O. Nelson.

So far her brief announcement, qualified only by the declaration that no "other man" or "other woman" figures in the case, is all that has been forthcoming from Bette.

The reason for her reticence lies in the fact that Bette's was no ordinary Hollywood rift, any more than her marriage was one of the typical here-today-gone-tomorrow film marriages. It was a Yuma wedding in actuality, a New England wedding in spirit. New England, with all the trimmings—wedding march, friends, family; the sober and thoroughly sanctioned union of a pair of school-day sweethearts.

The event made friendly in-laws out of a lot of fine people. It is for all their sakes, as well as in obedience to the dictates of her own good taste, that Bette is preserving silence. And because of them, she wishes to make clear just that one point: no sordid triangle caused the break-up of her marriage.

The reason Bette and Nelson separated is simple. They fell out of love. Gradually, despite all their efforts to avoid it, they were getting farther and farther apart in sympathy and understanding. Before they got on each other's nerves to the point of saying cruel, lashing things, they decided to separate.

That is not what either of them admit, naturally, because they are not talking. It is simply what friends, who have had the opportunity to observe them at close hand, know.

The chief concern of Bette's well-wishers is about the effect of separation on her career. There are two vital, closely-related reasons why they fear the upset in her domestic life may endanger it.

First and most obvious is the direct effect on her acting. Because she is one of the greatest actresses of all time, it is more rather than less likely to affect her. Contrary to general belief, players who can go "on with

[*Continued on page* 61]

ROMANCES THAT STUDIOS

STUDIOS HAVE SHARP EYES FOR BOY-AND-GIRL COMBINATIONS THAT'LL HAVE AUDIENCE APPEAL. AND SO THEY START "THE OLD BUILD-UP." BUT THEY'LL KILL ROMANCES, TOO, IF THEY DON'T MEET WITH APPROVAL. HERE ARE TYPICAL CASES

Bob Taylor was advised to go with girls with big names. That's why Irene Hervey romance was killed

Lana Turner has her own ideas about romance. That's why she's engaged to Greg Bautzer. Studio no likee?

Joan Fontaine won't give up Conrad Nagel but studio got her to postpone marriage

A WOMAN reporter (from Iowa) was interviewing Mickey Rooney. After probing into his studio-life and his home-life, she finally arrived at his love-life. She had read that he was in love with Judy Garland. She wanted to know "all about it."

Mickey gave her a pitying once-over, decided she needed wising up about Hollywood. Briskly, he said, "It's nothing but a publicity gag, lady. Just the old build-up."

Hollywood, hearing about Mickey's bluntness, laughed. The kid was a scream, the way he tried to pass himself off as a man-of-the-world.

Hollywood didn't see, in Mickey's crack, a sad commentary on Hollywood. The commentary that even the adolescents are forced by studios to think of romance rumors in terms of publicity values.

It's a highly organized business, this business of romance rumors. It's also a cold-blooded one. Studios think nothing of trafficking in human hearts for the sake of publicity. Not when it will bring dollars and cents into the box-office.

Studios don't have any false illusions about what they're selling. They're selling personalities. Colorful, romantic people who do colorful, romantic things.

Studios also are aware that, because the movies give the illusion of mirroring life, the public is enormously curious about those personalities off the screen. And they hire super-salesmen to persuade the public that those stars are naturally colorful, romantic people. Which, in turn, provokes a desire to see their pictures.

Most movies are love stories. So studios, to sell stars, build them up as having not only amorous appeal, but amorous inclinations.

On the screen, that's easy enough—on the screen their romances are always with people who also appeal to the public. But stars can't be trusted to arrange their off-screen romances that way. That's where press-agents come in.

Like casting directors, press-agents have sharp eyes for boy-and-girl combinations that will have audience appeal. They don't ask the boy and girl if they'd like to be seen together. They simply fix things so that the boy and girl *are* seen together.

Such things can be fixed very simply. Before important premiers, for example, one studio informs its single players who will go with whom. Just like that.

In Hollywood, let a boy and girl be seen together once, and there's a romance rumor. All that the press-agents have to do is to arrange that first get-together. (Sometimes, just rumoring a get-together is enough.) If the whisper of a new romance has popular appeal, it will get reams of publicity. And the surprised couple may well wonder if they *are* a match. And begin trying to find out.

Or, if they aren't interested, they may still tacitly agree to put on a lovebird act—for the attention it can get them.

Studios not only are capable of starting romances purely for their publicity value. They also are capable of killing romances that have outlived their audience appeal or are unsatisfactory. in any

HAVE KILLED

By
RICHARD
McKENZIE

other way, from a publicity angle. There are examples to prove it.

When the hysteria about Robert Taylor began, he was going with Irene Hervey. They had discovered each other without studio help—two ambitious youngsters who didn't seem to mean much to anybody else, including press-agents.

Then, with complete unexpectedness, America went mad about Taylor, calling him the most romantic package the movies had delivered since Valentino. The studio wanted to build up that impression. A romance with a girl who was practically unknown wasn't the studio's idea of how to do that. No; he should be seen with girls who had box-office names; and so many of them that everybody would assume that all the girls in Hollywood were crazy about him.

When Bob heard about the kind of build-up he faced, he put up a fight. But it was no use. His contract forced him to do what the studio said. Either that, or get out of Hollywood—for a rebellion would blackmail him with every other studio.

He felt pretty badly for a long time about Irene. But there wasn't anything he could do about it. And how did she feel? Glad, for his sake, that he had had such a break. For herself, heartbroken, according to those who knew her then.

Today Irene is happily married to Allan Jones, and is the mother of a little Jones. Bob is happily courting Barbara Stanwyck. Both may be happier than they ever would have been together. But no one knows. A studio killed their romance before they could find out.

A STUDIO killed a romance for Joan Crawford—a romance that might have brought her happiness, as her two marriages since apparently haven't.

When she was a starlet, Joan fell in love with Michael Cudahy, heir to meat-packing millions.

On the screen, she could play a showgirl who wins a millionaire. But not off the screen; not with this casting, anyway Cudahy was too much of a playboy, with an unpredictable talent for notoriety.

The romance gave the jitters to her publicity-conscious studio, which had a fortune invested in Joan. The studio coolly told Joan that she had to choose between career and Cudahy. Desperately ambitious, she chose career.

Tyrone Power's appeal on the screen is as a serious young lover who, when interested in one girl, never looks at another. To his studio, that has called for a build-up along the same lines off-screen.

But this build-up has presented its problems. The danger of promoting a serious-looking romance is that it may go actually serious, unless both parties understand in advance that it is to be only a publicity stunt. When both parties are under contract to the same studio, that can usually be arranged. And *was* arranged, first in the case of Tyrone and Loretta Young, then in the case of Tyrone and Sonja Henie.

When Tyrone, on his own initiative, started a serious-looking romance with Janet Gaynor, who was at another studio, Tyrone's studio had something to worry about. And with reason. (Some day the inside story of how close Tyrone and Janet came to an elopement may be told.) His studio worked hard to break up the romance.

They used Sonja Henie as an unwitting pawn in the game. Sonja arrived back in Hollywood at the height of the Power-Gaynor attachment. Press-agents persuaded Tyrone to meet Sonja's plane. They knew that Tyrone and Sonja, being good friends, would kiss on meeting. Photographers snapped the kiss. And reporters and columnists were "tipped

[*Continued on page* 66]

Sometimes a studio starts a romance that turns out well for all—like Richard Greene and Arleen Whelan

For the sake of publicity Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane started being romantic. There'll be no wedding

Hedy Lamarr likes Reginald Gardiner, but as she's a hit look for build-up

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

CAROLE LOMBARD AND JAMES STEWART EXPRESS ALL THE EMOTIONS—JOY, TRAGEDY, FEAR AND ROMANCE—IN *MADE FOR EACH OTHER*, A MOVING DRAMA OF A YOUNG COUPLE STRUGGLING FOR THE RIGHT TO LOVE AND LIVE. ONE YEAR OLD JACKIE TAYLOR PLAYS THEIR MOVIE OFFSPRING

Jimmy and Roz Russell shy away from romance but enjoy suppers at Troc

Jim and Ginger Rogers carried torch not so long ago. They still go places

WHY JIMMY STEWART'S DANGEROUS!

HERE'S THE STORY YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR—ABOUT THE MAN WHO HAS GLAMOR GIRLS DIZZY AND ACTORS ENVIOUS — AND WHO, LIKE BABY STARS AND ANIMALS, CAN STEAL ANY SCENE

Sonja Henie is one glamor girl who enjoys partying with Jimmy

Even elusive stars like Norma Shearer enjoy Jimmy's company

By JAMES REID

HIS prominent lower lip, which still makes him self-conscious, helps to keep him from being handsome. He has hair that behaves like a small boy's; a front-lock is constantly falling into his eyes. He gives the impression that he loathes exertion. He doesn't look dangerous.

But no other player, of either sex, is safe in the same scene with him. And, off-screen, no other Hollywood male puts Hollywood females off their guard as he does. This places James Stewart in the same class with dynamite—except that dynamite, which also looks harmless, is labeled "Dangerous."

Glamor girls cry for him to be cast opposite them because he *isn't* a glamor boy; because he isn't so good-looking that their allure won't stand out by contrast. Then, the mornings after previews they wake up to discover that he has stolen their pictures right away from them.

Old hands at acting, who know all the tricks, snort at the impossibility of a fledgling's stealing any scenes from *them*. But under their very noses, Jimmy can wrap up a scene, tuck it under his arm, and walk off with it, without their catching him at it. Like the glamor girls, they don't know how he does it. His method is difficult to detect. And he has a method; make no mistake about that. Scene-stealing that happens regularly is no accident. It's an art.

The baffling thing about the Stewart technique of interesting the onlookers is that it works just the same off-screen, and just as invisibly. He looks the same off-screen as on. He is no eye-catching Beau Brummell, no dashing Don Juan. Yet no Hollywood bachelor comes closer to being a one-man escort bureau to filmland's fairest. The most elusive girls in town; girls who skitter away from romance rumors; girls like Ginger [*Continued on page* 76]

Candid cameraman catches Louis Hayward and Tom Brown as Army footballers discussing that girl or how to beat Navy for *Duke of West Point*

Sigrid Gurie's Great Dane is such a lot of dog he parks body on seat, front paws on ground

OUR OWN NE

CANDID SHOTS OF THESE

Joan C. opens mouth too, when she feeds cone to Robert Young

Cecilia Parker of the *Hardy Family* series writes fan letter on the set

In the frills of a can-can dancer of the late nineties, Claudette Colbert shows her gorgeous nifties in *Zaza*

Yesterday's idol, Maurice Costello, and today's idol, Bob Taylor, get together on set

Mickey Rooney's pal, Manana, in new *Hardy* film, makes ass of himself for Mick

WS CAMERA

HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

When Maureen O'Sullivan studies script on set she has hair arranged, shorts pressed

Although sun was hot during filming of *They Made Me a Criminal*, John Garfield was sprinkled with "perspiration" to make fight scene look real

With firm grip on swimpool "pal" Gloria Dickson goes for a ride

Studio personnel says it with gifts at birthday party for C. L.

Happy brides like Claire Trevor sip native fruit juices in native fashion when they go on honeymoons in that Honolulu

WITH BARBARA STANWYCK

Barbara, co-owner of Marwyck Stables, with prize stallion "Reno"

Birds-eye view of 150 acre ranch in San Fernando Valley. Ranch devoted to raising, selling horses

In San Fernando Valley, not far from Hollywood, is Marwyck Ranch embracing about 150 acres, owned by Barbara Stanwyck and Mrs. Zeppo Marx. The ranch is devoted exclusively to raising and selling horses. None are trained for racing. The venture has proved profitable from the start—Miss S. and Mrs. Z. being very expert hoss-breeders and traders.

To keep Marwyck Ranch operating in tip-top shape calls for employment of hostlers, stable boys. They clean a stable

Barbara and Mrs. Marx live a very horsey life. Here they hand out an early morning pep talk to an ailing colt

Like a pair of visiting tourists the owners don't miss a single trick on the ranch. They're intensely interested in watching a hoss go for the water bucket

Trainer Hart inspects the "tack" room where blankets and training equipment are stored

AT HER RANCH

Marwyck Ranch is fully equipped even to training track where horses are exercised. None are trained for racing

Barbara, Mrs. Zeppo Marx, owners of Marwyck Ranch, with Trainer Hart in front of stable where thoroughbreds park

Dessert time finds the owners giving their thoroughbreds a lump of sugar. The hostler tells Mrs. M. to feed horsey from palm, never from the fingers

Barbara tells a pal that if he'll be good and eat his oats she'll love him way up to the sky

While Barbara exercises "Reno" her adopted son, Dion, aged 6, accompanies her on his pony

These two thoroughbreds are so fond of their mistresses that they keep a rendezvous with them at the trough. They know they'll get some sugar

PLAYGIRL

ANN SHERIDAN, HOLLYWOOD PLAYGIRL, VACATIONING AT LAKE ARROWHEAD, THE WEST COAST'S FAVORITE PLAYLAND. ANNIE SURE IS AN ALL 'ROUND SPORT

Annie being a redhead and redheads being independent she takes things into her own hands. Being a good sport she finds rowing easy and loads of fun

Away from casting directors, Annie indulges in a little casting

And she has the riding habit, too. Here she is all set for a rapid canter 'round the lake

What's this? Is Annie practising how to defend herself against Cupid's arrow?

The canvas being Annie's own medium, she is expert at sailing

Annie, through playing for the day, gives the sun a chance to play on her while she cuts a stunning figure on the diving board. You'll see her in *Angels With Dirty Faces*

JANE WITHERS

HOLLYWOOD DOLL HOUSE

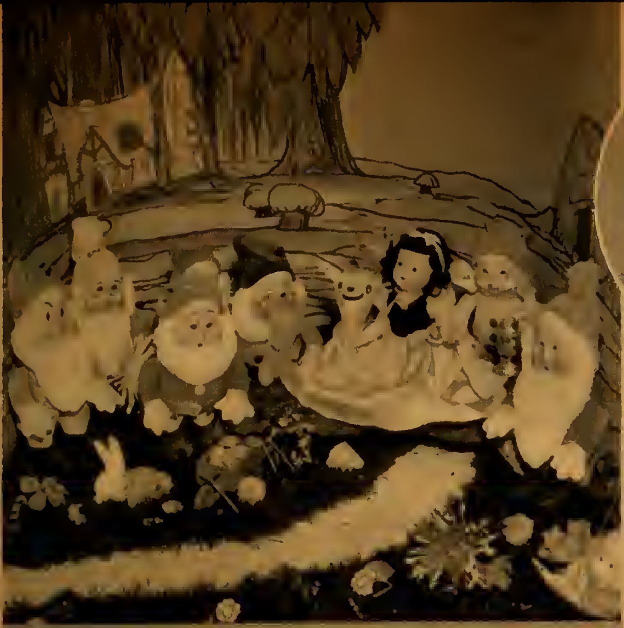
IF THERE is any little girl in the United States—or the whole world, for that matter—who is as completely "dolled up" as is Jane Withers, the 20th Century-Fox juvenile star, we'd like to have the pleasure of meeting her.

And if there is any little girl in the whole world who takes as much pride and loving care in her dolls as does Jane we'd like to meet her, too . . . She has more than 800 dolls, knows the name of each one, where it came from, who gave it to her and when, and will, upon the slightest provocation, tell you the intimate history of it . . . These 800 dolls, sent to her from all parts of this country and abroad, constituted a real housing problem until her parents built her a swimming-pool, and with it, a long, two-story dressing-room building styled somewhat in the Cape Cod manner. The upper floor, when completed, was immediately homesteaded by Jane who moved in with her doll collection.

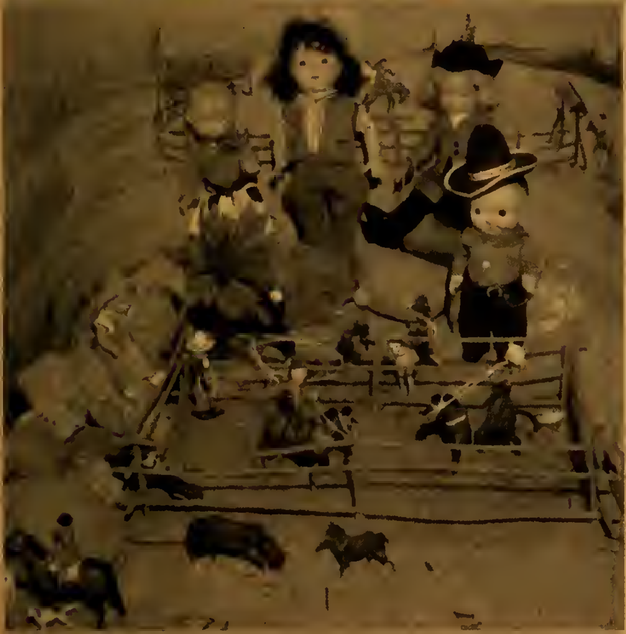
The first step in her cataloguing was to separate the dolls according to nationality and the next was to build cases to house them. So far, cases have been built for her Russian, Norwegian, Swedish, Chinese, Swiss, Danish, Italian, German, Oriental, Hawaiian, Brazilian, Mexican, American Indian and Negro dolls and also cases for the set of Dionne Quins, a Rodeo, Santa Clausland, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Princess Elizabeth and a Premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

The backdrops of all the cases were painted by Antonio D'Elia, an artist who painted several portraits of Will Rogers and other famous people, but the actual work of arrangement, the building and setting of the actual "props" were done by Jane who spent months at it. The dolls range in price from five cents to $150 and many are more than 100 years old. Each one is dressed according to the costumes worn in each country and most of them were made by hand. The collection is insured for $5,000.

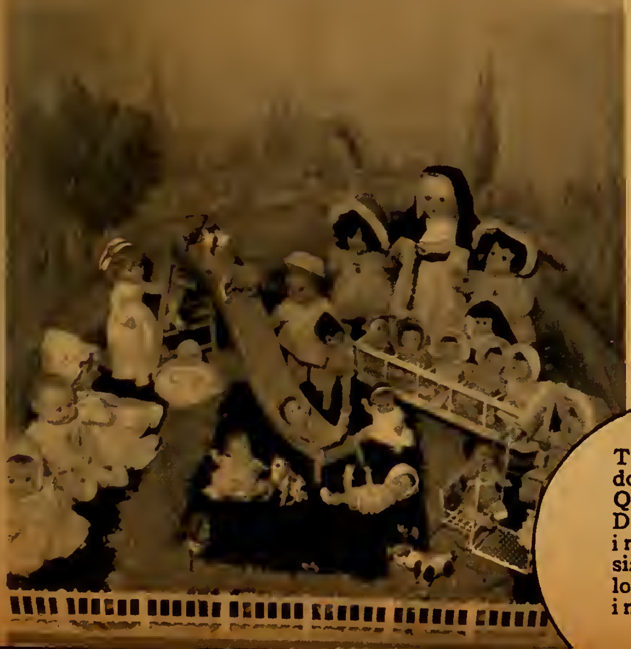
On the completion of every picture she makes at the studio, 20th Century-Fox makes her a doll and dresses it in the costume she liked best in her role. These dolls would make a collection in themselves . . . During her spare time between picture work Jane is constantly in her doll house busier than the proverbial bee arranging new and more attractive "sets" for her prized possessions. This work has become more of a career for her than motion pictures. As she says, "she wants to be remembered for her dolls."



Among Jane's most-prized dolls are Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. In listening to Snow White's story Grumpy seems actually happy; Sleepy for the first time is wide-awake; Dopey has time of his life



Just like the big annual rodeo at Salinas, Cal., Jane's rodeo dolls have big round-up, too. Except for painted backdrop, Jane arranged case, sand, rocks, placing dolls



The Dionne doll case finds Quins, Dr. Dafoe, nurses in various sizes having loads of fun in play-yard

Jane has 800 dolls. In this view of her doll house are a few dozen dolls which have yet to be arranged in cases. Jane plays Edgar Bergen with a Charlie McCarthy doll

Jane's Southern Plantation Case has 40 dolls given to her by Southern fans and friends. Plantation is owned by Jezebel and Scarlett O'Hara. Colored dolls work in cotton fields

Jane's Switzerland Case of dolls depicts a typical Alpine setting. Included among the Swiss dolls are visiting tourists from Alaska and Antarctic Circle

The Indian Case has dolls from many tribes. The tepee, canoe, weaving-set are gifts from Indian fans. Hopi ceremonial doll with painted face (left) is gift from Irvin Cobb

In the Orient Case are Jane's favorite Chinese and Japanese dolls sent by fans from Orient—with exception of big doll (center)—a gift from Bloomingdale's NYC store in 1937

Jane is proud of Old Mexico with the dolls in typical dress—against a background of shops, carts, sage and cactus. Conchita and Tyrone, right, were given to Jane by Tyrone Power

The India Case has visitors from Belgium, America, London, Denmark, Guatemala. In rear are Sabu from Arabia and Baba from Morocco—latter gift of 1936 Chicago Fair

It's tulip-time in Holland in Jane's Dutch Case, which is complete with windmill, flowers, water-carriers and festively-dressed Dutch dolls, arranged by Jane herself

Here Jane has arranged a grouping of dolls listening to Santa Claus tell them story of first Xmas. She has had striped rag doll (right) since she was 3 years old

Jane hasn't had time (below) to arrange and park the dolls in their proper cases. Negroes from the Deep South, European peasants, aristocrats make it a house of all nations

Morning after Princess Elizabeth's 12th birthday, royal guests gather in her bedroom in Buckingham Palace. The pup is a gift from her uncle David, Duke of Windsor

HOW MOVIES BRING "ESCAPE"

Bing Crosby is Jackson's idea of a great singer. His songs are whistled

Beery is tops. He brings tears to convict eyes, grins to convict lips

MOVIES PLAY A LARGE PART IN THE REHABILITATION PROGRAM OF THE BIG HOUSE AT JACKSON, AND PRISONERS FIND "ESCAPE" THROUGH THEM. THEIR TERMS ARE MADE MORE ENDURABLE AS MOVIES BRING THEM AN EXISTENCE THEY ONCE KNEW—HOPE TO KNOW AGAIN. THEY CONSIDER "DEAD END" A VIVID AND ACCURATE STUDY IN THE RAW OF WHAT MAKES TODAY'S AND TOMORROW'S CRIMINALS

TO MEN whose days are spent behind bars and towering, guard-patroled walls, the weekly motion picture show is an oasis of relaxation and forgetfulness. The bare grimness of prison is temporarily forgotten for the beauty and activities of a celluloid world; a world of make-believe, forever beyond the reach of many. Long years spent, and yet to be spent, in adherence to rigid regulations are made a bit more endurable through the magic of Hollywood. Prisoners in prison—habitants of a world apart—conceal their emotions behind mask-like faces as they temporarily escape through the silver screen to an existence they once knew—hope to know again.

Since their introduction as a weekly entertainment feature in 1931, motion pictures have played a prominent part in the educational and rehabilitation program of the State Prison of Southern Michigan, the world's largest and most modern penitentiary. Made possible by the generosity of Detroit film distributors, movies have become a weekly highlight for this prison's 5,000 inmates. Looked forward to, discussed, analyzed, criticized, conversationally re-written and re-directed in yard debates, the movies precipitate the same question a thousand times each week:

"What's the name of the show?"

A thousand debates hinge upon the answer. Who are the stars? Did they or did they not appear in a certain picture released several years ago? What is the plot? Is some favorite character actor in the cast? These and

TO PRISONERS

By
JIMMY O'BRIEN
41,506
Inmate Instructor
STATE PRISON
of
SOUTHERN MICHIGAN
JACKSON

The State Prison of Southern Michigan at Jackson is the world's largest and most modern penitentiary. Movies are a weekly highlight for the prison's 5,000 inmates. Above views show wing of cell block and part of the exercise yard

Convicts like beautiful actresses but they must know how to act. Myrna Loy is a heavy favorite with Jackson prisoners

Humphrey Bogart, in scene with Billy Halop (*Dead End* kid) in *Crime Is a Racket*, is liked because his hard-guy characters are truly convincing and real

many other questions are debated until settled through the pages of film magazines, or by the picture itself.

Purchased through inmate donations, two projection machines were installed in the prison auditorium in 1931. To many men, inmates of this "pen" for ten, fifteen, twenty and more years, the claim that they would actually hear movie stars speak and sing was "strictly phoney." It just couldn't be done, they argued, regardless of what was said. There was some catch to it, such as faking the voices off stage, or speaking from behind the screen itself.

Somehow, it was learned a week in advance that the first picture would be the *Fox Movietone Follies of 1931*, starring Marjorie White and William Collier, Jr. Interest flared to an all-time high in cell blocks, shops, and in the yards. The date set for the show assumed a holiday aspect, and sure-tip rumors plagued the inmate body in rapid succession. First, the show had been called off, then it was scheduled again. Next, we were informed that the film had gone astray between Detroit and the prison. Then, the film was here—but the machines wouldn't work!

As the big moment neared, dubious inmates filed into the auditorium with "show-me" attitudes that changed to wide-eyed amazement as the lights dimmed and the first scene flashed upon the screen.

[*Continued on page 69*]

"I BELIEVE IN *Sex* APPEAL"

By MARY CAMPBELL

IN RELEASING HER INHIBITIONS—GIVING SEX APPEAL A BREAK, MARGARET LINDSAY'S CHARMS COME OUT OF HIDING AND SHE'S NOW A PERSONALITY GIRL. THERE'S A LESSON HERE FOR SHY AND BACKWARD GIRLS WHO'D LIKE TO DEVELOP THAT CERTAIN "IT" OR "UMMPH"

Margaret learned to put her best foot forward in a game called "Truth." Profiting by advice of friends she made herself completely over. Her next picture is *There's That Woman Again* at Columbia

SHE was easily the prettiest girl in the room, I thought—"Maggie" Lindsay—that new Year's Day three years ago when the Pat O'Briens held open house for half of Hollywood. About sixty guests were there at the time I made that mental note, and some were famous beauties, too. But "Maggie" Lindsay outshone them all. . . Or so *I* thought.

Of course, we didn't call her "Maggie," then. Somehow, "Maggie" never suggested itself. She isn't so tall, but there is a stateliness—*was* a stateliness—about her and a sort of aloofness which precluded nicknames, especially a homely one like that. We called her "Margaret" or "Miss Lindsay," not even "Peggy."

I watched her standing there quietly by the fireplace while others talked and laughed around her. She was wearing a dark tailored suit, black suede oxfords and one of those felt berets with a feather in it that the girls were effecting about that time. Her blouse was of tucked white satin, accented by a black and white clip. Her gloves were white and so was the gardenia in her buttonhole, of course. A couple of silver foxes were thrown over her arm. That velvety skin of hers was tanned a clear, smooth olive, and her golden brown hair hung to her shoulders in a simple bob.

I thought she was beautiful—as I say, the best-looking girl present and I remarked as much to a young chap standing near me, watching her, too.

"Isn't she a knock-out?" I enthused.

But already his eyes were turning away to another girl. . . A vivacious, curvacious, "cuddly" little thing not half as pretty as Margaret, not half as smart-looking, not half as poised or patrician, but the center of masculine attraction that day and no mistake.

"Yes, she is," he said, answering my question. He spoke absently, though, and when he left me a few minutes later it wasn't to join her, attractive though he thought her, but, rather, the group of admiring males surrounding the "cuddly" girl.

"Me—I'm kinda afraid of a gal as aloof as the Lindsay," he confided over his shoulder as he moved away. "Me—I like 'em—"

His words trailed off in the festive clatter about us and I turned my attention to Margaret again. No, of course she wasn't deserted. Of course she was having a nice enough time. But she wasn't the "belle of the ball" by any means. For all her beauty and distinction, she was just "among those present." She lacked, apparently, that something which spells the difference between being a good-looking girl in the eyes of the opposite sex and being a riot. "Ummph," it is called, sometimes, or maybe "It," or just plain "Sex Appeal." At least, I decided then that she lacked it. Now I know I was wrong. Now I know that she had it, all right; but just wasn't using it. Now I know that some inexplicable shyness or habit of reticence

[*Continued on page* 84]

KISSLESS GIRL?

Olympe Bradna may have been the "kissless girl" once upon a time but she ain't no more. Ray Milland saw to that in the picture *Say It In French*

TAPPING THE DRAMATIC RICHES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY ARE THE FOLKSY SERIES DEPICTING THE LIVES OF THE HARDYS AND JONESES . . . JUST LIKE YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBORS

By
LEON SURMELIAN

The Judge Hardy Family left to right, Cecilia Parker, Mickey Rooney, Virginia Weidler, Fay Holden, Lewis Stone, Sara Haden. Next is *Out West with the Hardys*

KEEPING UP *with the* HARDYS

THE irrepressible family of His Honor *Judge Hardy* and their neighbors in *Carvel* have given this reporter some precious hours of entertainment and many a tug at his heart. This homey, folksy series, tapping the never-ending dramatic riches of the Great American Family, strike deeply responsive and nostalgic chords in the hearts of millions of fans. Based on human plots, and blessed with the simplicity and sobriety of truth, they are free of the tinselled junk and cinematic clap-trap of so many of our million-dollar extravaganzas. Made at a fraction of the cost of the average spectacle, these unpretentious pictures pack a sentimental wallop that spells big returns at the box-office. Personally, I wouldn't miss a *Hardy* picture for anything. As the editor of this magazine called them, they are gems.

A few years ago M-G-M filmed *Ah Wilderness!* and introduced a new note of humanity and genuine comedy on the screen. Its success had little to do with the literary reputation of Eugene O'Neil, who wrote the original stage play. It was a bit of Americana that delighted our film-going citizenry with the joy of recognition and aroused memories. Looking about for another family story, the studio discovered a play called *Skidding*, and asked Kay Van Riper to do the screen adaptation. Miss Van Riper had written for the radio, but not for pictures. Being herself a small town girl from Minnesota, she knew people like the characters in that play. She turned out a script that had studio executives chuckling merrily as they read it.

It underwent changes and additions, and emerged on the screen as *A Family Affair*, a nice little picture. The fans liked it, and wanted more of the *Hardys*.

[*Continued on page* 78]

The Jones Family is quite a household. L. to R., are George Ernest, Ken Howell, Jed Prouty, Russell Gleason, Shirley Deane, Spring Byington, Florence Roberts, June Carlson. Seen in *Everybody's Baby*

— and the JONESES

BONNIE was going to have a baby, and the *Jones* household was in a flurry of excitement—on stage 6, in the old Western Avenue plant of 20 Century-Fox Studio.

You've got to be a jumping bean to keep up with the *Joneses*. They are always on the go, things are always happening to them.

Moaned *Papa Jones,* alias Jed Prouty, blinking behind his horn-rimmed spectacles:

"When I leave home in the mornings to go to work, I go home, and when I leave work in the evenings to go home I still go home." Which may be a little confusing, but describes very well the confusing double life the members of the *Jones Family* lead. "At home or at work," the harrassed head of this beloved screen household continued, "I can't get away from being a father. Settling domestic problems on and off stage makes me feel like the world's champion father. I often wonder whether I'm at home or at work when I'm at home and when I'm at work I wonder whether I'm at work or at home!"

Whereupon *Mama Jones*, alias Spring Byington, sighed, "And I'm the mother who stands in the midst of all our domestic storms—"

"As calm as the Rock of Gibraltar," *Jack Jones,* alias Ken Howell, cut in.

"No kidding," I said, "but how does the *Jones* gang really get along on the set?"

"I hate everyone of them," Jed snapped.

"We fight like hell," Ken added. "We're always glowering at each other. The poor extras don't know what to make of us."

Well, I spent a day with the *Joneses*, and believe me, they are the happiest family in filmland. [*Continued on page* 80]

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

As played by Reginald Owen and Terry Kilburn, Dickens' *Scrooge* and *Tiny Tim* live again in Dickens' *Christmas Carol*

Stepping out as a rhumba dancer is your old pal, Steffi (La Cucaracha) Duna, whose latest film is *Flirting With Fate* with Joe E. Brown

And "Floy Floy"

■ So here's the ShirleyTemplecrackofthemonth: — Shirley is tripping across a mud-deep street on *The Little Princess* set, and in the middle of it, she trips and falls into the mire. . . .

Shirley looks up at her mother, grins, and wisecracks: "Humph!—guess I'm just a flat foot floogie with the floy floy . . .!"

Handle-Bars

■ Hollywood's right in the middle of another "battle of the moustachios," as your war correspondent types these lines. Remember the great War between M-G-M and Clark Gable over his hirsute appearance for *Parnell?* Well, now it's Errol Flynn who's saying "nix" and "nevaire" to going hairy.

Warners want the dame-slaying Flynn to grow a sweeping set of handle-bar moustaches for *Dodge City*. But Flynn says he's not going to do it. The war began in Hollywood, continued into a costly cable war between Hollywood and Honolulu when Errol went sailing. Climax came when the studio had make-up man Perc Westmore paint a set of handle-bars on a portrait of Flynn—and cabled the picture to him by radio-picture process.

Since then, the studio hasn't even HEARD from Flynn. Maybe Errol couldn't stand it, and headed for China. . . . !

Filmdom's best canine actor, Skippy, remembered for *Asta, Mr. Smith, Mr. George,* appears as *Atlas* in *Topper Takes a Trip.* He'll steal it

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Sure Is Gagland

■ Trick invitations to previews are all the rage in movieland. Each studio press-agent tries to outgag the other in working up a "clever invite" to send out to the stars, critics and executives.

Current championship-holder is Warner Brothers' press department. To invite folk to first seeing of *Hard To Get,* they sent out the invitations folded and packed in a nest of a dozen boxes. Each recipient has to open box after box before they get to the smallest one, which holds the invitation, which reads—". . . if you think *this* was HARD TO GET, wait until you see what Dick Powell goes through to get Olivia de Havilland at Warner Bros. press preview of *Hard to Get. . . .*"

Janie On Ice?

■ Don't be surprised if you see another ice-skating queen in the movies. And don't be surprised if it's Janie Withers, on account of the "brat" has learned to skate somep'n swell, and they're thinking of starring her in an ice film.

No Screams From Swarthout

■ For the most dangerous business in her new picture, Gladys Swarthout will have to use a double. NOT risk breaking a neck or a leg or something like that, either. . . .

You see, Gladys has to scream wildly. And they'll dub in the screams by a professional Hollywood screamer, so as not to injure Opera-Star Swarthout's ten-thousand-dollar pipes.

Gag

■ Gaggiest auto radiator cap in Hollywood belongs to Jimmy Ellison. . . . It's not a naked lady, like most of 'em. Jimmy's is simply a silver-plated alarm clock ! ! !

[*Continued on page* 68]

Streamliner Ellen Drew, once a clerk in Hollywood candy shop—and now going places since *If I Were King,* steps out in a streamline bathing suit for a bit of badminton

Producer Goldwyn tells Gary Cooper he wants to buy great Broadway hit, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and screen it with Mr. C. in title role. C. shows interest

But Skippy, over opposite, hasn't everything his own way. His greatest rival is Spooks, a newcomer in *Blondie.* Like Skippy he walks away with the picture

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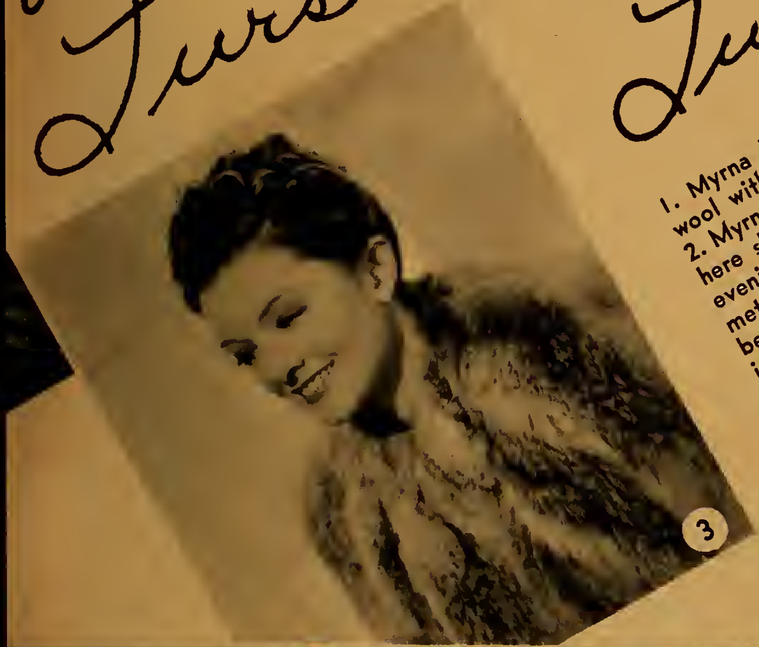
Furs and Furbelows

1. Myrna Loy's fur-below is a simply tailored black wool with insets of pink silk pique at neck and cuffs 2. Myrna's one gal that's always on the up and up. So here she shows you her new up-swing coiffure. Her evening frock with pleated skirt and bodice is of metal cloth 3. Whether Myrna's wearing chiffon fur-belows or a tweed sport dress below her chunky Lynx jacket doesn't matter. Because Lynx can be worn for both street and dress wear 4. Myrna's period negligee complements her new hairdress. It's of ivory and turquoise moire stripe over pink chiffon 5. Another period (gown) punctuates Myrna's new wardrobe. Black mousseline de soi over a green and black striped slip 6. Myrna steps out in a mustard colored wool ensemble with kolinsky trimming. Both the coat and frock skirt have flare 7. We wouldn't know sable if we saw it (would you?) but we are told that this is the real thing—Russian Sable. And to keep her mits warm Myrna carries a matching muff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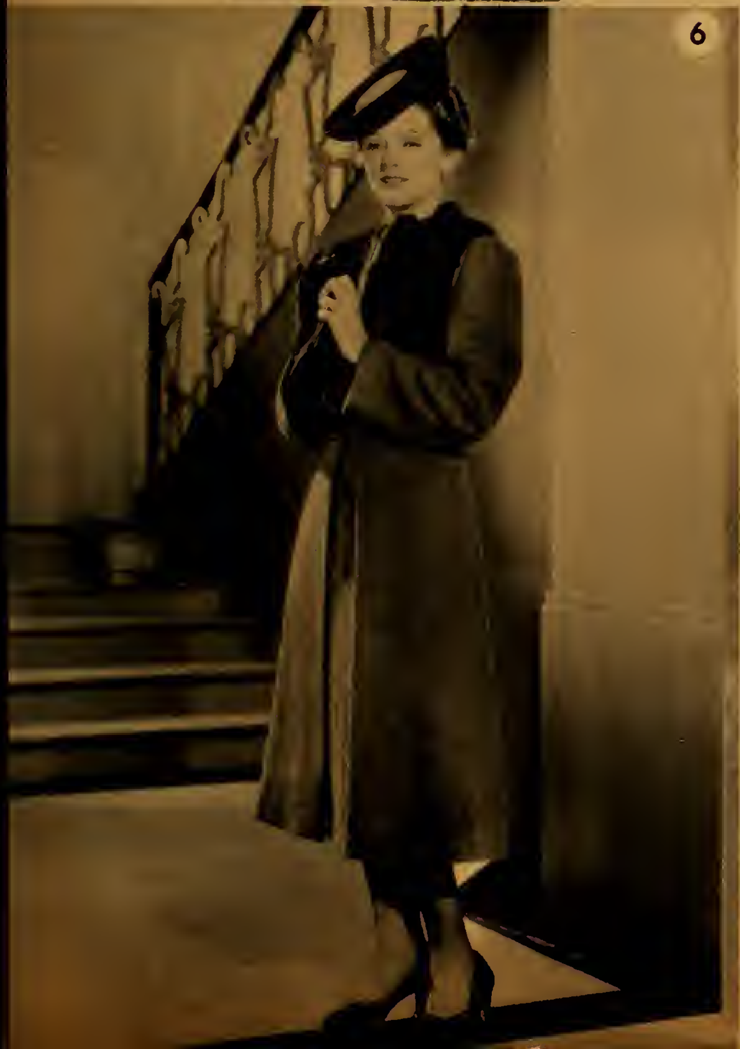
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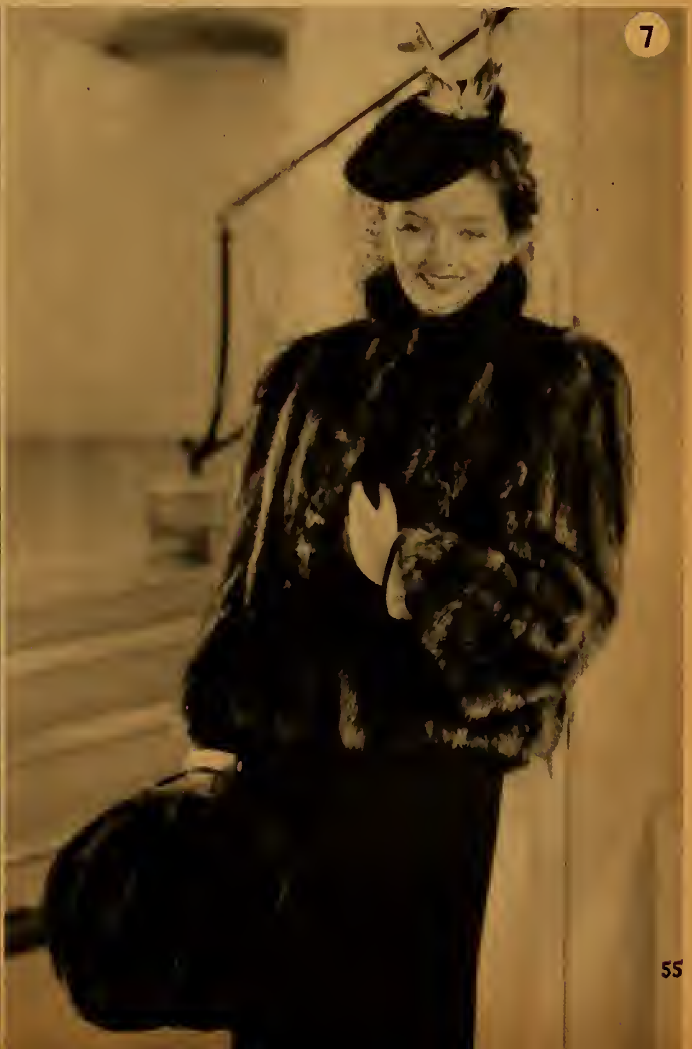
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THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN!

HARRY LANGDON, TOP-RANKING COMEDIAN OF THE SILENT FILMS, IS BACK DISPENSING LAUGHS AGAIN AS OLIVER HARDY'S PARTNER. DOWN ON HIS LUCK FOR MANY YEARS HE CAN NOW SMILE OVER HIS AMAZING COME-BACK. HE IS HOLLYWOOD'S SUCCESS STORY NO. 1 FOR 1938

By E. J. SMITHSON

ASK anyone IN Hollywood who knows anything ABOUT Hollywood to choose Flickertown's Success Story No. 1 for 1938 and every mother's son and daughter of 'em would emphatically say, "it's the one about Harry Langdon, the 'baby-faced' comedian of the silent screen."

And every mother's son and daughter of 'em would be correct. His spectacular emergence from obscurity to that select group of "people of importance" has certainly made the front page so far as news about motion pictures are concerned.

Almost by accident, and surely not by design, the bewildered little fellow who used to get paid $7,500 a week just to make people laugh, has been yanked from behind a writing-desk out at the Hal Roach Studios to team with the rotund Oliver Hardy in a series of feature films.

And if you don't think Harry is happy about this surprising "come-back" deal, all you have to do is to take a look at the smile that spreads from here to there across his face. After those long, lean years when even old friends deserted him, when his pocketbook was flatter than a weak-old glass of beer, when domestic troubles of one kind and another bobbed up to add their share of worries, it certainly is a grand and glorious feeling now, he says, to be able to homestead a little bit of the silver lining that's behind those dark clouds.

"Gosh," he grins, "it's like floating high in the sky! It's swell! It doesn't feel real. All day long I go around pinching myself to see if I'm dreaming! Listen. I've been in show business ever since I was able to be tied to my mother's apron-strings and a lotta things have happened to me, good, bad, and indifferent, and I've took 'em, but nothing has made me so happy as this."

Langdon was working on the Hal Roach lot as a writer during the shooting of *There Goes My Heart.* Producer Milton H. Bren persuaded him to don grease-paint and play the role of a minister who marries Fredric March and Virginia Bruce. Langdon surprised everybody in that little part by the splendid way he portrayed it. Executives at the studio decided, and very enthusiastically, that such a fine artist should have a definite place in future films.

"Gosh," grins Harry, "it looks like my troubles are over."

It looks that way to everybody in Hollywood, too. Even his fair-weather friends have started to put the finger on him for a ten-spot touch. Those who wouldn't think of calling him up [*Continued on page* 82]

Harry, who once earned $7,500 a week in the old silent films, has been yanked from a writing job to team with Oliver Hardy in feature comedies, the first of which is *It's Spring Again.* Left: he stages come-back as parson in *There Goes My Heart*

Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM

WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE— THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!*

Boy Teaches Girl—***Nancy Hoguet*** gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—***Anne Clark Roosevelt*** faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health.** I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."

Big Moment—***Camilla Morgan*** (*now Mrs. Remsen Donald*) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry.** Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."

245 Presents—***Marjorie Fairchild*** sails for Bermuda **honeymoon** day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for **make-up."**

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

- Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.*
- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

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* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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By **GLADYS HALL**

"GOODBYE"—IN A REGRETFUL TONE

FRANCHOT LEAVES HOLLYWOOD WITH DEEP REGRETS. IN BIDDING GOODBYE HE IS THANKFUL FOR EVERYTHING

AS QUIETLY as he said "Hello, Hollywood" six years ago, Franchot has said "Goodbye, Hollywood" now. Without ballyhoo, hokum or hullaballoo Franchot came to Hollywood, worked his way up to a position of prestige on the screen and now, doing the only melodramatic thing he has ever done in his career, is packing his trunks to return to his First Love—the Little Theatre Group in New York.

Melodramatic, I say, because anything without precedent is melodramatic. And Franchot's refusal to sign a new, long-term M-G-M contract, eagerly proffered him; his departure just at the time when his star is most brilliantly in the ascendant, *is* melodramatic. For name me another actor as young as Franchot, sitting as pretty as Franchot, who has ever left Hollywood and I'll put in with you. You can't. Because there isn't any other.

Now this is what Hollywood said to Franchot when Franchot said goodbye: "If you weren't an actor, Franchot, you would be a philosopher or a critic. If you had been of the sort who takes the line of least resistance you would now be vice-president of the Carborundum Company of America of which your father is president. There was a place all ready for you there, a nice, shiny desk with buttons on it which you could press for every service required; an established business into which you could have sunk, cushily, living a life with as little element of chance involved as can be found in these chancey days. But you are not the type to take the line of least resistance.

"You are an actor because you care about acting with that profound love of your medium which is all the more profound because it is, largely, inarticulate. You never talk about yourself. You simply cannot say those things which lay closest to your heart. Yes, Hollywood certainly knows that. Publicity departments know it. Reporters know it. Hollywood columnists, radio commentators on the Hollywood scene, magazine scribes, all would die of pernicious

[*Continued on page* 71]

After 6 years in Hollywood, Franchot returns to his first love, the Broadway stage. Hollywood is sorry to lose him, hopes he'll be back

"You can't go out like that!" she gasped

I'll never forget Jean's face when she saw that old leather pocketbook! She couldn't have looked more startled if I'd appeared in hip boots. "Sally!"—she gasped—"You can't go out like that! That valise looks dreadful with your new silver dress! Where's your brocade evening bag?"

"Listen," I snapped: "I know this looks awful. But I don't happen to be a magician! I can't cram powder, lipstick, keys —*and* a sanitary napkin—into that little brocade bag. It just wasn't made for a crisis like this!"

Jean just laughed. "But you're not going for the week-end, dopey! I'll give you a Modess pad—and you'll feel perfectly safe without an extra one. Wait—let me show you something that will end your fear of embarrassing accidents..."

And she certainly did! She took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and poured water on it! Not a drop went through! I saw that I could rely on Modess, with complete peace of mind!

"Better yet," she added, "you'll have the most *comfortable* evening you've ever known. Look at this soft, fluffy Modess filler! See the difference between 'fluff-type' Modess, and those 'layer-type' pads you've been buying!"

So—I carried my swank little brocade bag, completely reassured . . . Jean was awake when I got back and she declares I raved more about Modess than I did about the party! And why not! It's a great day in a woman's life when she discovers a sanitary napkin that's both *softer* and *safer* . . . yet costs as little as Modess does!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)

DISH IT OUT

The Robot coffeemaker plays a leading role in stars' buffet suppers

Electric chafing dish, gleaming chrome and novelty covers grace buffets

Mexican Frijoles served in colored pottery appeal to the eye and palate

To make your buffet supper a sure success serve delicious canned spaghetti

BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

INFORMALITY AND GAYETY BEING THE KEY-NOTES OF TODAY'S ENTERTAINING, THE BUFFET SUPPER PROVES MOST POPULAR WITH GUESTS AND HOSTESS

INFORMALITY and gayety are the key-notes of today's entertaining for all occasions. Simple refreshments, easily served, are most popular with smart young hostesses. And if, in addition, the hostess is also a busy business woman by day, or must "double" in her roles of hostess and maid, then in particular, the menus and dishes must punch a time-clock in the kitchen, and be such as will permit advance preparation.

The hurry-up buffet supper is the answer to every hostess' prayer, "What shall I give them to eat?" For these smartly "streamlined" suppers have these features:

Hot Soup Cup of Canned condensed Soups
Main One-Piece Dish, quick-cooking in type
Saladbowl, economical to make and easy to serve
Prearranged Dessert (Gelatin Mold, Icebox or other Cake or Cookies)
Simple, not fussy, relishes and accompaniments
Beverages

That Grand Start, the Blended Hot Soup Cup! Nothing quite gets a midwinter refreshment buffet off to such a good start as a hot soup cup with or without trimmings. But this does not mean hours over a soup kettle—ah, no! It means the clever trick of opening several cans of different kinds of soup, and serving *blended soup.* Yes, not straight soup, but blended soup is the newest wrinkle to which the hostess must get wise. And here's how, with several examples:

Blend Noodle Soup with Cream of Mushroom.
Blend Cream [*Continued on page 79*]

Is Bette's Career In Danger?

[*Continued from page* 33]

the show" despite breaking hearts, impending childbirth or a pin sticking in them aren't the fine artists, but the stodgy and stolid ones. Acting such as Bette's comes from an inner symphony of emotions, delicately tuned. It reaches for its adjustments behind footlights and cameras, and into the player's private life, even into her most intimate secrets.

Since Bette's marriage wasn't of the cinema's famed slip-knot variety, breaking it up is no "So long, kid—it was nice knowing you!" affair. Bette, in everyday life, shows no effect on any emotional punishment-taking, but some of her friends fear it might show, temporarily, on the screen.

This writer does not believe it will. He is one of those who believes that if the star's career is endangered by her separation from Nelson, it will be for the following, quite different reason:

TO BORROW from *Merton of the Movies,* Ham Nelson was not only Bette's sweetheart and best friend, but severest critic. In a typical New England dry-humor way, he used to "pin her ears back"—the phrase is Bette's own—on occasions when he thought, on the screen or in real life, she was becoming affected, putting on airs, getting self-conscious, or striking a pose.

You have to know some stars' husbands to realize how sensitive they become to these attitudes in their famous wives. They can be awfully good fellows, and still be on the defensive—watching for the first sign in their mates of a "snooty" attitude, of tolerating, of being bored, of feeling martyr-like. This makes them exceptionally fine critics of their wives' acting and personality on the screen. Few of them have the temerity to offer criticism, however. Even few stars have the valor to accept such criticism from—of all people!—the men they married.

Nelson had the temerity to speak out, and Bette the valor to accept his criticism. This criticism will not be hers from now on. She once said that "remaining good friends" after divorce struck her as a very silly Hollywood custom. There is nothing in her present attitude to indicate she has changed her mind, or that Nelson, no longer her sweetheart or best friend, will remain her severest critic.

Even if he continued to be a friendly critic, he'd now lack that sensitive alertness which makes the typical star's-husband so keen at catching and analyzing his wife's moods.

Fortunately, Bette has other "severest critics," her mother and her sister, Barbara. If she continues to lend an ear to them, and they do not become too awed by her steadily increasing fame, she will still have the tonic influence of outside criticism.

IN TIMES past these two, with Nelson, attended previews of Bette's pictures. Bette would not. She couldn't bear to do so, because at a preview she'd suffer a thousand deaths. Her work on the screen would look terrible to her, and she'd feel sure the audience—no matter how enthusiastic—was getting colder and more hostile by the minute!

So she'd do her suffering at home, alone with her dogs and perhaps the maid or the sympathetic Negro houseman. When her three critics came home, she'd rush to meet them with a pent-up, "Well? Come on, tell me the worst!"

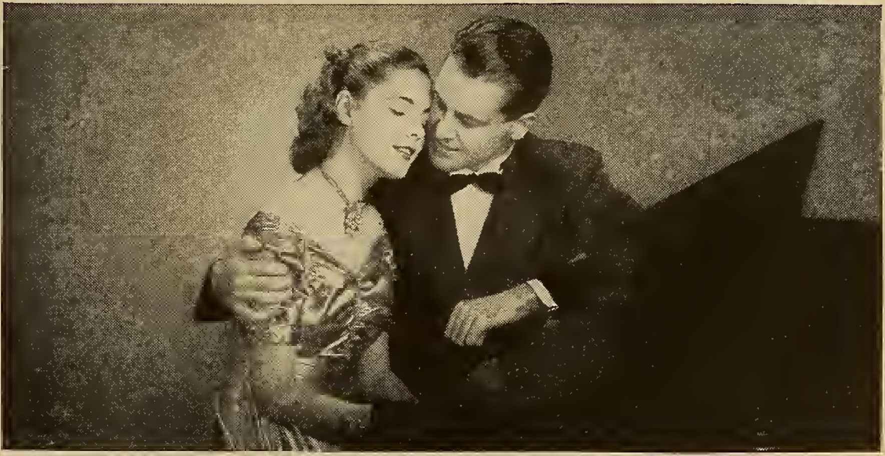
[*Continued on page* 63]

How can a man forget so soon?

A year ago I marched down the aisle in my wedding veil. Bob promised to love me forever. But before very long, the quarrels began . . .

First it was his shirts. He said his mother used to wash them lots whiter. Gradually the nagging got worse—my curtains looked "dingy," my linens were a "disgrace." I thought he'd completely forgotten his promise, until . . .

My next-door neighbor caught me crying and promptly tossed my woes out the window. She told me my clothes had tattle-tale gray because they were only *half*-clean. She said I worked hard, but my lazy soap just didn't wash out *all* the dirt.



Quick as you please, I took her advice and changed to Fels-Naptha Soap. And glory, what a difference! That richer *golden* soap blended with gentle *naptha* hustles out every speck of dirt and my things simply shine like snow. Now Bob says he married a wonder. And I'm so glad that wonder is *me!*

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Take His Word For "It"

[*Continued from page 26*]

and low heels to uphold. She can pick and choose the most becoming styles to her."

Watch out for these laurels, though, for Doug says the movies are making English Phyllis' much more style conscious!

I asked Doug if he preferred the scrubbed faces of English girls to the glamorous make-up we affect on this side of the Atlantic, but he wouldn't say yes and he wouldn't say no.

"It all depends on the girl," he parried. "That scrubbed look just goes with some girls. But I can't imagine others without their exotic make-up, mandarin nails and junk jewelry. Some girls are sophisticated, and others just think they are. The ones who think they are would be a lot wiser to find out what their own personality is—and stick to it. A cute little thing about as big as a minute will look a lot better in a single strand of pearls and a small cameo brooch than she will in bangle bracelets and barbaric looking necklaces."

Doug admitted that the average man (and he claims he is one) is much more likely to be able to tell you what's wrong with you, what he *doesn't* like, than what he likes. You girls who have to pry compliments out of your husbands with an ice pick know the truth of that! So remember that even if your beau fails to tell you your lipstick doesn't match your rouge, or is smeared all over your face after a cup of coffee, he's likely to *think* it!

During our chat, Doug remarked that a young woman who had just come into the restaurant was very attractive.

"What's the first thing you notice about her?" I shot at him.

He looked again before answering, "She has a lovely skin."

True, her skin was nice, but I had noticed instead her violet lipstick, the crazy hat she was wearing, the Greek frieze of bangs on her forehead. All of which shows you that men notice essentials such as skin coloring and good grooming, while we women are taken in by the "trimmings."

THE up-swept hair and all the gay nineties vogue for doll-hats and nipped-in waists is very nice on the fragile, feminine type but hardly appropriate for the girl who goes in for suntan and sports, Doug feels. But high-piled hair has at least one thing to its credit, he thinks. It makes the wearer stand up straighter, walk more gracefully. She can't hang her head or her curls may fall out of place. All of which results in better posture and a more interesting looking woman.

Yes, men do notice how you stand, and judge you by it. The girl who doesn't think enough of herself to stand up straight and look you in the eye doesn't deserve a second thought the men reason.

Doug doesn't like a woman to have too many perfumes. "I'd much rather have her find one that suits that personality of hers, and stay with it," he said. "Then, if some dark night I should encounter a certain fragrance at the theatre I could go right up to the wearer and say, 'Haven't we met somewhere before?' "

No matter whether your face is as beautiful as a screen star's, or just plain, you'll want to avoid that bored-with-it-all look. And the best way to do that is—smile! Your smile will be that much more attractive if the teeth it shows are sparkling white, clean as a whistle. One of the grandest aids to mouth beauty is a brand spandy new toothbrush. The off-the-wire news about it concern the bristles. They won't come out. They won't get soggy. The won't split. They won't lose their shape or stiffness. And the amazing thing is that these bristles are *man*-made, instead of starting out in life on wild boars! The manufacturing process itself is fascinating—a doughy batch is forced through tiny holes to make strands of uniform thickness and quality. These harden, are cut to the necessary size—and presto—synthetic bristles. Because of their moisture-proof quality, they will stay stiff through three or four daily brushings. A feature to be appreciated by all of us who are out to brush our way to beautiful teeth. A half dollar buys the tooth brush that clings to its stiff bristles—do write me today for the name.

Have you ever been caught short with an unexpected date—and your hair looking down in the mouth? Have you ever wished for something that would freshen up your locks between shampoos and finger waves? I have, and that's why I'm so *very* much excited about a waterless shampoo I found just the other day. It's the last word in convenient and quick hair beauty. Just sprinkle a liberal amount of the liquid on your hair and scalp. (Remember, you don't use any water.) Then rub it into the hair, vigorously, until you produce a thick lather. Next, grab your towel, and remove the lather and dry your hair in one fell swoop. Press the waves back in again with your fingers, and off you go to dazzle your date with your gleaming hair. This waterless shampoo should be a grand boon when you have a headcold and lank hair at the same time. You'll find the shampoo in stores near you, at a price easy on your purse. And of course I'll give you the name.

With a week-long nail polish, a stiff bristled sanitary tooth brush and Hollywood make-up you can't be a wallflower

THE last time I dropped in at a certain Hollywood studio, I had a heart-to-heart talk with the head make-up artist. He was most enthusiastic about the purple tones you and I have been wearing this winter—said they made a woman look fragile and exquisite. But only if she wears the proper make-up—rouge and powder and lipstick of a blue-ish shade harmonizing with the violets in her hat or dress. He gave me a set of the make-up he and his brothers have developed . . . the lipstick and rouge of a delicate purple tint, the foundation cream and powder of a rosy hue. Being a woman, I tried them immediately, and liked the result. First I applied the foundation cream (after I'd washed and creamed my face and treated it to an astringent). I dabbed a bit on my nose, more on my cheeks, forehead, chin and throat, then I blended the spots with my fingertips till I had an even film of tinted foundation all over my face and neck. Next the rouge. This is creamy enough to spread evenly, easily. Small dabs are in order here too—it's much easier to add more color if you find you haven't enough, than it is to remove some when there's too much. I blended the rouge with my fingers, shading it off at the edges so there was no line of demarcation between the rouge and the foundation. Powder with a full puff and then brush off the excess with a baby soft brush. I find this gives that extra-velvety finish. The powder is fine in texture, and oh, so clinging! The most critical of eyes couldn't detect a particle of shine—even under glaring lights. I powder right up to my lips, then apply the lipstick and blot it with tissues. Then it hasn't a chance to smear, even if it wants to. And this one definitely has no tendency that way. These are just a few items for a long and comprehensive—and most reliable line. The prices are very low, you'll be glad to hear—and I'll be delighted to give you the name.

Chipped nail polish is one of the cardinal sins against good grooming, and one that men notice first. But it's so easy to avoid when you know about a new seven-day polish. The creamy lacquer is thick enough to cover your nails smoothly with one coat—so your bottle of polish lasts longer—and that one coat clings and clings. Any one of the ten fashion right shades will give your nails a gem-like brilliance and lustre right up to the day you remove the polish for your manicure next week. The only thing you have to do is select the shade—or shades—that looks best on your hands, with your clothes. That's not difficult, because this manufacturer provides little cut-out tabs that you paste over your nails to aid you in your color selection. The polish costs a dime in its attractive wasp-waisted, fluted bottle—want me to send you the name today?

If you want to make a hit with the men, watch out for split seams in dresses or holes in the stocking heel. Even if you develop a hole or split at the office you can still remedy the difficulty if you have on hand a flat "braid" of multicolor threads. The braid contains 16 colors, so you can pull out just the right shade for your mending. (There are 16 or 18 pieces of each shade, cut to sewing length.) It's convenient, because you don't need a whole sewing basket (just a needle), because the threads never get tangled, snarled or unravelled. There are 200 yards all together in each braid, and you can have one made up entirely of mercerized thread for stockings, of wool, or silk, depending on your needs. A dime in the five-and-ten.

Write me before February 15th if you'd like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (3 cents U. S. postage, please!) for my answer, and address your letter to me, Denise Caine, c/o MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Is Bette's Career In Danger?

[*Continued from page* 61]

They wouldn't hesitate. All three, by agreement, leaned on the side of severity, and avoided much praise. Bette learned that if they admitted she was "pretty fair" in such and such a scene, she'd probably win another Academy Award for it!

Under that influence, she created the remarkable gallery of fire-etched characterizations from *Jezebel* back to Mildred in *Of Human Bondage*. The same influence undoubtedly persisted in modified form to include *The Sisters*. *Dark Victory* will mark the change of Bette's arrangements, but it could hardly show a change, also, in her acting. That, if it is going to come at all, will come slowly. It will come through a gradual feeling of self-satisfaction, an acceptance of the flattery with which, more than ever, will be showered upon her. A softening of her own critical standards, and a tendency to tell Barbara and her mother, "Oh, be still! Other people think I'm good—why must you be always carping!"

The writer doesn't think such words will ever come from Bette's lips, or that such thoughts, unqualified by an ironic laugh at herself, will ever cross her consciousness. She is too keenly critical of human foibles, too pointedly intelligent and unrelenting. In analyzing herself as well as characters such as the unforgettable *Mildred,* and the neurotic wife in *Border Town,* she is ruthlessly candid.

But there is no denying that, due to her separation, she is facing the need to use all her powers of self-criticism and discrimination, all her resources of humor and sense of proportion. More than ever she will be showered with flattery. Men will use it, hoping to win her love now that her husband is out of the way.

And women, more jealous of her because she will be "back in circulation," will do their usual subtle and sugary plotting against her.

SUPPOSE she *does* lose her sense of proportion, and becomes as self-satisfied, temperamental, soft-minded and shallow as certain other feminine stars one could name on the fingers of both hands?

Why, you may ask, will that endanger her career any more than it has the careers of others who are fantastically egotistical and shallow?

Because Bette faces far more screen responsibility. Let her work slip even so far as that which might be rated extremely good for one of these other actresses, and adverse comment will take the place of praise. Yesterday's triumphs will be forgotten, except as standards by which to decide that today's efforts are failure.

There are actresses who put on the screen nothing but an entrancing (if meaningless) smile, a soulful (if empty) gaze and an eye-filling body. Their stock in trade finds a lively demand, so quite often they can remain popular when artistically, mentally and morally bankrupt.

Bette isn't that sort. As we have pointed out before, she has set her own artistic standards, and they are as high or higher than those of any actress on stage or screen.

They will betray her promptly if she loses her grip on reality, and lets Hollywood flattery undermine her sense of self-criticism, soften her relentless histrionic ambition.

"Hey, hey! What's all this ki-yi about? The neighbors will think I've got you both by the tail!...Oh, sure, it's okay to yelp when something hurts—I always do myself. But what is it, anyway?"

"Chafed, eh? Well, to be sure...your tummy scrapes on every step! Your chassis is too underslung, that's all."

"Matter of fact, mine is too. See? Why don't we try the up-on-the-hind-legs stuff the grown-ups do?"

"Oh, you have tried it...and it didn't work. Aw shucks!...But wait—got an idea...Johnson's Baby Powder!"

"Say! When you're slicked over with that lovely, soft, slippery powder, you'll simply *glide* down the stairs!"

"Nothing like Johnson's to keep a fellow's skin smooth and comfortable! It doesn't cost much, either—so why don't you get some for your baby?"

JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

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The Most Exciting Girl In Hollywood

[*Continued from page 29*]

whose dislike of publicity is well-known, but Paulette says, "I haven't been working and I've had nothing to talk about."

Yet her every move is news and, what's more, exciting news. Let her enter any crowded room and without lifting a finger to attract attention she is immediately the cynosure of all eyes.

PAULETTE first made headlines during her engagement in an Eddie Cantor picture, *The Kid from Spain*, when she was advertised from coast to coast as "the extra girl who rode to work in a Hispano Suiza." She met important people at this time, one of them being Joseph M. Schenck, who introduced her to Chaplin. The meeting took place on Mr. Schenck's yacht and launched her on her second headline career—a career that for hysterics, histrionics, duration and space has probably never been equalled in theatrical history. Were they married or weren't they married? This question was discussed in headlines nationally and internationally for four years. And just as it threatened to peter out for lack of fresh impetus, along came *Gone With The Wind*.

The popularity of this novel might have pushed even the Chaplin-Goddard romance off the front pages if clever little Paulette hadn't read the book and decided that she would play the role of *Scarlett*. And after weeks and weeks of intensive coaching to gain a Southern accent, she was given a test for the role, and rode right back into the news. Who will be given this role is still undecided but every bit of publicity possible has been squeezed out of the controversy. In fact, so much has been said and written of it that people are beginning to ask wearily, "Who cares?"

And so with *Gone With The Wind* threatening to fade into a slight breeze, Paulette's name might have disappeared from print temporarily if she weren't destined to make news. This time she made the effort and her name became prominent for the fourth time because of the merit of her work in *The Young in Heart*.

SINCE she appeared in *Modern Times* two years ago, Paulette has become a competent actress and now, having had an opportunity to prove this, her name is on every tongue as a new and exciting screen personality. M-G-M wants her for another picture. Bing Crosby thinks he'd like to croon to her—on the screen, of course. Plays are being submitted to her. And Paulette? Well, Paulette wants to be *Scarlett O'Hara*.

In her mind there isn't the slightest doubt but that she will get the coveted role. Heretofore she has not been the people's choice for it but her popularity since her recent pictures may change the mind of the fickle fans. Public opinion may be the deciding factor.

Producer David Selznick who, after all, has the last word on this bit of casting, went to the trouble a few months ago to deny in print that the role had been given to anyone. At this writing he hasn't changed his mind or, at least, hasn't mentioned any change, and continues to make tests of other feminine players. Meanwhile Paulette repeats that she will be *Scarlett*, apparently of the belief that if she thinks it hard enough it will come true.

Katharine Hepburn's friends are just as sure that she will play it. Bette Davis' fans threaten dire things if anyone but Bette is seen as the Southern girl. Still Paulette refuses to be swerved and continues her lessons and rehearsals.

You hear of Paulette at Palm Springs, at Palm Beach, in New York—any place where there is life and color. It would appear to the casual observer that she has nothing more important on her mind than having a good time; that she is just a play girl. On the contrary, no girl works harder than Paulette. She studies constantly, rehearses regularly and reads everything except popular fiction, which she hasn't time for. Just now she is studying the French Revolution from both the Royalists' and Revolutionists' point of view.

Five years ago when she went to Samuel Kayzer for dramatic lessons he hesitated to take her, thinking her just another Hollywood glamor girl, and consented only because of Chaplin's influence. To his surprise she asked to come at nine o'clock in the morning, was always on time and proved to be a brilliant pupil.

A WOMAN IN LOVE JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO GET DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
ISN'T MY ENGAGEMENT RING LOVELY, KAY? I WAS SO SURPRISED WHEN JIM GAVE IT TO ME LAST NIGHT!
WELL, I KNEW HE WOULD, BABS! HOW COULD ANY MAN RESIST THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" OF YOURS?
I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY COMPLEXION! I LOOK POSITIVELY MIDDLE-AGED—MY SKIN'S SO DRY AND LIFELESS
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? IT'S MY BEAUTY SOAP!
OLIVE OIL THE SECRET
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS—ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES GENTLY YET SO THOROUGHLY. KEEPS PORES SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, I'LL START TODAY TO USE PALMOLIVE, TOO!
PALMOLIVE
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

For two years she was enrolled at U. C. L. A. as a special student taking English history, English literature, rhetoric and psychology but adds that when she tried to talk to Chaplin about his subjunctive moods he was furious. Thorough and hard-working, she is a perfectionist in everything she does. Nothing but the best will do. She takes the best from everything—people, situations and her studies. Instinctively she knows values.

As Chaplin's wife she has had *entrée* to people and places. She has made the most of every opportunity. Now that she has achieved success as an actress and no longer needs the aid of the famous comedian, the two seem closer together, happier than ever. His approval of her work means a great deal to her. Following her recent radio broadcast over NBC she raced to a telephone and called Chaplin. Apparently he was highly complimentary for she trilled, "I'll be right home, darling," and fairly flew out to her car, leaving her purse and furs behind.

"I was awfully scared," she said afterward, in speaking of the broadcast. "And just before I spoke my first words into the microphone I heard a lady in the front row say, 'Look at her shake.' That didn't help a bit because I was shaking. You know you can study and take lessons and rehearse endlessly but when you stand in front of that microphone, you're on your own."

From her work in her first show, *Palm Beach Nights*, when she was fourteen years old, she was paid $500 a week. "They called me the perfect sitter," she says now. No microphone would have frightened her then because, having started there, she had no realization of what it meant to climb to the top. Today, having neared the top through merit, she is frightened. She knows the responsibilities that go with success. She has a standard to live up to.

ALMOST every photographer and reporter in town was on the set to take pictures and get a "statement" from her the first day she worked in *The Young in Heart*, an almost unprecedented procedure. David Selznick himself was there to reassure her, but remained to complain. Her hair, he said, was too elaborately arranged for a working girl. And her fingernails. "They're too long. You couldn't type with nails like that."

Paulette sighed. Her precious long nails, a deep red, too. And work was halted while her own pet manicurist was sent for to perform the operation.

"And I was terrible in the first day's work," she admitted later. "After I'd seen the rushes they let me make the scenes over."

Her next picture, *Dramatic School*, found her more at ease. Her co-workers reported her gay, democratic and nearly always laughing. And eternally she knitted. With her script in her lap her fingers were never still. "I like to keep busy always," she said, "even as I am knitting this sweater. I enjoy myself best when I'm doing something constructive."

There was no doubt in her popularity on the set for she was called "Butch" by the entire company. Late one morning, she presented the director with a big red apple, probably remembering her kid days when teacher got a big red apple, too. She was irritated at rumors of a feud between herself and Luise Rainer. Actually they were friendly and Paulette offered the little German star the use of the Chaplin yacht. Her clothes for the picture were exciting and glamorous but she wore no stockings, even with the most formal costumes.

Stubborn, she doesn't yield to coaxing and

[*Continued on page* 67]

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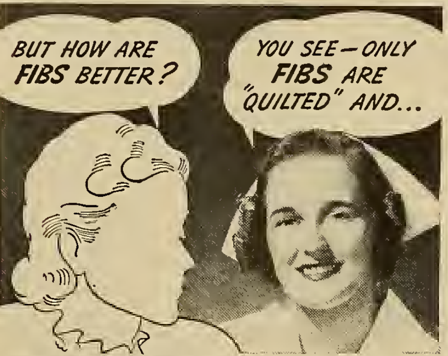
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Romances That Studios Have Killed

[*Continued from page* 35]

off" that Sonja's return made the Power-Gaynor romance a triangle.

The press-agents prayed that Janet wouldn't understand how there could be so many stories without some truth behind them. And, apparently, their prayers were answered. At least, shortly afterward, the romance ended. And Janet was the one who ended it.

Errol Flynn's screen appeal is as a devil-may-care lad with an eye for pretty girls. His studio is hampered in giving him the same build-up off the screen by the fact that he is married—to Lili Damita.

The press-agents never mention her if they can avoid it. Can they be hoping that such silence will eventually irk Lili, an actress who appreciates publicity, into getting a divorce? You can detect some wishful thinking along divorce lines in the frequent hints in gossip columns of trouble in the Flynn household. Those hints come straight from press-agents.

Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane were to play young lovers in a couple of pictures. For the sake of the old build-up, press-agents asked them to look romantic about each other off-screen. But Wayne and Priscilla misunderstood. They started *being* romantic. Each was more valuable to the studio if single. The studio saw to it that they stayed single.

Wiser, but sadder, neither of them has become emotionally involved in any of the romances credited to them since.

A studio killed a budding romance when it stopped Tommy Beck from dating Arleen Whelan. The studio had a big build-up planned for Arleen. They decided who would be her romantic interest. But Tommy wasn't IT.

When Richard Greene first arrived, he was smitten with Marjorie Weaver. A romance was well under way when a certain feminine star, a bit jealous of Marjorie, pointed out to the studio that if Marjorie *were* married (contrary to her denials), and her husband suddenly appeared, he might be unpleasant to Mr. Greene. The studio politely told Mr. Greene not to call on Marjorie any more, and asked him to call on Arleen, instead.

He did, and the result was singularly happy all the way around. Happy for Dick and Arleen, who actually fell in love; and happy for the studio, which profited from the publicity. But there are signs that this romance, too, is headed for the slaughter-house. Insiders say that Arleen's contract isn't being renewed.

LANA TURNER has recently felt the heavy disciplinary hand of her studio upon her. Lana is only seventeen, cute, curvacious, a potential successor to Clara Bow, if not Jean Harlow. She's so young that she still has to go to school. Lately, she has been falling down in her algebra and Latin, what with keeping late hours, touring the night-clubs with handsome young Gregory Bautzer, the lawyer. She recently announced that she was going to marry him as soon as she was eighteen. The studio had other ideas. And, at this writing, the studio's ideas are carrying.

Lana has just been taken out of a picture that would give her a big opportunity—not only because she seemed to need rest, but because she had to catch up with her studies. And the "engagement" has been broken.

Their studio started a romance rumor about Anita Louise and Ronald Reagan—with the "cute" note that Anita and Ronald were already rehearsing love scenes for a picture they were about to do together. (Any time the customers can be sold on the idea that love scenes in a picture are the real thing, the bigger the profits will be.)

But then the casting was changed. Anita was to make another picture, instead. The studio promptly killed the Reagan-Louise "romance."

Starting a romance strictly as a publicity stunt may seem a cold-blooded business. But this much can be said for the practice: When a romance is a phoney, it's easier to kill it without hurting anybody.

When Dennis O'Keefe first made a hit in *Bad Man of Brimstone,* his studio gave out that he was single. A writer who knew better asked a studio press-agent if Dennis wasn't married to Louise Stanley. "Yeah," shrugged the p.-a., "but he'll be divorced so soon, we're calling him a bachelor." His tone implied, "It's all going to be arranged for him to be single."

Immediately after Randolph Scott's announcement that he and his wife were separating, insinuations appeared in gossip columns that "a certain glamor girl" would divorce her husband to marry Randy. At the time, Randy was to be seen dancing o' nights with Dorothy Lamour.

No one knew whether it was a romance or not. Dorothy insisted that Randy and her husband, Herbie Kay, were old friends and that Randy as an escort (when he, himself, couldn't be in Hollywood) was Herbie's own idea. But her studio didn't like those insinuations in the gossip columns, combined with what the inferences were drawing from the Scott-Lamour dates. Romance or no romance, her studio soon stopped those dates.

Lucille Ball went with Mack Grey, George Raft's "bodyguard," before she received a studio build-up. In the build-up, Mack was dropped by the wayside.

JOAN FONTAINE fell in love with Conrad Nagel, who is nearly old enough to be her father. Her studio persuaded her to postpone the wedding, but couldn't persuade her to give him up. Now her studio isn't picking up Joan's option. Let that be a warning to other young actresses who persist in going counter to a studio's idea of a build-up.

Nelson Eddy's studio is giving Nelson's current romance the silent treatment. His heart interest is Ann Franklin, ex-wife of Director Sidney Franklin and mother of a grown son. She is an intelligent, thoroughly charming person. But the studio doesn't see any publicity value in the attachment.

The list goes on and on, and includes even Greta Garbo. The studio used to be able to rumor a romance with every handsome young unattached actor who appeared opposite her. You can imagine how her romance with middle-aged Leopold Stokowski upsets the studio.

As long as she was a stranger in our midst, Hedy Lamarr was free to go with whom she pleased. She chose to go with Reginald Gardiner, the English pantomime comic. But now Hedy is a sensation. And, in the eyes of a studio, a comic isn't a match for a breath-taking glamor girl.

Keep your eyes open for "the old build-up."

The Most Exciting Girl In Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 65]

she admits she is spoiled. To be ignored distresses her. She likes to postpone odd jobs and especially dislikes fittings. Asked to report to the wardrobe for a fitting, she replied carelessly that she would do it the next day.

"But we may need you in that outfit in the morning," she was told.

"Then I'll come early and attend to it," she said.

Turning away, the assistant said, "All right, if you don't care how you look, don't get a fitting." His point was won. She went immediately for the fitting.

Routine irks her. She doesn't like to go to bed or get up at any certain time. She is also moody about music.

She is never happier than when she has an opportunity to exercise her talent for interior decoration. One time she redecorated a friend's living room for a Christmas present, even buying new drapes and slip covers. When Joseph Schenck learned that the tasteful interiors on the Chaplin yacht were planned and executed by Paulette he asked her to supervise the redecorating of his boat. She was delighted. And while Chaplin was away for several months last year she amused herself by doing over several rooms in the big mansion on the hill as a surprise for him.

THAT her name is Levy she denies emphatically and refers to her divorce papers, which granted her the use of her legal name, Goddard. Mr. Levy, she explains, was her mother's second husband. Whitestone, Long Island, was her birthplace less than thirty years ago and she attended Mt. Saint Dominic Academy at Caldwell. Her early education was frequently interrupted, she says, "by leaping from city to city with my mother."

She has more than made up for this lack of early education, however, by her determined study during the past five years.

"You see, I want to be prepared for the time when I reach the age of complete maturity; when life will not be so carefree as the years of youth," she says. "I want to be as well equipped as my mother now is;" and added, "my greatest fear is that time will slip by before I have accomplished my aims."

Opportunities for travel have been given to Paulette that aren't given to the average person, but she isn't satisfied. "I'd like to live in every country long enough to know the life and people."

"Live and let live" is her theory and she says she dislikes no one but likes best the people who "have spiritual courage." To live a normal, healthy, full life is her aim and her varied interests include all outdoor sports. Through most of the year she is tanned to a deep mahogany from sun baths and outdoor amusements. At present she is deep in plans for her ski club, which is being built at Lake Tahoe.

Naturally acquisitive, she is wealthy in her own right for, in addition to her salary as an actress, Chaplin is very generous with her. His gifts of jewels alone amount to a fortune. His latest gift is a huge star ruby ring. His pride in her achievements is spontaneous and expansive and he is equally enthusiastic over the sweaters she knits for him and the success of her career. Their quarrels probably aren't as serious as they sound in print. At least they always get together eventually and Paulette is the only woman who has ever been able to hold his interest and affection over a period of time.

WHEN Paulette attends parties, which she seldom does as she thinks they are a waste of time, she is sometimes accompanied by some man friend of the family or her mother. Chaplin dislikes crowds and rarely goes to social affairs, but likes Paulette to have a good time. She likes men and attracts them like a magnet, but treats them all alike. She is good company, always gay but can carry her end of an intelligent conversation.

Perversely, now that the excitement over whether or not she and Chaplin are married has died down, Paulette admits she is Mrs. Chaplin. Pressed as to where and when the wedding took place she promises to divulge these details "when it's time."

That "time," her studio associates believe, will be when and if she is decided the winnah—in the race for *Scarlett*. If she is given this role—and only Selznick knows the answer—she'll find herself right back where she started—at the top!

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page* 53]

Teaching Freddie King's English

■ Giggle of the month is that they're teaching Freddie Bartholomew, of ALL people, how to talk with an English accent. . . . !

Freddie's been playing around with so many MickeyRooneyish American kids that the Eton accent that made him famous is gradually wearing off. And to counteract it, and keep what makes Bartholomew, Bartholomew, M-G-M has seen to it that his long-time tutor, R. L. Van Scoyck, gets a layoff and is replaced by Capt. John V. Cooper, one-time British army officer with an accent as thick as a Britain's sense of humor.

Wishful Thinking

■ For the use of one room in the maternity department of a Santa Monica hospital, there is fierce competition among blessed-eventers in the Hollywood area.

The room is the one in which Shirley Temple was born, and it's called "the Shirley room," and its walls are hung with pictures of Shirley. And every mama-to-be who hopes that she's going to give birth to another little gold mine wants the Shirley room. . . . !

Flattery

■ When Mrs. Jack Franklin, Hollywood wife, had twins she named them Carole and Clark . . . ! "They look so cute together," said Mrs. F.

Back To Down Under?

■ Leading lady of a private little "gone with the wind" drama of her own is Constance Worth, who's heading back to Australia, according to the talk of Hollywood.

Connie, in case you don't recall, is the lady who used to be married to George Brent. She first landed in Hollywood when a ship strike cut short her tour around the world. And since she'd done some movie work in Australia, she got a job or two in Hollywood, to pass the time. And then Brent came into her life, and things whirled madly about her. . . .

Now that she's the ex-Mrs. Brent, her movie career seems to have flopped. She had a bit of a rebound romance with Writer Ivan Goff, after Brent faded out of her life, but that cooled, too. So Constance plans to say goodbye forever to the Hollywood that never brought her happiness.

Kitchen Mechanics

■ Anne Shirley is sooooo beeoooteeeful. And she's almost everything a guy could ask for—but *she can't cook!*

So John Payne, who married her, is remedying the single defect. John, who thinks he's about one of the best male whippers-uppers-of-snacks in Hollywood, is giving Anne a personal course in kitchen mechanics, so that she can make something besides tea and toast.

[*Continued on page* 89]

Below, left and up are the Venus from Venus, Texas, otherwise known as Judith Barrett, who gets her first big break playing in Bob Burns' *I'm From Missouri.* And a girl who'll stack a well-filled bathing suit against Judith's any time is Alice Koerner of *Topper Takes a Trip.* Bob T. and Wally B. go early western in *Stand Up and Fight.* Packing a healthy punch in *They Made Me A Criminal* is newcomer John Garfield

How Movies Bring "Escape" To Prisoners

[*Continued from page* 47]

It was impossible to understand the first half hour's dialogue. Comments and questions filled the auditorium with a constant hum. The pictures *did* talk, sure enough!

AFTER that first show, a grey, soft-spoken inmate with twelve years of penal servitude already behind him, said:

"It's hard to believe that the world has advanced so much since I entered stir. Of course, I've always felt that I was being left behind, but exactly *how* far was never shown so clearly until today. The progress made in motion pictures has me wondering about the *rest* of the world. Has *everything* advanced that rapidly? I'm due out of here in another year, so maybe I'd better dig into the library's non-fiction and learn just what I'll have to face in this new outside world!"

The same sense of bewilderment was experienced by many other old-timers. They suddenly realized that while they had been "doing time" in their own little universe, the outside world had progressed beyond their immediate reach and understanding. Years in prison develop a serious, probing attitude in most men. The passing of time impresses upon them the wisdom of preparation for the future; the day of their return to a geared-up form of living entirely foreign to them.

Many visitors find it difficult to understand why convicts apparently see so much broad humor in scenes of tenderness, romance, and tragedy. Passages that twist the hearts of outside audiences are often ridiculed by prisoners. Ridicule is their shell. Existing in the belief that to display sentimentality is to admit softness, convicts assume an attitude of callous cynicism. Occasionally an exceptional theme, situation, or bit of acting will pierce the shell. It is then that convicts laugh loudly and crack wise, camouflaging their turbulent emotions.

CONTRARY to opinions fostered by alleged biographers of convicts' likes and dislikes, prison inmates are not abnormally enthusiastic about crime and so-called gangster pictures. They know, from personal contact and experience, that crimes are not the thrilling, sometimes glamorous affairs often depicted in such films. Situations, and tactics of the super-badmen of Hollywood's celluloid "underworlds," are too obviously counterfeit and therefore ridiculous to men expertly familiar with robberies and burglaries, "muscle" and "confidence" rackets.

AN INTERESTING sidelight on such pictures is the object of the convict's sympathy. Robert Taylor, in *This Is My Affair,* played the part of a special government inspector, out to solve a wave of bank robberies. Taylor, by all codes of prison ethics, was simply a stool-pigeon, intent upon bringing about the arrest of a criminal gang. Yet, when circumstances which nearly resulted in the legal execution of Taylor as well as the criminal whom he had led into the police trap were overcome by the heroine, and Taylor was free to return to her, waves of applause thundered through this prison's auditorium. Convicts, temporarily removed from prison and its code of conduct, cheered the success of one who had "seen justice done!" Their response to that situation was undoubtedly identical to the response of outside audiences.

Musical comedies are by far the most popular type of picture with inmates. However, practically any production with a vocalist and a song is sure of a hearty welcome. Throw in an orchestra, and the plot—or lack of plot—is of trivial consequence. One catchy tune overshadows all else.

Bing Crosby is the average inmate's idea of a really great singer. Any song presented by Bing is whistled and boop-boop-boop-boop-booped on the exercise yards for weeks after. He is imitated, admired, and considered an all-round swell guy.

An occasional "horse opera" is enjoyed simply as a change from conventional themes. However, inmates refuse to take the "ride-'em-down-and-shoot-'em-up" western seriously. Shouts of "ride 'im, cowboy!" invariably speed the two-gun hero along the trail.

But, now and then, a western picture scores a smashing success. *The Bad Man of Brimstone* was such a production. Wallace Beery, in the title role, reached a new high in the opinions of many.

Famous Art Model tells of thrilling beauty this new shampoo reveals in her hair

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Improper Way
Hair dull, covered with cloudy film

Illustrates
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BEERY has been a consistent favorite with prison audiences, and is considered by many to be the greatest actor in motion pictures. He has brought more surreptitious tears to convict eyes and grins to convict lips than any other star. He is the only actor to capture successfully the sympathies of the entire audience and hold them until the last scene has ended.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy top the list of comedians, and it was with genuine regret that inmates read of the team being separated. (Hardy's new partner is Harry Langdon, ace comedian of the silent screen. Ed.)

Edgar Kennedy rates high in the prisoners' list of laugh-provoking characters. Kennedy's heroic efforts to control his terrible temper are cues for bursts of snickering mirth. And when Kennedy finally reaches the limit of his patience and goes haywire, the crowd eggs him on with howls of delight.

A well-known actress, widely publicized for her terrific sex appeal, was a complete wash-out in the estimation of this "pen's" audience. One inmate reviewed the picture in this manner: "It was certainly one sad affair!"

Convicts are quick to praise talent in youngsters. Judy Garland's disarming frankness and beautiful voice are always thoroughly enjoyed. Shirley Temple's little-girl sweetness is not considered unusual, but her ability as an actress is recognized and acclaimed by all. Bobby Breen's version of *Rainbow on the River* left inmates spellbound. Cocky Mickey Rooney has soared to popularity here in recent months. His role of the tough little jockey who later reformed in *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry* completely won the hearts of his big-house admirers.

Patsy Kelly's appearances are welcomed by everyone. A Kelly picture is one continuous roar of laughter for men to whom laughter is not naturally spontaneous. Her capers send men back to their cells with smiles and "things-could-be-worse" attitudes.

Barbara Stanwyck, Myrna Loy, Sylvia Sidney, Ginger Rogers, Madeleine Carroll, Sophie Tucker, Sonja Henie, Betty Grable, Virginia Bruce, Jean Arthur, Alice Faye, Margot Grahame, Ruby Keeler, and Ida Lupino are feminine favorites, contradicting the belief that *any* woman seems beautiful to men in prison.

Humphrey Bogart and Jimmy Cagney are liked for their convincing hard-guy characterizations. Their "scram-or-I'll-slug-yuh" tactics are authentic enough to meet the approval of hard-boiled, cynical exiles.

Paul Muni, Gary Cooper, Robert Armstrong, William Powell, Joel McCrea, Leo Carrillo, Clark Gable, Eddie Cantor, Lewis Stone, Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Dick Powell are other favorites.

THE educational value of motion pictures cannot be too greatly stressed. Inmates have become grammar conscious, and strive to emulate the faultless diction of movie stars. Their interest in historical productions is evinced by hundreds of requests to the library for books covering the filmed events or persons. Occasional newsreels, shown in addition to feature pictures, are always popular even though often months old.

One might naturally suppose that in scheduling motion pictures to be shown in a penitentiary, officials adhere to an approved list of films calculated to further their program of rehabilitation. Strange though it may seem, such a policy does not exist. Authorities know, from experience, that to ban certain films as being "not sufficiently uplifting" and endorse others would be psychologically disastrous.

THE word "rehabilitation" has been greatly abused and over-emphasized in matters penological. Most inmates have become allergic to the term because of endless repetition. They are antagonistic toward obviously rehabilitative propaganda, and rebel at outright reformative measures. Aware of this fact, and realizing that psychology is the key to reformation, penal authorities "take them as they come," confident that Hollywood producers have competently attended to the moral lessons of their films.

***DEAD END*, recently shown in here, was considered by inmates to be the most accurate portrayal of a big reason for this nation's staggering criminal population ever presented to the American public. Prisoners believe that *Dead End*, with its raw study of potential criminals of *tomorrow*, vividly revealed the true source of a majority of *today's* felons.**

"*Dead End.* Good show, according to the papers," one inmate remarked as the blue-clad lines filed into the auditorium.

"Yeah," another replied, "and this stir's a dead end for a lot of us, too!"

"You're just prejudiced!" someone flipped.

Lights dimmed and the drone of voices faded as the grim-river-front scene flashed on the screen. As the story developed, comments spread through the audience:

"Makes me homesick!"

"Those kids are the real McCoy, eh?"

"Yeah—and just future penitentiary fodder!"

What was probably the most outright roar of disapproval ever given a movie scene in this prison was voiced when Sylvia Sidney, pleading for leniency for her street-urchin brother, was refused and lectured by the smugly influential citizen who had been knifed on the hand. Inmates were actually infuriated at the citizen's remark that the boy would profit by a few years in a reform school.

"Sure!" a hardened four-time loser bellowed. "That's how I got my start!"

Any movie in which a boy is placed in a reformatory is condemned by convicts, who contend that "all first-class thieves are reformatory graduates."

THERE are those upright pillars of society who censure prison authorities for "coddling convicted criminals." The showing of motion pictures in penitentiaries is invariably the first object of attack by these staunch supporters of ball-and-chain penal methods. To them, prisons are places set aside for the inflicting of medieval punishment. Their chant is "treat them rough, break their spirits or their backs, and they'll be convinced that honesty is the best policy." The indisputable fact that the very measures they so strongly advocate have unquestionably failed to stem the ever-mounting criminal population is overlooked.

A new method, that of attempting to educate the convict, is gradually replacing the "purely punitive" idea. Men are no longer kept caged like wild animals, tortured until their minds snap and they become raving maniacs.

Today, an attempt is made to reform by education. Motion pictures play an important part in the salvaging and rebuilding of men who otherwise might always be social liabilities. Minds strained by constant worry and confinement are temporarily eased and permanently improved through the magic of Hollywood—a magic that makes endless days and nights more endurable, and gives courage to continue the struggle up out of the bottomless pit that is prison.

"Goodbye" in a Regretful Tone

[*Continued from page* 58]

anemia if they depended upon you, Franchot, for their copy. In despair at an actor who will not make headlines of his private life, his personal emotions, Hollywood has moaned, respectfully, it's the Garbo in him.

"When you first came to Hollywood you sought privacy. You never have discussed your private life. When you were married to Joan, now that you are separated from her you have consistently side-stepped the limelight and the headlines which such a marriage and such a parting would so lushly have made for you. For days after it was announced that your marriage was on the rocks you had your set on the sound stage at M-G-M boarded up, No Visitors Allowed. Maybe your heart was hurt, maybe it wasn't. Hollywood opinion is divided. But whether heart-hurt or heart-whole you could not endure the curious eyes, the curious tongues of outsiders probing what must be a wound of sorts.

"YOU have always maintained that you would get along just as well on the screen if no word of publicity had ever been written about you. You have always said that if your name never appeared anywhere save on the credit lists of creditable pictures you would do just as well as though it were blazoned on the sides of buildings, in every column and magazine in the country. You once told me, for instance, that you do not believe your public is entitled to know anything that goes on in your heart or in your home. Against all odds, against the overwhelming demands and persuasions of the greedy By-line of Hollywood you have maintained this attitude which is, with you, not an attitude but a conviction. You have got to where you are strictly and entirely on your merits as an actor. Not a headline have you given, not a flag have you waved.

"You are a serious young actor. And Hollywood acknowledges this, not without awe. You have a great and earnest ambition. You are a man with an Ideal. And nothing will deflect you from your goal, neither the lure of gold nor your recent personal tragedy or bitter disappointment or whatever pang and pain your separation from Joan is causing you. You are not an actor for the purpose of making money. You prefer struggle to success. You are a born gentleman. Your fineness of character, mingled with a quiet but very appreciative sense of humor, gives you an aloofness which has exasperated Hollywood more than once but which Hollywood also acknowledges as one of your chief attractions."

This is what Hollywood said to Franchot when Hollywood said goodbye. And the interesting point is that Hollywood said exactly the same things to and about Franchot when he first arrived in Hollywood, six years ago. Now, six years later, the first estimate stands unaltered, by so much as a comma. This is a triumph of character all the more real because it rings no bells, blares no trumpets.

AND when Franchot said goodbye to Hollywood he said, using me as his mouthpiece, talking quietly in his portable dressing-room on the M-G-M set: "Hollywood has given me a great deal, taken away too little to use as a basis for complaint. I've gained a lot of health. That's the first and perhaps the best gift Hollywood has given me. Clean living and lots of sun and swimming and tennis have made me twice as husky as I was when I came out here. That's all to the good. Makes me fitter to go back to dusty back-stages where, though the sun never shines, other things do . . ."

"Meaning dreams . . .?" I asked, breaking the brief silence.

"Meaning dreams," agreed Franchot, "and wings . . ."

He went on: "Hollywood—making pictures, rather—has given me the chance to know myself. Or rather, to see myself, as others see me. The screen is a gigantic mirror. It's much like being able to watch yourself being fluoroscoped which gives you an opportunity nothing else could to see how your lights and lungs and liver function. Watching myself on the screen, in all kinds of different parts, I've been able to criticize my own mannerisms, the way I look, the things I do which I ought not to do and vice-versa.

"I had, for instance," smiled Franchot, "a certain way of looking at people when I first made pictures. An annoying way of looking at them. It annoyed me, it may well have

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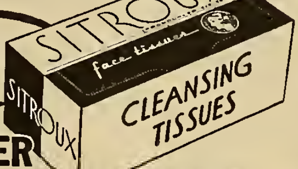

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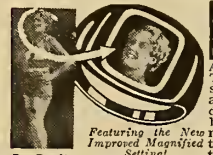

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annoyed others. I used to slouch, too. I have actually grown three quarters of an inch since I came to Hollywood just because I saw myself slumping and made myself stand up straight. I didn't know that I didn't stand up straight until I saw myself sloping at the shoulders.

"I had, when I first came here, a certain technique of acting which I fondly imagined was pretty sleek and slick. I found out how wrong I was. I discovered that while you need technique on the stage, you can't use technique in pictures at all. Because technique is, after all, an assumption, a deliberate method of behavior which we do not employ in real life unless we are poseurs. And in pictures, as in real life, you can't fake, you can't skimp, you can't over-react to anything or anyone. You must be utterly unself-conscious or be rated a first-class exhibitionist.

"Hollywood makes you honest. In saying goodbye to Hollywood I'd like to say thanks for that. I don't think I was honest before I came to Hollywood. But in pictures you not only see yourself but millions of people of all ages, ranks and nationalities see you, too. They see you without the footlights between you and them. They see you in close-ups, as you are. You don't dare to cheat.

"Hollywood has given me versatility. I was sort of a one-toned Tone when I came here. Now that I am leaving I feel that I am a man wearing a coat of many colors. It's something like newspaper reporting, I think, as compared to the novelist who so often works his own vein. A newspaper reporter must have the spirit of improvising, he must have elasticity and speed and accuracy. He must be able to report a gruesome murder one day, a heart-throb story or a story of mother love the next hour, a political situation the hour after that. On the screen we, too, jump from characterization to characterization, taking the whole range of human emotions in our stride.

"I'VE got Hollywood to thank for my recovery from an inferiority complex. I've heard it said that the movies are apt to give a fellow an inferiority. That's not true, to my way of thinking. It certainly isn't so in my case. The entertainment business," smiled Franchot, "shouldn't ever give anyone an inferiority complex. We are all exhibitionists at heart, we actors. That's why we choose the stage or the screen as our medium of expression. It's definitely self-expression we are after. When that self-expression is gratified we lose the last lingering traces of an inferiority or a suppression. And when we are expressing ourselves on the screen, to the widest audience it is possible for any seeker after self-expression to know, it's not likely that we will break out into a measles of inferiorities.

"I've also heard it said that being in pictures is apt to take away the feeling of individuality because the actor in any picture is so small a part of the great whole. I don't hold with this, either. You don't give up your thought of yourself as an individual, no matter how small your part may be. You think of yourself and what you are doing and what effects you are producing when you are making a picture. Your consciousness of yourself far outweighs your consciousness of the director, the script-writer, the cameraman, even your fellow-players, be they Garbo or Helen Hayes.

"I have found no temptations in Hollywood. I can and do say goodbye without once having met up with any of the so-called 'temptations of being a movie actor.' It is a fantastic legend. A studio is the safest place in the world for man, woman or child. The morals remain completely uncorrupted because when you are in a studio you are thinking only of yourself and nothing could deflect you from this passionate self-absorption while you are at work.

"The lavish wealth of Hollywood is also supposed to mar the man or the woman in the making. I don't agree with this legend either. Because I think that money is good for anybody providing you know how to use it, don't squander it like confetti at a perpetual carnival. I was fortunate enough to be born into a family where lack of money was never a problem and having, besides, very moderate tastes, no desire at all for polo ponies, swank cars, gambling, extensive wardrobes, I have always been able to gratify my tastes easily and Hollywood has not made me money-conscious, one way or the other. I can take money or leave it. In leaving Hollywood I am, so to speak, leaving money.

"I ALSO want to compliment Hollywood on its appreciation of age, on its knowledge that fine actors, like fine wine, improve with aging. It's been said that Hollywood is a Carnival of Youth, that if you are much more than sixteen you may as well stay at home, wherever home is, that with the first wrinkle comes the first lapsed option. It's easy to prove that this is ridiculous. Hollywood, like any other place, demands that a person grow old gracefully. The only time when age becomes a serious drawback in Hollywood is when the stars try to stay with youth too long. But if actors and actresses accept age, the screen accepts them, too, loving them all the more dearly for their added mellowness and experience. As is proven by the cases of Lewis Stone, Lionel Barrymore, Beulah Bondi, May Robson—by the fact that one of the greatest stars of the past decade was a woman well along in her sixties—Marie Dressler.

"Hollywood does, of course, make you more conscious of your looks than you would be anywhere else in the world, even in the theatre. That's because pictures are, after all, a pictorial medium and the world is going to see close-ups of you, every pore visible. I know that I look into the mirror fifty times a day when on the set as compared to the one hasty look-see I'd give myself when on the stage. I'm forever peering at my person to see whether my hair is brushed, my beard shows through, whether my coat looks slept in or recently pressed.

"IN SAYING goodbye to Hollywood I want to say that it is a kindly place . . . the people are friendly, warm and generous of spirit. They have been kind to me, all of them, in spite of the fact that I have not 'co-operated' with press and publicity as they have wished me to do. They have been understanding and have borne no grudges. This kindliness is more than personal . . . when you consider the number of stars who have adopted babies, often not one baby but two, you must rule out the thought that Hollywood has a cold, unloving, strictly professional heart.

"The people are kind. The business of pictures is cruel. It's cruel because it is the entertainment business done wholesale and the entertainment business is chancey and uncertain, and uncertainty of any kind is always cruel. It's cruel because an actor can have a marvelous part, do his part superbly and if the picture as a whole is bad he will have labored in vain. On the other hand, he may play a mediocre part in a swell picture and his performance, inept as it is, will do more for him than the effort he put into the poor picture. That can hurt.

"But it's all on the credit side, Hollywood," said Franchot, *"because it leads up to better work on the stage.* That's why, these are the reasons why I say 'Goodbye, Hollywood, and thanks for everything'. . ."

Will Clark Gable Ever Marry Carole Lombard?

[*Continued from page* 31]

and farm clothes, laughing like a couple of high-school sophomores. They're probably on their way back to town after an afternoon of bulldogging and steer-tossing on the San Fernando valley ranch of either of 'em—both Carole and Clark have ranches out there, and are nuts about roping cattle.

Or you'll see them at the niteries, as obviously and utterly in love with each other as a couple of newlyweds. Their birthday gag-gifts to each other are famous. As a matter of fact, Hollywood never thinks of either of them without the other. They're as inseparable as ham-and-eggs. Many a married couple of Hollywood aren't as irrevocably linked in Hollywood hostesses' minds as are the Lombard and the Gable. In Hollywood, you wouldn't think of inviting one without the other.

AND that's as it should be, if you skip Victorian conventions and get down to the real "savvy" of the situation. They ARE in love. They're grand for each other. I believe that Carole Lombard has done more, in a material and spiritual way both, for Clark Gable than all the rest of his life added up. She has certainly done more to make life worth the living for him than any of his other associations. I mean, she's brought him the real fun and joy of living—a thing that Clark, in all his previous striving and seeking, has never found before.

True, he was married twice—the first time to Josephine Dillon, some years older than himself, who taught him a lot about voice control and diction and stage deportment, because that's her business. The second time (and still) to Rhea Langham, the society woman, years older than himself, again. Rhea dazzled him, and gave him a taste of how things are done in the upper tiers of social life. But she didn't bring him sheer, downright fun. Neither of those women, admirable as they are in their spheres of life, brought him the fun that fun-loving Carole Lombard did. Carole is an ex-Mack Sennett girl. She has no social aspirations, yet she is one of Hollywood's most sought-after guests. She has no exalted ideas about histrionics, yet she is one of Hollywood's top box-office stars. Carole, therefore, can and does give Clark the social status Rhea gave, and the theatrical standing and help Josephine gave—but in addition, she also gives a whole-hearted comradeship and good-fellowship.

Carole is a man's girl. Clark is a man's man. He's no society butterfly; he'd rather wear dungarees or hunting-khaki than tails and an opera hat. He'd rather engage in some utterly, hilarious and often unmentionable bits of clowning, on the rabelaisian side, than take part in a la-de-da cocktail fight at Mme. de la Ritz's society soiree. And when it comes to joining him in the low-down gaggin', Carole's his girl. Just the other day, you maybe read about how she ribbed him because of the dance steps he's having to learn for his newest picture . . .

So shamefaced is Clark about having to learn to do pretty dance steps that he has kept the stage barred to all visitors. He's as embarrassed as a man in a lingerie shop. So what does Carole do? She gives a box to a friend of hers in the M-G-M publicity department, knowing that said friend can crash the closed doors on the Gable set.

"Give this to Clark," she says.

The friend enters the strictly closed set. Clark sees him coming and smells the gag.

"You blankety-blank-blank," he yells; "it's a RIB!"

It is! Clark opens the box, and finds that Carole has sent him a ballet skirt, embroidered with his own initials; and a pair of ballet slippers, pink, size 11. AND—a dozen *pansies* . . . !

I COULD tell you a lot of gags Clark played on her, too. But I won't. Because they're the downright lowdown humor kind that good fellows play on each other, and they don't take repeating. They're always clowning; always playing. Clark taught her how to shoot, and now they go skeet-shooting together, and now and then on hunting trips. She gave him two of the finest guns that could be bought—and that sort of shooting-ware costs in the high hundreds. She gives him other things. When she isn't working herself she spends much of her time on the sidelines, as Clark works. She gives him help, coaches him from her

[*Continued on page* 75]

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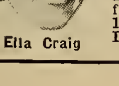

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"It's no fun to have everybody laughing at you and calling you scarecrow. I was so skinny I didn't want to go out. Finally, I tried IRONIZED YEAST. In five weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and have good times."
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PICTURE PARADE

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY—AAA—

Sam Goldwyn presents Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in *The Cowboy and the Lady* and while we can't think of anyone in Hollywood—or out of it for that matter—who are more in character, they just couldn't convince us that a cowpoke from Montana and a potential first lady of the land can fall in love and forget all else. That's what we tried to do—forget all else—and realize that this is just a movie and that all movies don't have to have a social significance (maybe that's what it has) but try as hard as we could we were still faced with the improbability of the plot. *Mary Smith* (Merle Oberon) is hustled down to Palm Beach to kill a scandal and as Palm Beach is a deadly place out of season *Mary* gets Patsy Kelly and Mabel Todd, the "help," to take her along on their date. Her blind date turns out to be *Stretch* (Gary Cooper) a bull-thrower at the rodeo. (Take this one literally.) Concealing her real identity and using technique No. 4 *Mary* gets *Stretch* to fall for her. They marry but you don't get your happy ending until papa forgets his ambitions and forgives everything. So will you, probably.—*United Artists.*

SUBMARINE PATROL —AAA—

Although *Submarine Patrol* sounds like deep stuff you'll find very little of it either above or below the water line. The navy is still romantic—just as its slogan: "Join the Navy and See the World." However, there are some moments of thrilling suspense particularly during an undersea battle and when one of our sub chasers, after a dangerous German U boat, encounters floating mines. But as a whole *Submarine Patrol* is played for its comedy value and we must admit that the result—even though the Navy has gotten many kiddings on the screen before—is fresh and funny. This takes place in the hectic days of 1917 when a playboy (then called a fast young man) wanting to do his share joins the Navy and expects a commission right off because he knows all about yachts. On his way to the navy yard he (Richard Greene) encounters love in the person of Nancy Kelly a sea-faring person herself being the daughter of a captain in the merchant marine—George Bancroft. The cast also includes Slim Summerville, Preston Foster and Maxie Rosenbloom. The men will take to this like a duck to water.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Will Clark Gable Ever Marry Carole Lombard?

[*Continued from page 73*]

own innate sense of stagecraft. She rehearses his lines with him.

She is believed responsible, too, for a growing carefulness about the roles he plays; the pictures he works in. Clark used to play anything, do any "business" and speak any lines the studio gave him. That was all right, when he was on the upgrade and had laid his future in M-G-M's hands. But now he's a star, now it's his own care and lookout to protect the position he has attained as the No. 1 male star of the screen.

And recently, he has been decidedly careful and critical about his roles. He won't go ahead on a picture any more until he is completely satisfied with story, script, role, lines, business. He held up production on both *Test Pilot* and *Too Hot to Handle* until the scripts were revised to suit his ideas. And, insiders believe, to suit Carole's ideas of what her man should play. In fact, it's pretty generally accepted that Carole is Clark's professional mentor far and away beyond what appears on the surface.

She's doing fine for him, too. Clark is still at the top. He's drawing some $7,000 a week. He has developed a sense of humor and likability that wasn't his before Carole. True, he was always a pleasant, personable chap. But there was a hard-to-knowness about him; a shell of reserve; a lack of warmness in his contacts. Since Carole, that shell has vanished.

Nobody calls him "Mister Gable" any more. He's just "Hey, Clark!" to everybody, from the lowliest messenger-boy on the lot to Louis B., himself.

There was a time when the wise ones feared he would go Hollywood; that was at the beginning of his meteoric rise. Maybe he would have; it's tough to escape it. Hollywood thanks Carole for steering him around the menace.

True, he has his shoes made, specially, in London. True, he has the finest tailors in America cut his clothes. But that is business, isn't it? Outside of business, he puts on no "big" act. With Carole, he goes to neighborhood movies rather than snooty operas or symphonies. That ranch of his, that you read so much about—why, it's only a two-acre spot in San Fernando Valley; much smaller than many a lesser movie name boasts. And don't get excited about the screwy stories you may read of how magnificent it is. He doesn't even own it!—he leases it from Rex Ingram.

He has no valet. I know a lot of $300-a-week hams in Hollywood who have 'em, but not Clark. He has only two servants—a cook and a housekeeper.

Reason he doesn't own his place is because (he says this himself) he wants no ties to hold him in case he ever decides to cut loose and move.

HE HAS no illusions about himself, nowadays. I remember there was a time, in the dim past, when he imagined he was a pretty fine actor. But something—probably Carole, again—has knocked that out of him. Like Carole's own opinion of herself as an actress, Clark now admits he's "just lucky."

That goes not alone for his screen success, but for his offscreen life's livability, as well. Clark knows that it's given to few individuals to achieve the all-around happiness that is his today—an assured place in his chosen profession; a steady and big income; freedom from worries and entanglements; and a beautiful woman to love him.

He knows he's lucky; it isn't just a bit of phony modesty with him when he says "I'm just a lucky stiff!"

He knows it won't always last. He's looking forward to the time when there won't be seven grand a week in the pay envelope. He's being frugal, without being miserly. He doesn't put on any costly "dog." He lives economically; doesn't throw his money around. Banks what he can of it, after the government takes it share. When the time comes, as it inevitably will, for him to abdicate his screen throne, he'll have a nice sockful of living-money.

He thinks he'll maybe do directing, or script writing, when that time comes. Or he may just retire. His idea of heaven on earth would be to have enough money to live comfortably and quietly—go hunting often—travel a bit—and have fun.

Preferably with Jane Peters.

Which, for the time, is perfectly okay with Jane Peters, too.

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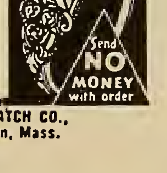

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Why Jimmy Stewart's Dangerous!

[*Continued from page 37*]

Rogers, Rosalind Russell, Eleanor Powell, Norma Shearer—all step out when they can step out with Jimmy.

How does he do it? Nothing fusses Mrs. Stewart's lanky son as that question does. He goes through all the motions of acute bafflement, like an innocent man falsely accused, who doesn't know quite what you're talking about, but has nothing to tell, anyway.

Tone down your question, ask him the secret of his success, and you still won't get any results. He'll brush the hair out of his eyes, thrust his tongue in his left cheek, shake his head, and tell you glumly "Luck—I only hope it holds out."

To hear Jimmy tell it, you might get the idea that he is one of life's misfits who just hasn't been found out yet. That he's surprised, every time anybody calls him an actor—he not having any theories about how to become one.

To all of which, you are privileged to say, "Pooh!"

Jimmy artfully wants you to think that artfulness is beyond him, offscreen or on. His success at persuading you to think precisely that has helped to make him a star. And dangerous. Henry Fonda once dropped a remark that gave Jimmy away. Hank was talking about the Little Theatre on Cape Cod in which he and Jimmy got their start both as pals and as actors. He said:

"You've heard of Little Theatre groups and their impossible ideals . . . Well—we were different. We didn't go so arty that we stopped being healthy, wide-open, normal people. Our attitude was that the theatre was theatric, but it shouldn't seem to be. Acting should be so real that no one could say where it started to be acting . . . Stewart is a shining example of that school of thought."

And Jimmy claims that he's lucky to have any screen appeal!

Why, he has been working up that appeal of his for years. From the moment he first felt the glow of the footlights right up to now.

ACTORS have always gone in for colorful affectations—the better to attract attention, to set themselves apart from the crowd. But not Jimmy. He has desperately avoided anything that would stamp him, on sight, as an actor—the better to become one of the crowd. He reasoned that, in the unreal world of the theatre, reality would stand out. And that, paradoxically, the way to be exceptional was to be unexceptional. Normal. Natural. One of the crowd.

College-educated, with an inkling of psychology, he was smart enough to see that. He was also smart enough to see something else. He had a certain amount of ego about his talents of self-expression. No one yet ever became an actor without it. You have to believe in yourself before anyone else will. But Jimmy was cursed with a consciousness of physical handicaps. A beanpole frame and a boyish face. He decided that the only way he could ever look natural on a stage was to look effortless.

So, prodded by ambition and goaded by self-consciousness, he set out to look so natural that nobody could tell where reality left off and acting began. That meant that he had to have a personality that would jibe with what people expected, after one look at him.

Reluctantly, he admitted that they wouldn't expect a bright and shining sophisticate, freshly veneered in a factory of learning. He was too boyish, too angular, both in face and form. They would expect a lad who could never be worldly. Two-fisted, perhaps, but not tough. Just dependable, and imperturbable, in the pinches. Serious, but amiable. Easygoing, but restless. Boyishly impulsive, but sensible. Apt to be unconsciously amusing. Always stumbling into minor predicaments. Easily embarrassed, but whimsical. Quick to feel honest emotions, but slow to express them. Girl conscious, but shy. Baffled by the female of the species.

JIMMY sandpapered away the veneer of sophistication, uncovered the small-town boy beneath. The unvarnished boy from Indiana, Pa. Adversity helped him a bit. Nobody spotted him immediately as the white hope of the American theatre. Managers didn't trip over each other to exhibit the Stewart talents. At first, he practically starved.

Did you ever have baked beans for breakfast? There were times when Jimmy had baked beans (and nothing else), not only for breakfast, but for lunch and dinner. A can a day, at ten cents a can. Jimmy didn't develop his personality half so much on the stage as he did on baked beans.

Relaxation was forced on him. So was unpretentiousness. So was imperturbability. And inexpensive impulsiveness. And a whimsical sense of humor. And hesitancy about telling his inner thoughts.

By the time jobs were coming along regularly, those traits were as much a part of him as his eyebrows. And as natural. They were the nucleus. Around them, he gradually built a whole mosaic of characteristics that would look the same either in ordinary light or in the spotlight.

He had studied architecture, as well as psychology. He had an eye for design, for balance, for simplicity. He sorted out the things that didn't fit into the pattern, submerged them.

Today, eyeing the personality pattern of Jimmy Stewart, you can't find anything that looks out of place there, either off-screen or on. You can't see the wheels of acting going around in Jimmy. You can't tell where reality leaves off and make-believe begins. He creates that complete illusion of normal behavior, whether he's playing a character or living his own life.

Complete naturalness is rare anywhere. But it's super-rare in Hollywood. That's why actors are afraid of babies. Babies and animals. They both are scene-stealers. They're natural—without any effort. Jimmy doesn't consciously emulate infants and the animal kingdom. But the secret of his appeal is strangely similar. Whether natural or not, he seems to be—without any visible effort.

That's how he steals not only scenes, but whole pictures. That's how he gets dates with girls who are on their guard against most actors.

AND how does he achieve this illusion of naturalness, off-screen and on?

You are entitled to the suspicion that he puts a large part of himself into his roles. And you are also entitled to the suspicion that he carries a bit of acting over into private life. He isn't as easygoing or relaxed, for example, as he seems to be. Once, in a confessional mood, he revealed: "I'm a champion worrier. Just give me anything to worry about, anything at all, and I can wear it clear down to the bone." Dryly, he added: "I worry so much that Swope"—John Swope, who lives with him—"loses weight."

Nor does acting roll off him like gravy off a turkey's back, as you might suppose. He once said: "I suppose there are some people who can forget work at five o'clock and not think about it again till next day. But not me. It haunts me. I keep thinking ahead to what I've got to do next."

That isn't the impression he gives. The impression he gives is that nothing bothers him.

He's a wisecracker, but he wisecracks with a straight face, as if unconscious that he's amusing. Strangers look at him twice before they laugh, and they laugh in spite of his expression.

He builds up the impression that he is a constant prey of minor predicaments, which embarrass him no end. When arthritis put him in the hospital last year, he came out with a devastating account of how a hospital can annihilate a man's privacy. He shakes his head periodically about servant problems that seem to afflict no one else. He makes out that he is the only would-be suitor who ever suggests dancing to a girl who has bunions, or dinner to a girl who's living on grapefruit juice, or sends roses to a girl who is allergic to roses. But he can't be so embarrassed as he pretends, or he wouldn't recount his woes with such gusto.

He is never more entertaining, either off-screen or on, than when he makes out that women baffle him. But lads who are baffled by women don't date the Simone Simon type. As Jimmy did for a time, if you remember.

He gives the impression that he's shy. But how could anyone whose musical self-expression runs to the accordion possibly be shy? The neighbors want to know. The long-suffering neighbors. Jimmy not only pumps an accordion. He also toots a flute—a very noisy flute.

HE WAS twenty-eight last May, but the aura of boyishness still hovers over him. He does little to dispell it, much to keep it there. Success hasn't given him a confident grin. His mouth still has that embarrassed quirk. A little hair lotion would keep that front-lock anchored, but he lets it fall. With strangers, he still is hesitant. He may be seen occasionally at the Trocadero in white tie and tails, but he never looks so comfortable there as on a roller-coaster at the beach, or on skates at the Ice Palace, or on the dance floor, among the jitterbugs, at the Palomar. His favorite relaxations aren't sophisticated, expensive, or too dignified. The cares of success, and the cares of maturity? Jimmy creates the illusion that he wouldn't know about them—or want to know about them.

But he doesn't overdo it, as Mickey Rooney might. He may be seen with a variety of girls, but no one has the impression that Jimmy is fickle. Or that he, himself, doesn't wear well as a companion. The evidence is all to the contrary. He seems to inspire loyalty and to be capable of it. His closest friends today are the people who were his closest friends before fame ever hit him: Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan, John Swope, Joshua Logan.

Men like him. That's understandable. He isn't a pretty boy; he doesn't reek of glamor. He's human, regular, un-actorish. They accept him as one of the crowd. Particularly when they see demonstrations of sentiment embarrassing him.

His enormous appeal to women is more baffling. He has none of the accepted attributes of the matinee idol. He has neither a classic profile nor magnificent poise. He doesn't specialize in passion. He has no reputation whatsoever as a Great Lover.

BUT even publicity girls at rival studios, who are paid to get excited about those studios' heroes, secretly get more excited about Jimmy Stewart. One of these girls—who, you would think, would have no illusions about any movie actor—said to me the other day, "I could go for that Stewart!"

Why? "I don't know. He's so natural, he does something to me. I can't watch him without wishing I could brush that lock of hair out of his eyes. And when he feels emotions, and can't seem to get them out, I ache to get in there and help him." She added, "I guess I'll have to break down and admit it. He arouses the old mothering instinct in me."

She isn't an isolated case. Plenty of other women share her attraction toward Jimmy, and for the same reason, though most of them aren't so analytical about it. He's something different. Heretofore they may have been attracted to men by whom they would have liked to be loved. But here is a man to whom they're attracted because they'd like to love *him*.

That's another reason why he's so dangerous, why he's likely to last far longer than handsomer, flashier stars.

And, between you and me, I think Jimmy is aware of it. He not only is natural. He's naturally smart.

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....

Keeping up with the Hardys

[*Continued from page* 50]

So the studio made *You Are Only Young Once*, which established Mickey Rooney as *Andy Hardy*, Lewis Stone as *Judge Hardy*, Fay Holden as *Mrs. Hardy*, Cecilia Parker as *Marian*, Ann Rutherford as *Polly*, and Sarah Haden as *Aunt Milly*.

The success of this second picture prompted the studio to develope the *Hardy* into the present series of delightful family films. And so we had next *Judge Hardy's Children*, then the memorable *Love Finds Andy Hardy*, and by the time you read this *Out West with the Hardys* should be released. Two other scenarists have joined Miss Van Riper; William Ludwig, who was getting $35 a week as a junior writer when he was set to work on *Love Finds Andy Hardy*, and made a career for himself, and Agnes Christine Johnson. Miss Van Riper married, so did William Ludwig. Mickey Rooney acted as best man at his wedding.

A BORN actor, Mickey is a veteran screen artist at 18. He never gives a bad performance. But I think people will remember him longest as *Andy Hardy*. His great pride in his short stature. He doesn't expect to grow into a leading man, and is planning on being a director when he can't play boy parts any more. When I met him on the set of *Out West with the Hardys*, I hadn't seen him for almost a year. He wore a ten-gallon hat, a scarlet shirt, Angora chaps and fancy boots. A party was in progress. Good looking corn-fed girls and young hombres in cowboy regalia were having the time of their lives, and Mickey yelled "Yippee!" by way of proving that he had become a rootin', tootin', shootin' terror of the range. Mickey has been reported to pay marked attention to sundry cuties in the studio, but when I questioned him about his romantic philanderings on the sets, he assured me his girl friend is still a pretty brunette in the Pasadena Junior College with whom he has been going for nearly two years now.

After a distinguished career on the stage and a couple of wars, Lewis Stone came to Hollywood and played his first screen role in 1915. Perhaps because of his army training, he is a stern disciplinarian, and carries himself with the dignity of a colonel with iron grey hair in civilian clothes. As *Judge Hardy* he is a man whom the people of *Carvel* are bound to respect, but under his austere appearance beats the warm heart of a real dad. Fay Holden, who plays *Mrs. Hardy*, is another veteran of the stage. Sara Haden, who is *Aunt Milly*, came to Hollywood via Broadway. She is the wife of a Los Angeles business man, and has a penchant for sophisticated hard boiled characterizations. You will see her between scenes darning her husband's socks. Cecilia Parker and Ann Rutherford are the two incurable romanticists in the series. Six months ago Cecilia married Dick Baldwin, young featured player. As *Polly Benedict*, Ann is the daughter of *Carvel's* leading banker, and *Andy's* steady. To be sure, they quarrel, and *Andy* dates other girls, but in the end he always returns to her. That $20 car of his has a fatal romantic fascination for the banker's daughter. Incidentally, this car has become the delight of juvenile fans, and recently a boy from Dorchester, Mass., wrote Director Seitz that he needed it badly to win a girl. *Polly* is a honey. Miss Rutherford, who is 18, is not so young in real life, but she is dressed and made up to look the part, and plays it with charming conviction. In every picture a few "guest" players are added to the cast, but these six are the established members of the *Hardy* Troupe.

GEORGE B. SEITZ has directed the entire series, and is the spokesman of the family. He is a big, ruddy, genial man, who knows what it means to bring up children, as he has a son of his own who is 22, and a younger daughter. Seitz has been connected with the movies for 25 years, as writer, actor, director. His deft touches are evident in every reel of the *Hardy* series, notably in those "man-to-man" talks. He directed *The Vanishing American* in the silent days of the screen, one of the few old-time pictures I remember vividly. So watch for the ranch scenes in *Out West with the Hardys.*

"We never plant a gag," Seitz said. "We see to it that our comedy naturally evolves from situations and sayings that might happen in the average American family. We get many suggestions, but most of them are theatrical gags and we can't use them. We try to make our *Hardy* pictures life-like in their characters, incidents, dialogue and psychology. The characters not only look their parts, but they sound like them, too.

"Our characters are composites of living people, people we've known in real life. When we gather for a story conference, we come armed with notes about amusing happenings in the daily life of our families, things our children or our friends' children have said, real incidents and sayings we remember, home town characters we'll never forget. *Andy*, for instance, is living over the boyhoods of five men working on this series. The same is true in the case of the other characters.

"You know," he continued with a merry twinkle in his eye, "we've come to love *Carvel* and its people. It isn't just a mythical movie town and they aren't mythical creations to us. Speaking for myself, I feel as though it's my own home town, and I've known its inhabitants all my life. Contrary to the general notion, these pictures are as difficult to produce as great spectacles. If we hit a snag, we can't get around it by a fictitious device. Everything must ring true, and our criterion for using any situation is this, Did it really happen? When *Andy* said, 'I want to kiss all the pretty girls, do you think I am normal?' it wasn't just a gag line. Those words were actually spoken by the son of a producer on the lot here.

"WE KEEP detailed charts and files. *Carvel* is a town of 14,000 in the Middle West. It has one bank, owned by *Polly's* father, Mr. Benedict, who is the richest citizen, living in the best house, and employing a butler. *Polly's* mother has spoken twice in the series, but she remains an off-stage voice, until we decide to bring her out. Every character has a detailed case history filed away, and the wardrobe and prop departments have special sections devoted to our series.

"The *Hardy* pictures have proven two things. First, that torrid love-making, large crowds, spectacular scenes, lavish sets, aren't necessary in order to have a good picture. Truth and human nature are our best box-office ingredients. And secondly, the public is as interested in a family group as in an individual star. Our success is based on team work. Off stage, our players are a sort of family, too. It's a pleasure to work with them, and I'd be satisfied if the *Hardy* series went on forever."

Dish It Out

[*Continued from page* 60]

of Oyster with Cream of Mushroom.

Blend Cream of Oyster with Cream of Pea.

Blend Cream of Tomato with Corn Chowder.

The blended soup has a more unusual taste, and gives an opening for some exotic or fancy trimmings if desired. Thus, sprinkle chopped almonds, topped with whipped cream, add minced pimiento, or otherwise convert plain canned soups into perfectly glamorous hot soup cups—always served, by the way, in a cup or small bowl of colored pottery, and never, never in a large soup plate. And here's a triple-A blended soup that will stick to your guests' ribs, and allow you to ease up on the elaborateness or expensiveness of other dishes.

VEGETABLE POTAGE

1 can condensed Cream of Pea Soup
1 can condensed Tomato Soup
1 can condensed Vegetable Soup
2 soup cans full rich milk
salt, pepper
½ teaspoon curry powder

In large saucepan combine canned soups together with milk. Heat, but do not boil, and season. Serve very hot with piping hot cheese sticks or balls. (An economical and filling cold weather dish.) Serves 6-8

THE Main Dish, Hearty but Inexpensive! When guests begin to number anywhere from eight to twenty-four or more, then it is necessary to chew pencils and return to fifth-grade arithmetic. "If a hostess serves 2 frankfurters and ½ can of beans and 4 tablespoons tomato juice to each of 24 guests, and if each frankfurter costs . . . ." But it is unnecessary to find the answer if we select a main dish which consists of humble and inexpensive ingredients, prepared in a tasty appetizing sauce, gravy or what have you. Tops, as the mainstay of these entertainment occasions, are canned spaghetti or macaroni, baked beans, frankfurters (skinless ones, by the way), Mexican red kidney or freckled brown Pinto beans, snappy cheese, and such first-aids as canned chicken, crabmeat, etc. But let the recipes speak for themselves:

BAKED SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT BALLS

⅓ cup olive oil or shortening
1 clove garlic, sliced
2 tablespoons minced onion
½ pound ground beef
½ pound ground pork
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon thyme
1 tablespoon brown sugar
½ cup soft breadcrumbs
1 egg, well beaten
2 cans spaghetti with cheese sauce
¼ cup grated sharp cheese

Heat oil and in it saute garlic and onion. Combine with meats, seasonings, crumbs and egg, and mix together thoroughly. Shape into small meat balls. In greased 2-quart glass casserole, arrange 1 can of spaghetti evenly over bottom. Place meat balls on top, and cover with second can of spaghetti. Sprinkle top with cheese. Bake about 30 minutes, moderate oven 375°F). Makes 12 meat balls and serves 6 generously.

FRIJOLES ESTILO MEXICANO
(Mexican-Style Beans)

1 pound dried Pinto beans
¼ pound ground pork
¾ pound ground beef
3 large onions, minced
2 large green peppers, quartered
1 clove garlic, minced
½ cup bacon or ham drippings
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon chili powder
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 quart (or less) boiling water

Soak beans overnight in plenty of water. Drain, rinse. Combine pork and beef, and shape into small cakes. Saute cakes, onions, peppers and garlic in bacon drippings until nicely browned. Sprinkle with flour, salt and chili. Add canned tomatoes. Simmer 30 minutes, low heat, then add to beans, together with boiling water. Continue simmering 30 minutes longer or until beans are tender and dish is of consistency of stew. Serve in individual pottery casseroles; or oven-bake in large casserole and pour over mounds of hot boiled rice heaped on large

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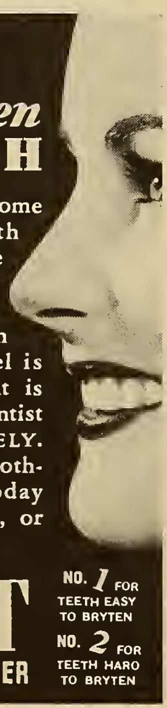

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NO. *2* FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

individual plates. Serves 6; recipe is easily doubled. (Pinto beans are stubby tan beans freckled with darker brown dots, and may be bought at stores carrying Italian or Mexican foods.)

The Cheese "Rabbit" always was and still is a top choice for the informal Sunday supper or late snack. The unusual recipe called "Creole Rabbit" is one of the featured recipes included with the new "Hurry-Up Suppers" leaflet which all readers will want to send for immediately. It also includes four complete menus with recipes for starred dishes.

THE Indispensible Saladbowl, Crisp and Refreshing: Salad bowl salads are popular and easy to prepare. Heap a generous bowl of simple salad ingredients, and serve a dressing separately. Arrange plates so guests may help themselves as they prefer—a heaping plate for those who adore salads, and little or none for those who care for it less. What ever is left in the bowl is "on the house" for the next day, and need not find its way to the garbage can.

That Sweet and Happy Fade-Out, the Dessert: If any sweet is to be served, it should be a kind which may be prepared in advance, which requires at most only a few last minute preparations. Thus we suggest the ever-popular gelatin mold (nicely made as much as 2 days in advance); the ice-box cake, firmed for 12 hours previous in the refrigerator; ice cream made in the automatic refrigerator trays; or, fruits in syrup.

Budget-less Relishes: Relishes can also be kept at low cost and easy preparation, for nothing helps the total refreshment bill to mount rapidly as a quantity of expensive bottled novelty relishes. There are many tricks to this, and our special leaflet also includes several of the most excellent of these.

SETTING the buffet refreshment table is a task which appeals to every homemaker because it can express so much of her own color, taste, charm and personality. The simple setting, with decorations, dishes and utensils placed symmetrically in rows and piles or other balanced arrangements, is always best. The use of electrical table equipment makes service and food preparation of a minimum. The newer table roaster devices, the electric chafing-dish, the hot-dish food compartment, and, of course, the electric coffee urns, and the toasters are indispensible. Speaking of coffee machines, the newest of all is a coffee "robot" which knows enough to turn off the current without being told, when the coffee is exactly right!

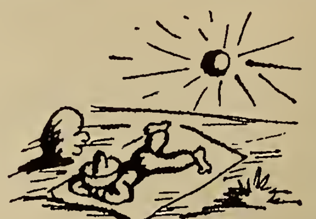
So take the easy hurry-up supper route and enjoy holidays and other days with friends and guests. The attached coupon pasted on the back of a post card is the first step.

—and the Joneses

[*Continued from page* 51]

Said Jed in a more serious mood: "I've been fifty years on the stage and have played with a thousand women. They all kept working downstage—it's a nice way of stealing a scene, you know—until I had to play in the trough of the footlights. But when they jumped on the piano, I couldn't go any farther. Spring on the contrary, is perfectly satisfied to play upstage." Miss Byington gave him an affectionate smile. "She's the sweetheart of the family," he stated.

Jed went on the stage in 1885, but he hardly looks fifty. He has worked with the famous French pantomimist, Alexander



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Zannfretter, was headlined for many years in vaudeville, starred on Broadway in hit after hit, and there is nothing about acting he doesn't know. He came to Hollywood and played in silent pictures, but his stuttering role in M-G-M's first *Broadway Melody* practically ended his screen career. Casting directors, unaware of his past record, thought he was really a stutterer. He managed to get a few bits, but they were few and far between. Hollywood can be very indifferent to old stage actors.

Then one night studio executives dropped in at the Gateway Little Theatre in Hollywood and saw a play, *Every Saturday Night*, which they decided to film. It was the first picture in the *Jones Family* series, and brought Jed Prouty back to the limelight. As in the case of the *Hardy* series, there was no intention of continuing the adventures of this family. Both series began as accidents, you might say. After 25 years of producing spectacle and glamor, Hollywood suddenly awakened to the fact that the public liked simple, human stories, based on the life of Mr. & Mrs. Average Citizen.

"WHEN the first *Jones Family* picture was released," *Papa Jones* said, "exhibitors all over the country hollered for more, but give us marquee names, they said. I was talking to some of the boys on the lot, and they agreed that great marquee names will try to outdo each other, and the *Jones Family* can go to hell. It doesn't make a particle of difference to us how we stand, whether we're upstage or downstage. It's one for all, and all for one. There is no star in our pictures. We all rally 'round the flag, and try to make each and every one an entertaining picture."

Indeed, it's remarkable how the public has identified Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, Ken Howell, Florence Roberts, George Ernest, June Carlson, Marvin Stephens, Russell Gleason, Billy Mahan, and the other members of the *Jones Family* with the characters they portray. Their real names and private lives are forgotten, and to the public at large they are what they are on the screen. Ninety percent of the fan mail they get is addressed to their screen names—"John Jones," "Lucy Jones," "Roger Jones," etc. They are all *Joneses* to the autograph seekers, and hardly a day passes that someone doesn't call the studio to find out their real names. I myself had difficulty in addressing them by their real names. In eleven pictures, they have created a family in the minds of the public as real as your next door neighbors. They have just finished their twelfth, *Everybody's Baby*, and are contracted to make nine more, four a year.

"We are like a cartoon," Ken explained. "And my great ambition is to be a good *Jack* of the *Jones Family*." Ken is a Los Angeles boy, and was Shirley Temple's villain when both were making shorts at Educational. He is a keen-witted, dynamic chap, who I'm sure is happier than our glamor boys. You don't see on his face that expression of tension and hectic restlessness so characteristic of our cinematic hot shots. He lives, and like a gentleman, too, on $25 a week. By sticking to this modest budget, he has been able to put away money for a rainy day, buy a lot at Manhattan Beach and build on it a little dream house, and take a trip to Europe.

I wanted some romantic gossip and anecdotes. "On the stage, there's always something exciting happening," Ken said, "but off-stage, nothing happens! The kid in the cast go to school between scenes, and the rest of us pass our time reading."

"Didn't you have a little romance with Miss Byington's daughter, Lois, when she came to Hollywood for a vacation?" I asked him. I had read something about it. Miss Byington smiled, and watched him from a corner of her eye. He seemed to be upset, wondered how such a report got around. "My girl is in San Francisco," he said. "She goes to Stanford."

"Lois is attending a fashion school in New York," Miss Byington said. "I have two daughters, Phyllis, 20, and Lois, 18."

MISS BYINGTON, incidentally, is the only member of the *Jones Family* who plays important parts in other pictures. She was the literary mother in *You Can't Take It with You*. Born in Colorado, she is another graduate of Broadway, and made her screen debut with Katharine Hepburn in *Little Women*. You can draw her picture and call it, "Mother and Sweetheart." She has the nicest smile in Hollywood.

Florence Roberts, who plays the modern-minded grandmother, has been a trouper for more than half a century, and is a great favorite with the gang. Her hobbies are her grandson and her "adopted" son, Edward Everett Horton. George Ernest described himself as the Shylock of the *Family*. He plays the part of the middle brother, *Roger*. He is 16, a senior at University High School, and has been in pictures 13 years, but there is nothing actorish or theatrical about him. George has many feminine admirers, and he was wearing a wrist watch which a fan had sent him. He answers all of his fan mail himself, except love letters. "Why?" I asked him. "It's not a good policy," he replied. He is very much interested in photography, and exchanges snapshots with his photographically-inclined fans. June Carlson is *Lucy Jones*. Her father is a Los Angeles school-teacher. When the studio was assembling a cast for *Every Saturday Night* she was signed up for the role of *Lucy* because she didn't look like a movie child. She was discovered in a dancing-school and had never been in pictures before.

Marvin Stephens was discovered selling newspapers at a Los Angeles street corner. But not until he signed a contract did he reveal the fact that he used to play with Mickey Rooney in the *Mickey McGuire* comedies, and had succeeded him to the title role. He was engaged with a mob of youngsters for a day's work, but stood out in the crowd, and was placed under contract, to play *Tommy McGuire*, a regenerated roughneck, and now *Lucy's* boy friend. He still holds his corner; another boy is selling papers there, but he goes down every day after he finishes his work at the studio to see that things are going all right. If he loses his acting job, he can go back selling papers.

Russell Gleason is the son of James Gleason, and plays the husband of the oldest *Jones* daughter, *Bonnie*, who gives birth to a child in their latest picture. His real life wife was on the set, watching his antics as the ecstatic but dazed father. Shirley Deane, a former stock girl, plays *Bonnie*. And finally little Billy Mahan is *Bobby Jones*.

THE *Jones* residence in *Maryville* used to be Herbert E. Pelton's home on Fifth Avenue in Los Angeles. The studio rented it for $100 a day. They cleaned the windows and hung new drapes, waxed the floors and repapered the rooms, improved the house in a hundred different ways, and for about two years Mr. Pelton was unquestionably the luckiest landlord in the world. The studio wanted to buy his house, but he wouldn't sell it. So the art department built an exact duplicate of it on stage 6, where the current *Jones* opus, *Everybody's Baby*, was being filmed. The *Joneses* can go through their studio home with their eyes closed, and never bump a chair. Meanwhile, the Pelton residence has become a Mecca for tourists.

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That Man's Here Again!

[*Continued from page* 56]

during those long, lean, and discouraging years when a friendly voice would have been like a shot in the arm, are calling him up now asking for jobs. And being the kind of a guy he is, it's more than likely Harry will go out of his way to do what he can. While we were there talking to him in his little office the telephone rang and Harry hung up a minute or two later with, "I'll see what I can do."

"It was from an old friend," he explained, a little sadly it seemed to us. "Wanted a job. First time he's called me up in a long, long time. Owes me seventy-five dollars from 'way back in my stock company days. No mention of it, though, just now, but I don't bear a grudge. It's okay. I'll do what I can. I like to help people. Lord knows I ought to have a faint idea of what it is to be broke and friendless in this town. Listen. When you're on the outside looking in you've got to dream up some kind of a philosophy that will carry you over the rough spots. Either that, or you're sunk." You've got to learn to take it as it comes."

AND that's true. No one in Hollywood ever heard Harry complain during the long purge that left him miles away from the town's spotlight. And no one ever will even though bad luck strikes again. He can take it if anyone can, and to take it in this cruel and hard-hearted town spells courage of a pretty high sort. Harry has proven himself the rare exception to the rule that "once you're down in Hollywood you're forever out," but you'll never catch him bragging about it.

Harry's a great hand to talk about the "good old days" when he was a cartoonist on a Council Bluffs, Iowa, newspaper, and his graduation into the theatre.

"I was so good (?) with a pencil," Harry claims, "that the boss finally let me draw cartoons for the editorial page! No fooling. I was so good (?) that he offered to help me in getting through high-school. And I might have let him had it not been for the Doheny theatre. I'd hang around the place before and after school watching rehearsals and running errands for the property man and finally, at the ripe old age of 13 I was made assistant property man and from then on whatever education I got was acquired in the school of experience."

In time, Harry was promoted to the job of property man and did a swell job of it until he got mixed up with a banjo and was fired!

"I had to rent a banjo for one of the shows that came to town," Harry says, "and for some reason or other, just as soon as I got my hands on it I decided to learn how to play it. I would pluck away at the strings by the hour and finally got so I could play a few simple melodies on it. When the troupe departed the store wanted its banjo back and finally the stage manager discovered that I had failed to return it. That was the same as calling me a thief and I resented it so much that I quit—just three seconds before the manager said 'you're fired'!"

Nothing daunted, and loving the theatre more intensely than ever, Harry sold enough newspapers to buy himself a banjo of his own, took a few lessons, and began to compete in amateur contests. He won so many times that his competitors were overjoyed when a traveling stock company took Harry and his instrument along with it.

"The next few years," he says, "were passed in medicine shows, circuses, bur-

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lesque houses, honky-tonks, and stock companies. I even went out with a Kickapoo Medicine Show on a tour through Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and other mid-west states. During the day I used to help the 'doctor' mix his Kickapoo brew and during the show, when I wasn't on the stage, I helped sell it to the audience! It was a great experience and a lot of fun even if the pay was small. In some towns we'd play a week, giving a different bill each night and I learned to do turns in blackface, rube characters, hoboes, and silly kids, along with monologues in Swedish and Irish dialect. Quite often the company got stranded and when that happened I'd take my banjo and visit the saloons where I'd pass the hat after giving the barflies a sample or two of my art. In time I'd finally collect enough money to take us back to our starting point. Those surely were the good old days!"

From medicine shows, circuses, and burlesque houses Harry graduated into repertory. *Ten Nights in a Barroom, Tennessee Partners,* and *East Lynne* were three among a dozen or so of the old-time favorite plays in which he acted.

"In between acts I did specialty numbers—juggling, songs and dances, and monologues in dialect. Being handy with a drawing pencil I drew three-sheets for lobby use and just to show prospective customers where the showhouse was I'd draw footsteps from the town's leading hotel to the theatre door! I did all this and more while I was the Grace Hayward Stock Company, the Woodward—Burgess Stock Company and the Metropolitan Stock Company. Five years of it in all and I certainly managed to pick up a lot of information about the inside and out of show business. Those were the good old days!"

Vaudeville came next with Harry making his first appearance at the Novelty Theatre in Omaha.

"I was determined to become a head-liner," he reveals, "but it took me ten years to do it. Once in a while I'd leave vaudeville for musical shows in New York where I met up with such fellows as Ned Sparks, Joe E. Brown, and Frank Fay, all of whom became famous later. Top-billing in 'vaud' came with a sketch I originated called *Johnny's New Car,* a sort of satire on motoring. I made several transcontinental tours with this act. I got pretty sick of playing it, mainly because the cash customers wouldn't allow me to change a word or gesture of it. Eventually, though, I did discard it for a travesty on *How To Play Golf,* being smart enough to keep in the car of the old act. The new act went over so well that my salary doubled itself and I found myself sitting on top of the vaudeville heap.

"This brings me up to 1920 when I played at the Los Angeles Orpheum. It also brings up Bert Lytell, who was on the bill with me. It was Bert who plugged for me with the picture crowd and he talked so long and so well that I finally got a chance to make a test at the Hal Roach Studios. After the test was made, and before Warren Doane, then general manager of the studios, decided one way or another about what they could do with me, Sol Lesser stepped in and hired me for three pictures. One of them happened to please Mack Sennett and in 1924 I joined the Sennett gang of fun-makers and stayed there for the next two years."

HARRY was on top of the cinematic ladder, now, and making a salary that would match that of any of the present day big-time screen actors. He was looking at the world through rose-colored glasses—and right then and there he made his first big mistake!

"Somebody talked me into producing my own pictures," he sighs. "Somebody convinced me that I was a business man besides being a fairly good comedian and like a sap I listened. Releasing through First National I made six full-length comedy features. Maybe you remember *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,* and *Four Is A Crowd?* These two were the big hits of that sextette. I directed, produced, and acted in all of them. With two of them big hits, two others fairly big hits you'd think that an average of four out of six would have made me barrels of dough, but wait until I tell you the whole story. Somehow or other I agreed to pay all bills on each picture if and when they exceeded the budget already set aside for the making of them and believe it or not, I had to dig up $70,000 of my own money to pay the excess cost of the first one! Well, by the time the sixth was out of the way, Harry Langdon's pocketbook was just a home for hungry moths! There just wasn't any more!

"And in no time at all the old ex-banjo player found himself classified as a has-been. Just that quick. Bad publicity began to crop up in the newspapers to the effect that Harry Langdon was a tough guy to get along with and despite the untruth of it, I couldn't whip it. Producers and directors said 'Nothing doing' when I asked for work. Once in a long while I'd get a job. Maybe you remember *Soldier's Plaything* produced by Warners? Or *See America Thirst* filmed by Universal? I had small parts in those two along with another at Columbia—just enough work to keep me in cakes and coffee. It was pretty tough sledding."

It was, at that, but as we said before no one in Hollywood ever heard him complain. He just took it and went along about his business, lonely, of course, because his friends had detoured on him, but carrying no grudges against anyone nor taking time out to feel sorry for himself. As he says, his hide was pretty thick and his pride pretty high. On top of all this came domestic troubles and he was, as we say in Hollywood, in "one hellova fix!" And then, just when things looked the darkest along comes this sudden and unexpected thrust back into the limelight! That's Hollywood for you!

IN CONNECTION with Harry's financial failure in the production field it's interesting to note that Frank Capra was his gag man! That's right! The same Frank Capra who recently directed *You Can't Take It With You.* And it was Harry who gave Frank his first crack at directing! Remember *The Strong Man?* Well, that was the first Capra-directed picture! Frank quit or got fired—no one seems to know which—after that initial directorial effort, but came back later to the Langdon production unit to direct others.

"I gave Joan Crawford her first featured part in *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,*" Harry recalls. "She was an extra girl then. Now look at her. Thelma Todd was one of my best friends," he ends with a note of sadness. "There was one of the finest girls who ever lived!"

In 1937 the sad-faced, bewildered little fellow returned to the Roach studios as a writer on the Laurel and Hardy staff. In the fall of 1938 we find Harry on top again and he feels pretty happy about the switch in plans that put him there, but it isn't going to change him a bit. It's taken him too long to go through the mill to put on airs. From rags to riches, from riches to rags and now back to riches again has been the pattern of Harry's theatrical life and everyone is hoping it doesn't change. *It's Spring Again* is the apt title of Harry's initial picture with Hardy and it should be the title for the newest chapter in his life.

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"I Believe in Sex Appeal"

[*Continued from page* 48]

was masking her in an unnatural and pseudo self-sufficiency.

"High-hat," Hollywood called her in those days. "Ritzy." "Cold." Maybe movie fans thought so, too, and why not, considering the roles she invariably played on the screen? You know—those portrayals of the female so smart, so clever, so infallible that she not only took faultless care of herself in every cinematic emergency, but often the hero, also. Of course, I know now, too, that this situation represented a sort of vicious circle. Margaret was given those roles because she seemed to be that kind of a girl. And then, she kept on seeming to be that kind of a girl because everyone—friends and fans—had grown to expect it of her.

I watched her for quite a while that day at the Pat O'Briens'—watched her and compared her to the girl who was so vivacious, "cuddly" and popular. To me, Margaret had not only better looks than the other, but more allure, too. Men are strange creatures, I decided, whose tastes and reactions I, a mere woman, could never understand. And then, after a while, the party was over . . . And I forgot all about the situation.

NOT so long ago, though, I went over to Warner Brothers to interview John Payne. It was when they were filming *Garden of the Moon.* We went to the set to watch them work, but were early and shooting for the afternoon hadn't begun. But something else had. Although still a good distance away, we could see that. As we drew closer, it turned out to be a bicycle race. Contestants were famous and expert, too—Jimmie Fidler, Pat O'Brien, as a strange coincidence the "cuddly" girl who had been the "belle of the ball" at O'Briens' open house and another girl with laughing gray eyes and golden brown hair.

Around and around the outside of Stage Three they went while a fast growing audience cheered from the sidelines. First Jimmie led, then Pat, then Jimmie again. But in the end it was the girl with the golden brown hair who won. Brief skirts displaying a pair of beautiful legs and locks streaming in the wind, she won amid wild huzzahs.

When I recognized the aloof, poised and dignified Margaret Lindsay, I almost fainted.

Johnny grinned. He knew what the matter was. "Yeh," he said, "you'd hardly know Maggie these days, would you?"

"No," I agreed, weakly, "you wouldn't."

But if I had been knocked for the well-known loop by the sight of Margaret Lindsay, suddenly become "Maggie," winning a bicycle race, I received a second shock a few minutes later. For following the exciting finish of the event, a crowd of men began gathering around the newly named "Maggie," paying to her that intangible but unmistakable attention any male of the species accords a female who possesses, as he is wont to put it, "what it takes." As far as I could see, she was no more beautiful than she had been that certain New Year's day, and no more alluring. But suddenly and unmistakably she had been endowed in their eyes with that indefinable something called "Ummmph" or "It" or just plain "Sex Appeal."

I asked: "What has happened to her? From the way those men are acting you wouldn't think she is the same girl!"

A close friend of Margaret's joined us then, and answered quietly: "She isn't . . . Or perhaps what I should say is that she may

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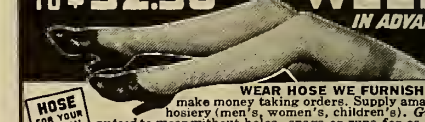

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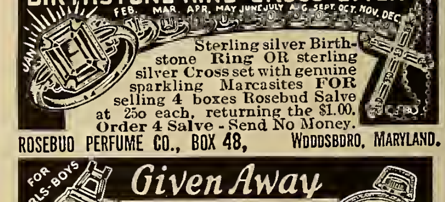

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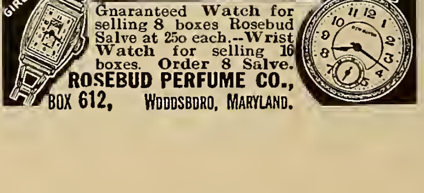

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be the same girl, but she is putting a new foot forward."

"Sounds like a story," I said.

"It is," she said, then. And she told it to me . . .

IT HAPPENED, she recounted, on the way home from the preview of *Gold Is Where You Find It* (held in the little mountain town of Weaverville, California) when half a dozen travelers on the "Preview Special," including "Maggie" Lindsay, got to playing that old, long-forgotten game of "Truth." They began it shortly after the train pulled out of Weaverville and they played it until the trip was over. One by one, they asked each other questions and, one by one, heard them answered with "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

So it was that Margaret Lindsay, when it came her turn, was told the truth with strange results.

"I haven't," she began, "as many friends in Hollywood as most girls nor as many as I should like to have. People as a rule don't seem to 'take' to me. Why?"

And then, according to the rules of the game, the others made honest answer while Margaret, good sport that she is, "took it on the chin."

"You're too aloof. You don't seem to care for friends."

"You seem kind of 'ritzy.' Those who know you, know that isn't so. But it appears to be."

"People are afraid of you, especially men."

"You seem too self-sufficient."

"You soft-pedal femininity."

"You over-look the importance of sex-appeal . . ."

Margaret took issue with that last. "Sex appeal," she jeered. "I should be an 'It girl,' I suppose! I should cultivate peek-a-boo blouses, bracelets and a 'come-hither look!"

But they wouldn't have that. They told her in the straightforward way that friends do, sometimes, having another's welfare sincerely at heart, that they weren't fooling.

"You're wrong, Margaret," they said. "Sex appeal isn't purely an attraction of sex. It is a wider, more varied thing than that. In a woman, its influence is not alone on men, and vice-versa. It could be called charm or *aliveness* or humanness just as appropriately—"

"In other words, 'a rose by any other name—'" Margaret interrupted, flippantly, but still they wouldn't have it.

"Go home tonight and look at yourself in the mirror," they told her. "You'll see one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood. You'll see, too, one of the friendliest and most alluring. But not many realize that, because you are hiding those qualities under a cloak of reserve and stand-offishness which scares most people to death. So we say to look at yourself in the mirror and make yourself a promise. Resolve to use your sex appeal in the future. If you do, you'll find yourself living in a new and happier world!"

The train whistled for Los Angeles, then, and that was the end of the "Truth" game. But its memory lingered on. Margaret did as she was told. She went home and looked into her mirror. After she had gone to bed, even though it was late and she was tired, she lay awake until dawn, thinking, figuring things out . . . And by the time the sun was red back of the Hollywood hills, she had made up her mind.

"I'll try it," she said to herself.

IT WAS Margaret, herself, who told me, several months later, just exactly what it was she resolved to try and how it worked out.

"I had taken quite a beating, friendly though it was, in that game of 'Truth,'" she said, honestly, "and I decided to try not to deserve such criticism in the future. No woman likes to be told she lacks sex appeal and that, in effect, was what had been said to me.

"On the other hand," she went on, "I always had considered conscious use of charm to be in rather bad taste, with the result that when people, particularly strangers, assumed a personal attitude toward me, I sort of shut up like a clam. I really didn't mean to but, apparently, this was my only alternative to what I regarded as a brazen or flirtatious attitude.

"I used to worry about it, though. I knew it wasn't the right way to act. As a matter of fact, I used to worry about a good many things in those days. If I were going to a premiere, for instance, I worried about the way I would appear to friends and fans, and what I would say over the radio. If I were having a date with a new man, I worried over whether or not we would enjoy ourselves. If I liked a man sufficiently to go out with him, that meant his good opinion mattered to me, and I worried about it. I didn't want him to think me flirtatious or forward, which meant that I appeared unusually backward and shy . . . Or that I would retreat into one of my self-sufficient, ultra-poised roles of the screen, which was just as bad.

"And then," she said, "we played 'Truth' and I made my resolve. I decided, once and for all, to forget my complexes and fear of other people's opinions and be myself. If I admired someone and wanted him to admire me, I would show it, I decided. If a man happened to say to me: 'I like you,' and I felt that way about him, too, I resolved to say in return: 'And I like you.' I determined to remember that the attraction of 'a man for a maid' has been in existence since the days of Adam and Eve and is a right and natural thing. In other words, I determined to give so-called 'sex appeal' a break."

"And was this plan successful?" I asked.

She laughed, and it wasn't the reserved, cool laugh that Margaret Lindsay used to have. It was a warm, joyous, ardent laugh—the kind that "Maggie" is going in for these days.

"IT WAS!" she said. "It certainly was! I've made more friends and had more dates and more fun in the last few months than in all my life before! And I've been happier.

"Moreover," she went on, "I've learned a lesson . . . That sex appeal plays a vital part in this gregarious world where essential happiness depends upon the friendship and approval of others.

"I had a date just the other night with a man I've known a long time. We had been dancing and then we came home and made hamburgers and coffee in my kitchen. As we sat there on the kitchen table, side by side, eating and talking, I saw him looking at me strangely.

"'What has got into you?' I said, surprised.

"'I was wondering what had got into *you*,' he told me. 'You're a different girl nowadays.'

"Well," Maggie (no longer Margaret) confided, "I had learned my lesson and I played up. A few months before I should have changed the subject embarrassedly, but now I said: 'And what do you think of me this way? Do you like me?'

"'You bet I do,' he told me. And because I liked him, too, I was glad . . . Glad we had played 'Truth' that night on the way back from Weaverville and glad I had tried my Great Experiment as a result.

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 25]

newsmongers. Up to two days before their marriage, the two of them vehemently denied any matrimonial plans.

■

MAYBE you don't know it, but the Martha Raye-David Rose marriage was staged in advance, right in Hollywood, several nights before they "eloped" in a fanfare of publicity and got themselves welded in Ensenada . . . Reason for the advance affair was this: news photo and movie men wanted pictures of the actual wedding, but didn't want to have to go all the way down to Ensenada, sixty miles south of the U. S.-Mexican border, to photograph it. So Paramount's publicity department set up a movie set in the NBC parking lot on Melrose avenue—a complete scene showing the outside of a Mexican justice of the peace office. They hired some professional movie extras to portray Mexican villagers. And then Martha and Dave posed for pictures that were later published, showing them "just emerging from the office where they were married." Also in the phony pictures were Jimmy Fidler and wife, who drove south on the highly-publicized elopement with Martha and Rose.

However, it was all fair and square enough—because the pictures, so taken, were an almost perfect representation of the real ceremony that followed, 200 miles away, a few hours later.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Mona Rico and Wesley Ruggles.
Seem to be on the verge of snuggles.

■

FOR a while, it looked like the Richard Greene-Arleen Whelan romance was poofed! On account of Greene suddenly developed a tremendous interest in Anita Louise, who's rapidly developing into Hollywood's No. 1 romance gal. And at the same time, Arleen began stepping out with Ty Power, who's dynamite to any romance he steps in on. However, it didn't last long—because Greene and Arleen have all made up again, and now Ty and Anita are out.

■

THE A. C. Blumenthal-June Lang business must have frigidaired, all right. The other night, Blumey was at a La Conga table with Barbara Clark, and at the next table were June Lang and Don Barry, her newest heartbeat. And June and Blumey simply ignored each other.

■

BABY TALK—Doc Stork kept two lads jittering up and down the hospital corridors in unison, the other night. One of 'em was John Garfield, the other was Anthony Quinn. Both their wives were in the hospital—wondering which'd get first call from the bird. Finally, Katherine presented Tony with a lad whom they've named Christopher—and within the hour, Mrs. John Garfield was the mother of a girl.

So what did John and Tony do but go to

[*Continued on page* 88]

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

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If you have an excess of acid waste in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of poisonous waste.

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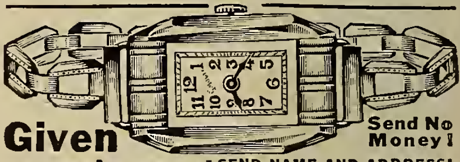

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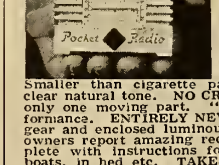

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	■	10				■	11	12			■	
13	14	■	15		■	16				■	17	
18		19		■	20				■	21		
	22		■	23				■	24			
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31	32				■	33				■	34	
35				■	36				■	37		
38			■	39				■	40			
41		■	42				■	43		■	44	
	■	45				■	46			47	■	
48					49							

ACROSS

1. The girl in *Cocoanut Grove*
7. Feminine lead in *One Wild Night*
10. *Accidents —— Happen*
11. First name of Mr. Hale, character actor
13. Gaumont-British (abbr.)
15. Miss Leigh's initials
16. He was starred in *Cocoanut Grove*
17. *Double —— Nothing*
18. Bud Brady in *College Swing*
20. *Love Under ——*
21. *—— American Sweetheart*
22. Former name of Ronald Sinclair
23. Comedian in *Reckless Living*
24. Stan Laurel's birthplace (abbr.)
25. Initials of Hepburn's co-star in *Holiday*
26. When you think of Durante, you think of this
27. First name of late blonde comedienne (poss.)
29. What canine stars do to register fatigue
30. First name of 25 Across
31. *The Patient In ——* 18 (pl.)
33. Mr. Boteler's first name
34. Initials of star of *Her Jungle Love*
35. She plays opposite Rudy Vallee in *Gold Diggers in Paris*
36. *—— Blue and Gold*
37. What Producer Roach is called
38. *——All Yours*
39. Police inspector in *Saint in New York*
40. Her last name is Birell
41. Initials of feminine lead in *You and Me*
42. What stars receive from fans
43. Birthplace of 34 Across (abbr.)
44. Initials of actress wed to Hal Mohr, cameraman
45. Natural enemies of Mickey Mouse
46. Dr. Lazear in *Yellow Jack*
48. A star of *Girl of the Golden West*
49. He had lead in *Hollywood Stadium Mystery*

DOWN

1. First name of a comedian in *Gold Diggers in Paris*
2. Larry Williams' initials
3. *Merrily We ——*
4. Ralph Bellamy's native state (abbr.)
5. *——* St. John
6. Star of *Born to Fight*
7. Freddie Bartholomew is one
8. *He Loved —— Actress*
9. *Wise ——*
12. Boy actor in *Cocoanut Grove*
14. Betty in *She Loved a Fireman*
16. Number of Dionne tots appearing in films
17. *—— Petrova*
19. Prouty's *Jones Family* role
20. Descriptive of Lone Ranger's horse
21. Patrolman O'Roon in *Dr. Rhythm*
23. Bing Crosby has four
24. Virginia Bruce had title role in *Jane ——*
25. Judy in *Dr. Rhythm*
26. Janet Shaw's was changed from Ellen Clancy
27. *The Divorce of —— X*
28. A star of *Three Comrades*
29. Opera singer now in films
30. Home of 34 Across in *Her Jungle Love*
32. Food for the cowboy's steed.
33. *Over the ——*
34. Lieschen in *Stolen Heaven*
36. Morton Rice in *Hunted Men*
37. What actor exclaims to denote surprise
39. Charlie McCarthy wears a top——
40. Descriptive of Robert Taylor or Errol Flynn
42. Month in which Don Ameche was born
43. Muni's screen son in *The Good Earth*
45. Miss Dodd's initials
46. Initials of actor married to Edna Best
47. Army officer portrayed by Regis Toomey in *Invisible Menace* (abbr.)

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E	L	L	I	S			B	O	G	A	R	T
D	■	A	C	T		A	L	M	A	S	■	R
M	O	N	E	Y		H	A	■	T	I	M	E
U	S	A	■	M	I	N	N	A	■	D	E	E
N	C	■	H	I	T	■	K	L	I	E	G	S
D	A	V	I	E	S	■	S	I	R			
	R	A	N	■	■	■	■	■	W	A	S	
			D	O	G	■	O	L	I	V	I	A
S	E	S	S	U	E	■	N	A	N	■	M	L
P	A	W	■	T	O	L	E	R	■	C	O	W
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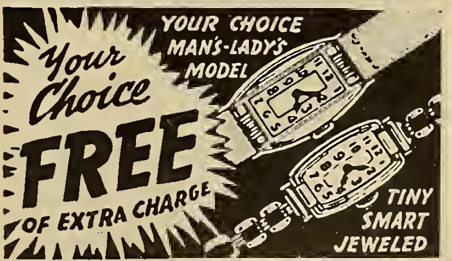
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The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 86]

the Brown Derby and set up champagne for the town!—even though both were disappointed, because the Quinns who got a son wanted a girl, and the Garfields vice-versa!

In early spring, Maureen O'Sullivan has a date with the Stork . . . and sometime in April, he'll bring another baby to the Johnny Mack Browns, who have two already . . . it'll be January that the Andy Devines will have that new addition to their nursery occupied.

◆

BING CROSBY'S gonna have a new sister-in-law. Florence George is wearing Everett Crosby's ring.

◆

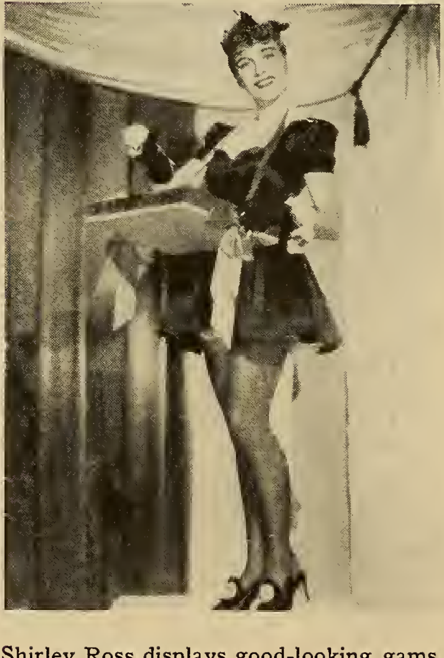
CUPID'S COUPLET:
Deanna Durbin and Wayne Morris' brother
Find themselves deep in a dither-wither-duther!

◆

HEY, Johnny Downs—who's No. 1—Mary Kornman or Judy Garland? . . .

Johnny's been rushing both of them. Ever since he and Eleanore Whitney called off their half-serious-half-press-agenty romance, Johnny's been a free-lance. Lately, Hollywood has been watching him make a play for the Garland gal.

And then, suddenly, Mary Kornman got a divorce from Leo Tovar. Now, Mary and Johnny used to be co-players in the old *Our Gang* days. And the first boy Mary went out with after her divorce was Johnny. They had a quiet corner at the Tropics, and they talked long and seriously.



Shirley Ross displays good-looking gams in *Cafe Society* in which she plays the role of flower girl in smart restaurant

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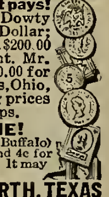

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 68]

Tisket, Tasket, She Takes Her Market Basket

■ No. 2 in the order of importance in life is Myrna Loy's screen career.

No. 1 is her business of being wife and housekeeper for hubby Hornblow. So it's not at all unusual that Myrna leaves a studio conference with the remark:

"Sorry, but I've got to hurry and get the groceries before the markets close. Bye bye!"

Are You Leffink?

■ Gradually working up to another production, Charlie Chaplin is clearing the decks for movie-making. He's gone back to Hollywood after his hermitage at artistic Carmel, up the California coast, where he dodged interviewers as well as Paulette Goddard. He has made up his tiff, if any, with Paulette, for they're all over Hollywood together, these days.

And by the time you read this, if the inside rumbles from the Chaplin studio on La Brea Avenue are true, the cameras will already be rolling on Chaplin's new picture. And in it, Charlie will again give way to his determination to lampoon bitterly the social disorders of the day. And if you don't think it'll be funny, consider this side-splitting situation: Charlie will appear as a little Jew who is mistaken for a certain dictator . . .!

"Are you leffink?"

Flash?

■ And DON'T be surprised if Paulette suddenly comes out in the open, in the next few weeks, and admits and discusses in full her marriage to Mr. Chaplin . . .!

Vants To Be Alone

■ Remember our story, recently, about George Brent and how sick-and-tired he is of Hollywood?—And how he was trying to buy his contract from Warner Brothers, so that he could tell Hollywood where to go? Well, he tried. But Warners said nix. Brent is too valuable, and they're holding him to his contract, whether he likes it or not. It has until 1942 to run—and although Brent would love to shake Hollywood's dust from his feet, he'll have to stay here for another three years.

So what?—So George is looking around, to buy himself another secret hide-out. He has one now—a spot on the desert that only his very intimate friends know. There Brent goes on the rare week-ends he has to himself.

"It's the only place I know where I can get Hollywood out of my hair," he cried, "but any day, it may be discovered and then Hollywood'll bother me there."

So he's hunting a new place to buy—and this time, he says, the only person who'll know about it is Brent, himself.

"I'm not a hermit, but when I'm tired, I'm unsocial. And I vant to be alone . . .!" he explains.

Garboding

■ Which reminds me: Garbo is back. She says nothing about Brent, who used to be No. 1 man in her life. Nor does close-lipped Brent say anything about Garbo. But as we just explained, George IS looking for a secret hide-out someplace . . . ho, ho, hummmmmmmm . . .

Vell, Vot Do You Make Of It?

■ However, those who profess to know say that Garbo's amazing new radiance is due to love and what Love has Done for her. Not love for Brent, they say—but this Stokowski business. The Leopold Stokowski she was supposed to have married in Europe, a few months ago.

It's pretty well understood, now, that the marriage reports were a slight exaggeration. They never really did get married. But Garbo's acquaintances, amazed at the way she is smiling at utter strangers, studio "grips," even extra players now and then, and the way she's talking to reporters, means that Garbo Has Found Love and Opened Her Heart.

Oh, yeah?

Everyvone Vants To Be Alone

■ Funny, too, that while Brent is seeking a secret new hide-out spot, Stokowksi, back in Hollywood at the same time as Garbo, has taken a house which is one of the most secluded in movieland.

What's this?—A battle between the swains to see which can best give Garbo vat she vants— "—to be aloooooooooooone!"

March, March, April, May and June?

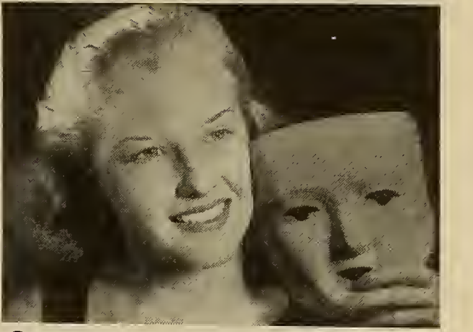
■ Just a knockover for Junes is Vic Orsatti. Still unhappy over the breakup of his June Lang romance, Vic is now applying himself diligently to June Gale. And just to get two more months into it, he *May March* to the altar with *June* . . .!

Baby Being Watched

■ They've frequently called Gary Cooper "the Lindbergh of Hollywood"—both on account of his lankiness, and his shyness in the presence of strangers. Maybe there's a hint of memory of what Lindy suffered in what Gary is doing about his baby, while Gary and Sandra take that European trip—

While papa and mama are away, the little Cooper will remain at home, of course. But he will be guarded by three men, armed with rifles as well as pistols, who will work in eight-hour shifts to keep a 24-hour watch over the baby.

[*Continued on page* 90]



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A Pompeian Massage takes only three minutes, yet it removes this dirt and leaves your skin looking younger and more radiant. Pompeian (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from regular cosmetic creams . . . works differently. It's 70% pure milk. You simply massage this cream on your face, and as it dries, massage it off.

This massage removes pore-deep dirt and blackheads. It also stimulates the circulation of the blood in the skin—leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

You be the judge! Send 10c for generous jar of Pompeian and two booklets of helpful beauty hints. Give yourself this three-minute massage . . . and be *convinced* by results.

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

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Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and booklets of beauty hints as described. FWG 2

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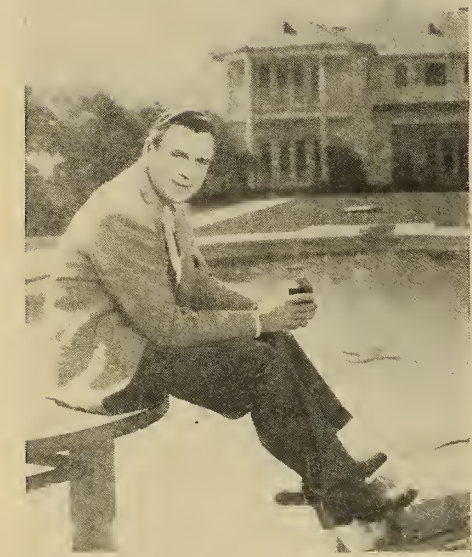
THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page* 89]



Headin' For The Last Tie-Up

■ The old days are coming back, if Gene Autry has his say. Things in Hollywood were getting too stodgy, he decided; what was needed was a little color. So he put on a bright red cowboy outfit, the other day, and drove down the Boulevard. . . .

What happened to traffic was so awful that the police traffic squad asked him to please lay off private parades, hereafter.

Anita Louise—Harpist On Tour

■ You've read many times, if you're a true movie fan, about Anita Louise's talent as a harpist. Next to Harpo Marx, she's the best known harp player in Hollywood. Now, you'll get a chance to hear for yourself. For Anita has completed plans for a national tour of the concert stages, this spring. It'll be her first public recitals as a soloist, although she has played with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, and has given one private recital for close friends in Hollywood. . . . Anita, only 21, has been studying the harp for eight years.

Wisecrack

■ David Niven, who doesn't care what he says about his boss, turned down a tennis invitation the other day, with:

"Sorry—I've got to go over to Sam Goldwyn's house and play Chamberlain to Goldwyn's Hitler."

She Who Won't Be Slapped Again

■ Never again will you see Shirley Temple being spanked or slapped on the screen. After *Heidi*, her studio—not to mention Shirley herself, and actress Mary Nash—got hundreds of letters of protest from Shirleyfans all over the world, about the slapping the tot got from Miss Nash in the picture.

So the studio bigwigs have ordered deleted from *The Little Princess* a scene in which Shirley took an old-fashioned spanking from Mary Nash. . . . !

Funniest angle to the whole affair is this:—Whenever Shirley is a naughty girl, in her offscreen life, her mother never hesitates to give her a spanking when she thinks Shirley needs it!

Fuel Goes Phooey

■ Mentioning Paulette Goddard reminds your correspondent that she and Luise Rainer were reported in the throes of a female war as bitter as was the famous Gloria Swanson-Pola Negri feud of old. . . .

According to the chatter, Luise and Paulette were speaking to each other over at M-G-M during *Dramatic School* only when the script demanded. But feud news isn't considered good news in Hollywood. So when Paulette heard the gossip, she killed it by offering Luise the use of Charlie Chaplin's yacht over the weekend.

(P. S.—History does not record whether she included Charlie in the offer.)

Below, left and up are Mary Astor who studies script while convalescing from injury resulting in fall from horse. Ben Blue gives you close-up of new home constructed in Scandinavian style. Note "landscaped" treatment of roof. Ben may bring a bride home soon. Jack Benny has new home, too, and a private lake for a swim-pool. Ila Rhodes—of part Indian descent—is new eyeful on Warner lot. You'll see her in *Dark Victory*

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Adrianne Ames *is delighted with her chic, washable frock trimmed with Roman Stripes. It's new! Style 353.*

Adrianne Ames

Lona Andre *is complimented everywhere on her beautifully smart washable frock. Its chic is apparent. Style 344.*

Lona André

Ida Lupino *knows she'll look her smartest in her new, washable, pioneer print. It's different! Style 351.*

Ida Lupino

Kay Hughes *selected this distinctive washable frock of smooth, tailored lines. It's fashionable and stunning! Style 327.*

Kay Hughes

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FIRST SCREEN MAGAZINE—FOUNDED 1911

FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Motion Picture

MARCH

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MOTION PICTURE
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CAN WILLIAM POWELL COME BACK?

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers as Vernon and Irene Castle in Their Newest Picture "The Castles" See Page 34

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MARCH

MY MOB—A BOOK-LENGTH DETECTIVE FEATURE

THE PAINTED HOURI AND THE HOUSE OF DEATH • BEDSIDE BORGIA

"MY MOB"

Inside Story of the Gibson Gang

I SMUGGLE White Cargo

BUBBLES OF DOOM!

MASTER OF THE SECRET WORLD

No other magazine can match the excitement and drama that pulse through the pages of ***true***! Every story and every photograph reflects some thrilling and amazing phase of life itself. Every story is strange—but ***true***!

In the March issue, now on sale, you will thrill to: BUBBLES OF DOOM, the tragic story of the curse that has haunted the famous Mumm champagne family, despite great wealth and social position . . . MY MOB, the inside story of the notorious Gibson gangsters and their gun-toting women as told by one of them . . . BEDSIDE BORGIA, the incredible—but ***true***! story of a comely nurse who mixed passion and murder in a bizarre career that led to the gallows . . . More than fifteen complete stories and features in all, every one of them *guaranteed!* Every one of them complete. No serials!

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"'Pink Tooth Brush'– So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

That dull, dingy, dreary smile—it can't be yours! Why, yours was the smile that had such magic—yours were the brightest of bright, sparkling teeth! What happened—who's at fault?

You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant trouble. You knew the step you ought to take—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible person, you're going to take right now!

You're too wise and too lovely to go on taking chances with the beauty of your smile. So see your dentist—*and see him today. And when he tells you how to help guard against "pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage—follow his advice!*

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is only a warning—but when you see it—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but find out the truth. Usually, however, it simply means gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods. His advice will probably be, "more work for lazy gums" and very often, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation is increased within the gum walls, gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Don't gamble with your smile! Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your daily, common-sense dental health routine. Help keep your smile as attractive as it should be!

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SPENCER

TRACY

in the most romantic role that this grand actor has ever portrayed on the screen.

HEDY

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I TAKE *this* WOMAN

with

INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON

Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson

Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR

In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in McCall's, Pictorial Review, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans —
This is a fan letter for you. I thank you from the bottom of my lion's heart for the way you have responded to this column.
Leo

Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

★ ★ ★ ★

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckleberry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck" Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box H, Culver City, Cal.

Name.................................

Address..............................

★ ★ ★ ★

This is about the time when those New Year resolutions are beginning to feel the tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continues to lead the way in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

See you on the screen.

—*Leo*

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Motion Picture

Incorporating

Movie CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVII. No. 2 MARCH, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

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Hollywood Manager

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

WHAT'S THIS WE HEAR ABOUT GARBO

Garbo has not always been one to keep you mystified. And sometimes she doesn't follow her customary plan of not taking you into her confidence. Garbo is not a recluse to her friends and occasionally she will permit some intimate to learn of her social or romantic activities. There is a new Garbo story in April MOTION PICTURE—just what you've been waiting for since she returned from Europe after a year's vacation. There are other all-revealing stories in this April issue—bringing you, among others, such favorites as Basil Rathbane, Jimmy Cagney, Alice Faye, Merle Oberon and Tyrone Power. And look forward to seeing an unusual display of candid camera art of Hollywood personalities and pastimes. Besides a rich supply of the very latest News and Gossip. Be sure and reserve your April copy now from your newsdealer.

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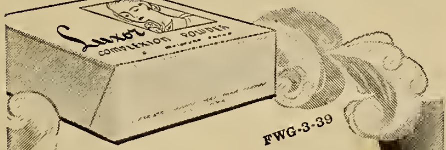

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

By HARRY LANG

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

Adrian and Janet Gaynor (who may get hitched any day) join Rosalind Russell for a bit of chatter at recent party given by Lily Pons for San Francisco Opera singers

JUST a minute—*just* a MINUTE . . . !—I'll tell you all about Joan and Tone in a li'l while; hold your horses about Bette and Ham; be patient about Ty Power and Annabella, and about Kay Francis, and about all the other Big Stars' cardiac intricacies—

But first of all, let your Faithful Ol' Tattler dish you up just about the cutest item that's popped up in Hollywood's love-gossip in months. And it's not about any top-time star either—although once upon a time, Helen Twelvetrees WAS up there among 'em. Now she's just a gal who used to be a star. And who used to be married to Jack Woody, who's now making a living as a stunt man out at 20th-Fox.

Well, Woody and ex-wifie Twelvetrees got together for a little quiet dinner, the other night. No reconciliation stuff. Just friends—really friends. And, like a gallant guy, Jack said to the gal who used to be married to him:

"Helen, you're the loveliest woman in this

[*Continued on page* 8]

★ **BETTE DAVIS** *Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!*

BETTE DAVIS in 'DARK VICTORY'
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture • Presented by WARNER BROS.

★ **DARK VICTORY** Never a story of love so exquisite!... She smiled at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning when her heart's happy dancing was ended.

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Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact;* (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.

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Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.

2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*

3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (We recommend "Barcelona" Castile Shampoo.) *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*

4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*

5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction* — or your money back in full!

*Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic—an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery . . .

Use **ZONITE** for

FIRST AID · SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH · DANDRUFF
ATHLETE'S FOOT

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 6*]

Conrad Nagel (remember him?) takes sweetie-pie Joan Fontaine (who turns her head on candid camera) and her sister, Olivia de Havilland, to San Francisco Opera opening

room tonight!" Sweet gesture. But much more interesting—and *pertinent!*—was Helen's reply:

"Maybe if you'd told me things like that *while* we were married, we'd *still* be married."

That's all. But wonder what Ham and Bette'll think when they read this item?—or Joan and Franchot—or all these other Big Shots who can't get along in team formation.

Hubbies and wives—in Hollywood, as everywhere—get so forgetful of the business of being lovers. . . .

■

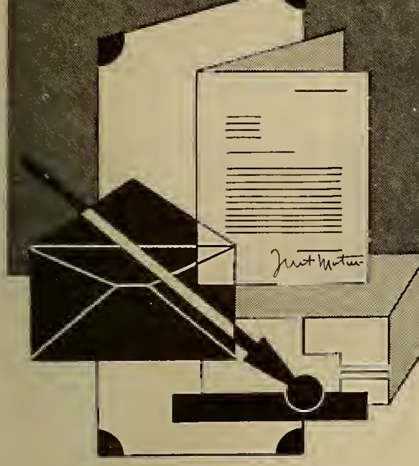
SO now to business: Busiest business of the Hollywoodsters who attend to other people's business, these days is betting on whether or not there'll ever be a Joan-Tone reconciliation.

They say that it's all very well, this business of Joan stepping out all the time with this writer-person, Charlie Martin. They say sure, she acts obedient when he takes her out eating and dancing. But, they say, you'll notice she also steps out with Cesar

[*Continued on page 10*]

John Howard tries to look as bull-doggish as his pup "Drummond," who has a doggy part in *Arrest Bulldog Drummond*

PRIZE LETTERS HOW READERS RATE THEM!



EVEN THE BLIND CAN SEE

$15 Prize Letter

I HAVE never seen our famous movie actors and actresses. My eyes have not feasted upon lovely gowns or rich, elaborate settings. Nevertheless my blindness has not diminished one iota my pursuit of movie pleasure. I may not know the color of a star's hair or recognize their walk, but I know their character through the inflection and quality of their voice. Ronald Colman is quiet, understanding and inspired with idealism. Within Basil Rathbone lies those vibrant altruistic qualities that denote true genius. Carole Lombard is spirited but endowed with a sentimentality that lends enchantment to her nonsense and insanity. Yes, I know them all, perhaps, even better than you who watch their every movement. Moreover, within the musical background of every film lies a poetical translation of plot and performance. Soft notes and timorous crescendoes that so often escape the ears when the eyes are feasting.—*Mrs. Drake Sabin, 405 E. Mound St., Columbus, Ohio.*

Carole Lombard

ISM, IT SO?

$10 Prize Letter

THE most satisfying news that has come out of Hollywood all year is the report that studio executives are going to ignore the frowns of the dictators abroad and turn out pictures which have been labeled "touchy" because of their controversial themes. At last Hollywood has acquired some backbone! I understand M-G-M is now filming *Idiot's Delight*, long delayed because of Italian opposition. According to reports, the same company is ready to film the Sinclair Lewis story, *It Can't Happen Here*. The only reason the "ism" countries are opposing the production of such pictures is the fact that these films will advertise the best "ism" in the world—good old Americanism. One is always hearing talk about a free press. Why not also have a free screen that will not cater to whims of foreign governments whose underlying principles are clearly opposed to the American way of life?—*L. Martin Smith, 517 Third St., Marietta, Ohio.*

ADVENTURER TURNS ACTOR

$5 Prize Letter

SEVERAL years ago a newcomer strolled across the screen and with a nonchalant swagger and devil-may-care smile proceeded to conquer his enemy and us with a carelessness that amazed us. Here was no struggling unknown, whose very existence depended upon that first film, but an adventurer who having wandered into the realm of acting was having a fling at it whether we liked it or not. We did and a new star, Errol Flynn, was born. Since then Flynn has had a jolly good time playing at the game of acting. Even in *The Green Light* and *Another Dawn*, we were not so concerned with the problems of the young surgeon or army officer as with Flynn's charming self. But recently I went to see Warner's "glamor boy" in *The Sisters*. Something had happened, but I was not aware, until I had left the theatre, that this time I had not seen the "Dashing" Flynn, but a struggling reporter with dreams of "giving his wife the world," who strikes a responsive chord in us all by his constant, bitter fight against his worst enemy—himself. Adventurer Flynn is taking himself seriously. Congratulations not to a "reckless young hero," but to a very fine, sincere young actor.—*Vivian Hertenstein, 1310 Stratford Ave., Nashville, Tenn.*

Errol Flynn

OBJECTION SUSTAINED

$1 Prize Letter

YO HO and a couple of shivered timbers! Here comes a sailor—and with blood in his eye, mate! Tonight I sat through another picture that dragged in a bluejacket solely for a laugh . . . and dammitall they even had him seasick on Central Park's placid pool. That was bad enough, but in this particular picture, as in practically every other opus showing Unk Samuel's salt water babies ashore, the dictator picked out a servant gal as company. Now servant girls are perfectly satisfactory folks, no worse than blown-up debutantes, social climbers, "bachelor" office females and the like. In fact, many a second maid rates a first when you give her a chance to strut her stuff. But blow me down, skipper, sooner or later some movie producer should discover that sailors are no longer, if they ever have been, servant's entrance people socially. How about showing us a tar teamed up sometime with a damsel who doesn't chew gum publicly, talk Brooklynese and make stupid *faux-pas?* —*Charles M. Hatcher, Aviation Machinist's Mate, first class, Naval Air Station, San Diego, Calif.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed — are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one *hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

IRONING OUT THE WRINKLES

$1 Prize Letter

I HAVE just seen *Suez* starring Tyrone Power as *Ferdinand de Lesseps*. This is a very good romantic spectacle, but as the story is built around a historical character, it seems little short of crime to so distort the facts. In the picture *de Lesseps* is represented as a handsome youth of twenty-eight or thirty at the time he began work on the canal, when in fact he was fifty-four. From the picture one would get the impression that the mammoth task was completed in a few months or a year, as he looks no older on completion of the canal, when in fact many hard years had passed. The story is filled with other inaccuracies and imaginative happenings, but the ones above are the most glaring. —*C. M. Morgan, 813 Fourth St., Huntington, W. Va.*

Tyrone Power

LITTLE OSCARS?

$1 Prize Letter

IT HAS always been a mystery to me why they do not have an Academy Award for child stars, too. Why shouldn't their sincere efforts receive as much praise as those of the adult stars? I think that Freddie Bartholomew should have received an award for his magnificent performance in *Captains Courageous* or *Lord Jeff*. Bobby Breen should have come in for second honors in *Rainbow on the River*—the best picture in which he has appeared—and Billy and Bobby Mauch should have had more recognition for their fine work in *The Prince and the Pauper*. And Mickey Rooney in any of the *Judge Hardy* series. Jane Withers should have had the Academy Award for *Rascals*. I think a first, second and third prize should be given each child star for his best performance, every year.—*Roy Robert Smith, 115 Sherman St., Denver, Colo.*

WHY NOT USE TAMPAX THIS VERY MONTH?

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

EVERY day more women are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern *civilized* sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over *one hundred million* Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who *must* keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in *individual containers,* so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is *worn internally.* No bulk to show. No odor can form.

Tampax is comfortable, efficient and very compact to carry in your purse. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory size 20¢, average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package.

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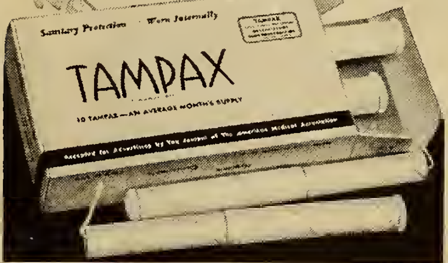

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New Brunswick, New Jersey
Please send me introductory size package of Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Here's evidence to prove that everything is rosy-posy again with George Raft and Virginia Peine. They had a bit of a spat and celebrate reunion at Slapsy Maxie's cafe

Romero—and Cesar is notoriously the safest man in town to go out with, because he's a perfect escort, but never gets serious. And if Joan were really serious about Martin, they say, she wouldn't mix Cesar in, at all.

Jane Wyman, who has been a bride for a year or two, waves goodby to matrimony. She'll get a divorce, career comes first

Meantime, Franchot has been sliding away from his stagging-it-only system, and squiring such lovelies as Billie Roy, a dangerously red-headed showgal, and others. But before he offed to N. Y., he visited Joan often. And sat wistfully on the sidelines at M-G-M, as he watched Jimmy Stewart making film-love to Joan in *Ice Follies* takes.

Anyway, Franchot's in the East now. Joan is dashing about Hollywood with Charlie and Cesar. She's stepping out with such furious ostentation that it reminds one of the old line "methinks the lady doth protest too much."

And insiders are making quiet little bets that before the summer solstice, Joan and Franchot'll be at midsummer heat already—and in the throes of reconciliation! The odds, if you're practical-minded, are about four-to-one against it, however.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET: Bill Davey and Adrienne Ames—Practically busted out in flames!

■

NEVER has the voice of inexperience been as loud as it has in the case of Bette Davis and Ham Nelson. Veterans of Hollywood romantic breakups do those things more smoothly. But poor Bette and Ham, all busted up inside as well as outside,

[*Continued on page* 12]

LORETTA YOUNG
MEN FALL FOR SKIN THAT'S SMOOTH AND **SWEET**
GIRLS WHO DON'T PROTECT **DAINTINESS** LOSE OUT
EVERY WOMAN REALLY WANTS ROMANCE
WHY ARE SO MANY SO CARELESS ABOUT **DAINTINESS?**
LUX TOILET SOAP
WITH FRAGRANT **LUX SOAP** IT IS SO EASY TO BE **SURE** OF THIS CHARM
IT MAKES A BEAUTY BATH THAT'S LUXURIOUS YET VERY INEXPENSIVE
I ALWAYS USE IT. IT LEAVES SKIN REALLY FRESH AND **SWEET**
SMOOTH AND DELICATELY FRAGRANT, TOO!
IT'S A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT **DAINTINESS.** TRY IT!

Protect daintiness the Hollywood way. Screen stars use LUX TOILET SOAP as a BATH soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather removes stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves a delicate fragrance on the skin.

9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND"

THE KISS YOU DREAM ABOUT! Perhaps your *lipstick* stands between you and the man you love . . . a harsh, greasy red . . . that makes him think your lips themselves are hard and cold. Why not experiment . . . tonight . . . with *something different?*

FOR WARM, SOFT LIPS—TANGEE! Just stroke that orange magic on. Watch it change to *your* shade of blush-rose . . . see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting . . . ready to kiss . . . and so Tangee keeps them with its protective creamy base!

MATCHED MAKE-UP, TOO. For lovely, glowing, "natural" color in your cheeks, use matching Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme . . . for "cameo" skin, use clinging Tangee Powder. Blondes, brunettes, redheads find Tangee gives the *young,* appealing look men love.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick,* Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

just didn't know how to pull the ropes and arrange their marital crash so that they wouldn't look too silly. And that's why you read all these different stories about what they were going to do—or not—and why—and what Bette said—and ham thought—and so on. . . .

Matter of fact, neither of the poor kids (each a first-timer at this sort of thing) knew what they were going to do, until finally they saw the futility of trying to dangle it in the air any longer. So they took a deep breath and wham—into the divorce court with it.

That was Bette's blackest moment of all. Up to then, Bette always had hopes that somehow, please God, it might still come out all right. But after the filing of the suit, Bette shut up her Coldwater Canyon house tighter than a drum, and hid out where no reporters could find her. Her hiding place was her dressing-room suite at the studio. She actually lived there for days, dodging inquiries and these smooth-mouthed well-wishers who infest Hollywood.

■

GIGGLE-OF-THE-MONTH, romantically, is the fact that Barbara Stanwyck is all in a stew over the talk that Bob Taylor is going to be cast opposite Hedy Lamarr. . . !

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Dixie Dunbar and Bobbie Howard—
Hot romance, until it soured.

QUESTION-OF-THE-MONTH is: What's all this about the Gene Raymonds? It was Walter Winchell who

[*Continued on page* 62]

Maureen O'Sullivan (Mrs. John Farrow) who is crocheting a table-cloth on the set is also knitting baby clothes on side

It can't be said that J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce aren't hitting it off happily. Wifey has far-away look, hubby concentrates on program of San Francisco Opera

She was a "Perfect Wife" ...except for ONE NEGLECT*

She was lovely... always took care to *look* smart and fresh.

...efficient. Her house was always neat, clean, well-run.

...economical. She knew how to make a budget behave.

...affectionate. She was warm-hearted and tender.

....cheerful. She never nagged, or moped, or wept.

BUT...she was careless *(or ignorant)* **about Feminine Hygiene** *And her husband would gladly have traded most of her virtues to correct this one fault.

"Lysol" might have made her score 100%

Love is not logical, more's the pity. You probably know at least one woman who seems to "have everything" *except the love of her husband.*

Don't be too sure he's just ungrateful... Perhaps *she's* guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man's love, even when everything else is perfect.

If *you're* in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is preferred...

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide,* active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. M.P.-903, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*__________
*Street*__________
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Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Whatever Your Life May Be...

...**BUSY** all day with the hustle and bustle of housework...

...**DIZZY** and delirious as a tabloid newspaper office...

...**OR EASY** and languid as a Park Avenue socialite...

Remember ..**IT'S GLAZO FOR LONGER WEAR!**

Here is a Fairy Godmother polish—that flows on smoothly, hardens with gem-like lustre, and wears like part of the nail itself. This miraculous 1939 Glazo...a new secret formula...defies all fingernail hazards. It simply *wears* and WEARS and WEARS!

Colors? Glazo leads the style show. Stop at your toilet goods counter and thrill to the new Glazo shades—TARA, EMBER and RUMBA. See the luscious CONGO, TROPIC, CABAÑA, and other Glazo favorites.

Glazo gives you all the perfections of a 60-cent polish—for only a modest 25 cents.

★ Guaranteed! ★

Buy Glazo, not on our say-so, but on your own! Glazo is GUARANTEED to give you longer wear than you have ever known before—or else you can simply return the bottle to The Glazo Co., Inc., East Rutherford, N. J., and back will come your money!

GLAZO

Polish Wears Longer

Ask your dealer, too, for Glazo's **NAIL-COTE**, a marvelous new polish foundation that contains wax. Nail-Cote gives *super* wear and brilliance to your manicure. Guards your nails against splitting, cracking and breaking. Helps relieve nail brittleness.

PICTURE PARADE

PYGMALION

—AAAA—

So you think you're seeing things. We did, too, but it isn't so. This *is* George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* and with screen play and dialogue by the brilliant wit himself. Now don't jump at conclusions, Shaw hasn't gone Hollywood. For years Shaw has been selfish enough to keep his Shavian wit off the screen. It was our loss but we think Shaw will admit it was his loss, too, when he stops to think how much satisfaction—both spiritual and material—he could have raked in during all these years via the silver screen. For there's no doubt that Shaw will get satisfaction; so will Mr. Howard who not only acts in this but also co-directed with Anthony Asquith. You've probably read or seen the play, but in case your memory needs to be refreshed it's the story of a Cockney guttersnipe who is transformed into a lady to please the ego and humor of *Higgins*, a professor of phonetics. You may not agree with Shaw's reasoning but you will agree with us that *Pygmalion* is grand comedy and that Wendy Hiller as *Eliza* and Leslie Howard as *Higgins* are nothing short of perfect.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

DAWN PATROL

—AAAA—

You probably think we're prejudiced or something the way we have been tossing those four stars at Warner Brothers' pictures lately but we can't help it if they supply us with such fare as *Four Daughters, The Sisters, Angels With Dirty Faces*, etc., etc. But, we really don't have to make any excuses for ourselves not if you have seen any or all of the above. So take our word for it and go to see *Dawn Patrol*—the most thrilling air epic since *Wings*. And it has a powerful and timely message—one which no one can afford to miss in these crucial times. In fact it was so potent that the producers had to tone it down, but even with dilution it hasn't lost its potency. There isn't a woman in the case but you don't miss them—not with the splendid cast they give you. There's Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, David Niven, Donald Crisp and Melville Cooper, among others, all officers in the Royal Flying Corps. The time is 1916 and the place, the British front. Yes, it's a war picture and all that goes with it, including the broken hearts and broken bodies. The characterizations are as close to perfection as you've ever seen.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

MOST UN-stay-put party of the month was the one Sneezing Billy Gilbert gave for Milton Berle and a gang of Hollywoodians. . . . "Bring your own taxi!" said Billy's invitations. The guests did—everybody chartered a taxicab. Milton, himself, gagged it up—he hunted all over the studio prop department and rented a 1909 French taxicab for the evening! . . . Everybody gathered at Billy's, where they started with cocktails. Then, each in his own taxi, they paraded all over town for dinner, staying put only long enough for one course at a time. . . . Soup at the Trocadero, then tick-tick-tick in their taxi's to the LaMaze, for fish. Tick tick tick some more, and meat at Eaton's Steak House. More ticking of taximeters, and they were at the Brown Derby for dessert. Whiz again, and it was coffee time at the Biltmore Bowl. . . . And finally, the last stop was the Cocoanut Grove—for dancing, et cetera. . . . Gladdest of all who enjoyed the party were the taxi drivers. My, my, my, what taxi bills. . . .!!

AROUND the nitespots: Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, acting like newlyweds in a dark corner at the Bublichki . . . Joy Hodges and Lee Bowman twosoming in the Town House's Zebra Room . . . Slapsy Maxie's jitter-joint the rendezvous for Jane Wyman and Jerry Wald . . . Richard Arlen with his current heartbeat, Virginia Grey the so-lovely, at the House of Murphy . . . Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino, just as happy as though they weren't mrandmrs now, stuffing steak at Eaton's.

IF you can't get time off to go to Mexico, bring Mexico to Hollywood . . . that was Anita Louise's idea, the other night, when she threw a party at her home at the beach. Guests included Paulette Goddard, the Aldous Huxleys, Connie Collier, others . . . Anita went Mexican in a big way, and the food wasn't out of chili cans, either. She hired two real Mexican chefs and transported them all the way from Los Angeles' famed Olvera Street—which hasn't been allowed to change from what it was when the town was just a Mexican-American settlement called La Ciudad de Los Angeles . . . They dished up a marvelous—but hot!—dinner of tacos and tamales and enchiladas and Chicken Chapultepec and huacamoles. There was even tequila, for those who could drink it in the Mexican manner—with a gulp of salt to take the taste out of the mouth . . . And to top off the atmospheric business, while the guests were out on the beach after dinner, along came two Mexican musicians, with colorful clothes, and guitars and lovely voices.

MORE stepping out by night—Joy Hodges at the Tropics, this time, with Cy Bartlett—my, my, how the gal gets around! . . . Pat Rooney Junior squiring pretty Joan Woodbury at the Club Bali . . . Franchot Tone, stagging it, at Mike Lyman's place . . . Walter Wanger with Joan Bennett at the LaMaze . . . Helen Wood and Alexander D'Arcy doing some neat stepping at La Conga . . . Peter Lorre having a solo gustatory swell time at expensive Perino's . . . Birthday Gift of the Month was the one unveiled at the impromptu birthday party given Joe Penner, the other night, when he finished his broadcast at the Columbia station . . . The gift came from Kate Smith—all of her!—and consisted of a huge cake, with frosting, topped with (you guessed it!) three yellow ducks . . .!! !Who's Whose at the Niteries: George Brent all wrapped up in Nancy Torres at the Victor Hugo . . . Don Barry monopolizing June Lang at the Tropics, and nary an A. C. Blumenthal in sight- . . . Johnny Weissmuller with that San Francisco society gal he's gaga about, Beryl Scott, at the House of Murphy . . . Marsha Hunt and Jerry Hopper, eye-gazing at Lindy's . . . Charley Grayson, the writer, and Nancy Carroll, the redhead, making things caloric around their table at Club 17 . . .

BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT- event of the month in Hollywood was the appearance of Believe-It-Or-Not Robert Ripley at 20th Century-Fox studios . . . The Believe-It-Or-Not angle was this: in all his career, seeing strange things all over the world, Ripley had never before in his life set foot inside the walls of a Hollywood movie studio!! So when he appeared at 20th-Fox to check in for work on a series of shorts, the publicity department made hay while Ripley shone—and threw a luncheon. Present, beside newsmen, were Joan Davis, Lynn Bari, Arleen Whelan, Marj Weaver, Arthur Treacher and Jean Hersholt, who introduced Ripley . . . And everybody ah-ed and oo-ed while Ripley told of all the amazing things he has seen . . . Replied Hersholt: "You ain't seen nothin' yet, Mr. Ripley. You're in Hollywood now." Night-sights: Dick Purcell and June Travis at the Bublichki, which is one of filmdom's favorite rendezvous for happy couples, married or about to be . . . Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone being happy though married at the Wilshire Bowl . . . and Mary Astor and Hubby Manuel del Campo, cooing at the Club Cercle.

The Boss is a "SOUR PUSS" all I ever get is a glare!

Girls who click, in jobs and on dates, avoid underarm odor with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Mum is such a *dependable* aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!

IT'S ONE THING MEN WON'T FORGIVE. EVEN IN WINTER YOU'RE NEVER SAFE - UNDERARMS ALWAYS NEED MUM.
TO HERSELF: LOOKS LIKE MUM HAS SAVED MY ROMANCE. BILL'S RUSHED ME ALL EVENING.
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins— *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.*

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

TEST
Thynmold
for 10 days
. . . at our
expense!

GIRDLE OR BRASSIERE may be worn separately

Appear
SLIMMER
. . . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES *Smoothed Out* **INSTANTLY!**

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly CORRECT YOUR FIGURE FAULTS

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFO-LASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate...its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Send for free illustrated folder

BEFORE . . . A Bulging Reflection in Your Ordinary Girdle

AFTER . . . Sizes Smaller . . . No Bulges . . . in Thynmold!

Thynmold GIRDLES

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Dept. 133, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name..
Address..

PICTURE PARADE

SWEETHEARTS

—AAA½—

We've waited a long time for the sweethearts of the screen—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy—and *Sweethearts* but now that we've seen the result we believe it was worth waiting for. Imbued with Technicolor, a strong cast, beautiful production and screen play by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, *Sweethearts*, has all the ingredients that spell ENTERTAINMENT. As you know this is based on the operetta of the same name and has the immortal melodies of Victor Herbert, but the background is modern. Jeanette MacDonald is simply ravishing in natural color and her gorgeous costumes by Adrian will leave the feminine audiences gasping. Her voice is as lyrically beautiful as ever. Nelson Eddy is in splendid voice, too, and color adds a new personality to the baritone. It is really refreshing to see these two in a modern play and with lines to speak that make them human and real. Other outstanding members in the cast are Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, Florence Rice, Mischa Auer, Herman Bing, Reginald Gardiner, Allyn Joslyn and a host of others.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE BEACHCOMBER

—AAA½—

Why Hollywood let such a fine actor as Charles Laughton escape is beyond our reasoning. Unless it was Laughton who escaped from Hollywood. This certainly seems more logical because we must credit Hollywood with its sense of value—particularly box-office value. And as for Laughton escaping from Hollywood, we think we can understand why a great artist like Laughton would want to get away. But this gets us neither here nor there. The fact remains that Laughton is a superb artist and so it is a pity that we have to be deprived of his talents and have to depend on the chance—which isn't often—of seeing him in a foreign film. We aren't criticizing foreign films, remember, we are only deploring the fact that we don't see as many as we'd like. The picture is practically pure characterization and Mr. Laughton paints a masterpiece. If he were a painter instead of an actor his name would be added to the other great masters such as Rembrandt, Goya, El Greco, *et al.* The other important character—and we do mean important—is Elsa Lanchester a missionary on the tiny island in Malay.—*Pommer-Laughton-Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 68]

DARK VICTORY

It looks as though Humphrey Bogart is *the* man in Bette Davis' life but when you see *Dark Victory* you'll discover that Bette's reel love is George Brent. Here Humphrey forgets to remember that he is only Bette's (stable) groom

A DIFFERENT KIND OF HOLD-UP FOR JESSE JAMES

When Jesse James told them to put them up they did . . . or else. He put them up, too, but only for his young bride who put up with the rascally Jesse because she loved him. Tyrone Power and Nancy Kelly are the principals in this colorful drama of the Missouri bandit who made history

CAN WILLIAM POWELL *Come back*

BY DAN CAMP

IF POWELL CAN FIND THE INCENTIVE TO CARRY ON—AND HE WILL FIND IT WITH YOUR HELP—THERE'S NO DOUBT HE WILL BE RIGHT BACK AT THE TOP AGAIN

WHEN you come right down to it, I don't know about this much-ballyhooed "comeback" of William Powell. . . !

Sure, sure, sure—he's all signed up with M-G-M, and on a seven-year contract, too. And uh-huh, I know that he's all ready, as this is written, to start work before the cameras in *The Return of the Thin Man.*

And I know that everybody's rubbing hands and smiling and being happy, here in Hollywood, that Bill (let's call him Bill, the name he's known by in Hollywood) has staged a come-back. Endless columns of twaddle have been written about it—and about how brave and heroic he's been, and all that.

Personally, I believe Bill Powell dislikes that sort of thing more than anyone else who's read it. That sort of sob-sister stuff is a pain in the epiglottis to our Mr. Powell. If he ever lays his eyes on some of the unadulterated hooey that's been peddled about how he went through the valley of death and came out re-born, and such balloon-stuffing, he'll have a relapse, sure as shootin'!

As a matter of fact, Bill Powell hasn't "come back" at all, yet. He may. On the other hand, he most definitely may not. It's not his new contract, nor is it the fact that he's already working on that *Thin Man* picture, that settles the question of: "Can William Powell Come Back?"

Not until the [*Continued on page 76*]

After a siege of illness the cameras grind again on Powell who will bring to you *The Return of the Thin Man*—with Myrna Loy

WOMAN STARS IN

THE MINUTE A MALE STAR WEDS A FILM BEAUTY HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A SUBORDINATE ROLE. THERE ARE MANY REASONS WHY MR. HUSBAND PLAYS SECOND FIDDLE IN STAR MARRIAGES

By FRED COLTON

NOBODY goes around Hollywood calling Clark Gable "Mr. Lombard." Nor does anyone call Robert Taylor "Mr. Stanwyck."

There's a reason. The boys aren't married.

If Messrs. Gable and Taylor were married to Carole Lombard and Barbara Stanwyck, respectively, there is no reason to believe they wouldn't take the usual beating. The film town hasn't become any more polite or considerate of its stars' husbands. Nor has there been a change in the system which inevitably gives the husband the raw end of the deal, even when he's a bigger star than his bride. Marriage to a glamor girl soon whittles him down to her size—and smaller.

It is this, in the opinion of the writer, that causes duos such as Gable-Lombard, Taylor-Stanwyck and others to shy away from marriage. The couples are afraid, and wisely so.

In many instances it is the women who do the shying. The men might take a chance. Carole Lombard wouldn't want to see Gable get the setback William Powell got when she and Bill were Hollywood's gayest, craziest and in many ways happiest couple. And certainly Barbara wouldn't want Taylor to get the deal handed out to Frank Fay.

Both these women fought valiantly, in their separate fashions, to save their marriages. It was no use. Fay got out of pictures altogether, and Powell didn't really hit his earlier stride until *The Thin Man* set him on top of the heap.

Stars will keep on marrying stars. Point to Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, if you wish, as the example of a happy double-star marriage. Nobody wishes them more luck than ye olde author, but he'll point right back that Powell hasn't gained prestige in films since the marriage, while Joan, despite her adventure in motherhood, has attained star billing. Today they're at least equal box-office attractions; probably Joan has the edge. Before their marriage, Dick was well ahead.

We'll cite many other names and examples presently, and examine also the star-civilian romances, such as that just-ended Bette Davis-Harmon O. Nelson affair. But first let us see why it's always the man who takes the licking when star weds star.

THE instant a male star is married to a film beauty, even if she's only an ingenue lead, he finds himself in a real-life supporting role. The deadliest phase of this isn't that nasty little Hollywood whim of calling him by his wife's name, and heaping similar insults upon him in the guise of good, clean fun. It's the working of a system that transfers a big share of his fans to his wife. Here is what happens:

Hubby has his thousands of followers. Comes news of the wedding, so, naturally, his fans flock to see his wife's next picture, simply to get a good look at the woman who married their favorite. They—temporarily at least—join *her* army of fans. Women who had a crush on the male star want to see what kind of a woman won his heart. Men think that the fact that guy—who could have anybody!—married her, is a big recommendation for her charms.

The studio immediately feels this profitable surge of box-office favor toward the woman star, even if most of it affects only her next two or three films. It takes up her option, boosts her salary, gives her better billing, finds her a better director, and gets her a better story for her next vehicle!

Meanwhile, just because the star-wife is a woman, she is getting nine-tenths of their total publicity. This is particularly true of photographs, which appear everywhere—in magazines, news-

[*Continued on page* 65]

After two marital experiences Lew Ayres' stock went down. But after separating from Ginger Rogers he's a favorite again

HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES

Ed Norris zoomed back into public favor when he and Ann Sheridan got a divorce

Doug Fairbanks has fine career ahead of him now—but not when married to Joan

After Bill Powell and Carole Lombard were divorced, Bill started climbing

Joan Blondell now equals Dick Powell at box-office. Before marriage he was ahead

Gene Raymond's films don't come so often since he married Jeanette MacDonald

Alice Faye overshadows Tony Martin on the screen. He's active as radio singer

NEW HOPE FOR WIVES

(Myrna's Not Perfect)

By
FAITH SERVICE

THOSE HUSBANDS WHO'VE BEEN TAUNTING THEIR WIVES ABOUT MYRNA LOY'S PERFECTIONS MUST SING A NEW TUNE. FOR LOY ADMITS SHE'S NOT PERFECT. WIVES NEEDN'T FEEL SO HOPELESS NOW WHEN HUBBIES SING HER PRAISES

Wives and sweethearts will love Myrna for admitting she has perfect imperfections. By the way, that makes her more human and lovable than ever, doesn't it, fellows?

"RECENTLY," said Myrna, "I have been horrified—." The minute I heard this coming from one of the truly poised actresses of Hollywood it left me quite breathless. I kept repeating to myself, *Myrna has been horrified!* What have we here? Something startling and shocking, no doubt! An upheaval, mayhap, in the streamlined smoothness of the Loy life. A skeleton in the closet—about to rattle its bones? No, it couldn't be that! Myrna's eyes were too reflective—not brooding, not bitter. Maybe she'd just been reading a murder mystery.

We were lunching together in the lovely dining-room of the Hornblow home in Hidden Valley. Such a house as dreams are made of—that is Myrna's home. Lovely green and yellow chintzes. White Venetian blinds. The hallway papered in patterned yellow and white. A low, capacious round table with magazines, books and all sorts of silver boxes and charming old glass bowls. Old pieces of satin-smooth wood, long-aged and long-loved, a kidney-shaped table, delicate and small, a cabriolet.

Bowls of flowers from Myrna's gardens. Tall, white and gold daisies in vases banked back of a round cuddly couch done in green glazed chintz. Tawny-breathed chrysanthemums. Winter roses. Nooks and crannies from which odd and colorful pieces of china look with delight upon the delighted eye. For, in Myrna's house, the eye is delighted, wherever it may rest. A long, wide mirror, between windows, framed in ivy leaves cut from silvery green metal. Lamps whose bases are white owls, very old and correspondingly wise.

You have the feeling that loving fingers have chosen every piece in every room, saying: "You belong here." The windows, looking out on the dark green rolling mountains which cradle Hidden Valley, show peaks creamed with mist and sunshine. You also see a citrus grove, a swimming pool, the gay deck chairs and couches. You note tubs of marguerites and grandmotherly geraniums—all very casual and comfy and delicious and Loyish. Five acres of it. . . .

"You must love the feel of owning land," I said to Myrna.

"I do," she told me, "it's the farmer in me, from Montana days. . . ."

And Myrna in a dusty pink sweater (which she did *not* knit herself) and a dark skirt, chains of blue and dusty pink glass beads about her throat. Bracelets of the same on her arm . . . and her red hair, and her green eyes, and her firm red mouth, and her freckles . . . what could such a star, in such a setting, find to be "horrified" about? Nothing, I decided dismally. You can't get a headline out of a home where daisies grow!

I said, "It's so *lovely* . . . it looks so lived-in. . . ."

She said: "And a little *dusty*, I hope, and settled into the earth . . . I want it to be like that. . . ."

"To anyone who comes into it," I said, "it would, at once, be home. . . ."

"That's nice to hear," said Myrna.

I said: "Do you only have to say 'I want it to be like that'—and it *is* like that—about everything?"

"Oh, no," said Myrna. "No, I'm happy to say. That would be too dull. . . ."

It was over the consomme and the tiny Russian rolls made by Serge, Myrna's (death-to-women's-figures) Russian cook, that Myrna announced: "Recently, I have been horrified—"

"Yes!" I inquired, not too hopefully. . . .

"I've suddenly realized," Myrna went on, "that *I'm typed again.* You remember how hard I worked to struggle out of Oriental make-up, slant eyes, and all that? Only to discover that I am typed again. I first realized this when it was suggested that I might play the part of Lady Esketh in the *The Rains Came.* What," asked Myrna

[*Continued on page 67*]

TO BREAK INTO THE MOVIES

By
JAMES REID

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF WAYS OF BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES BUT WE'LL GO EASY ON YOU AND GIVE YOU ONLY 101. SOME OF THESE EXAMPLES ARE FANTASTIC AND PROVE THAT OPPORTUNITY WAITS AROUND THE CORNER

1

EVERY time you are attracted to a newcomer on the screen, you wonder where he—or she—came from. You also wonder what he—or she—did to get a movie break. And, if you are completely human, you wonder once in a while what *you* might do to land on the screen.

There are, apparently, countless ways to catch Hollywood's jaundiced eye. So many ways that no one has ever attempted to estimate them. There are a hundred and one different (yea, and sometimes amazing) ways. Here they are, in black and white, straight out of the records.

Look them over. Compare them. Note which ones call for a modicum of talent, which ones require colossal nerve, which ones demand luck. They may help you to decide how *you* can break into the movies. Who knows? They may even help you to decide to give up the whole idea.

1. In white tie and tails, attend a party on a British battleship at Santa Barbara . . . wake up, the morning after, off Catalina, being dumped, bedraggled, into a film company launch . . . talk yourself into a lift to Hollywood . . . step out of a car in front of a director you have met socially in England—who, amused, will offer you a screen test. That's how David Niven broke into the movies.

2. Look your best when dining out, and dine at the right places at the right time. Wendy Barrie, Maureen O'Sullivan and Sally Eilers were discovered at cafe tables—in London, Dublin and Hollywood, respectively.

3. Be the offspring of a famous actor. Joan and Constance Bennett, Tyrone Power, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ida Lupino all found that it helped.

4. Be born to Italian factory workers . . . sing like a lark without training . . . convince your home-town you have talent . . . go to Hollywood on pennies donated by school-children . . .get a Sunday night tryout at the Trocadero. Leni Lynn just landed a contract thusly.

5. Learn how to make funny noises, and funny faces to go with them, then go to Hollywood and make them. Rufe Davis did.

6. As soon as you learn how to toddle, start learning how to dance. If you become good at it, you'll be discovered by the movies 15 to 25 years later. At least, F. Astaire, E. Powell and O. Bradna were.

7. Become a professional ribber—hire out to movie folk to "insult" guests at parties. Vince Barnett practical-joked his way into films.

8. Invent a weird musical instrument . . . play in carnivals eight years, then eight years in vaudeville . . . hobo through 48 states, listening to tall yarns . . . then tell them with a drawl and a straight face. Bob Burns is cashing in now on that formula.

9. Go to a college whose dramatic club makes amateur movies that some producer may see. That's how a producer discovered Andrea Leeds.

10. Be a sister of a movie actress. Loretta Young got her break by being Polly Ann Young's sister.

11. Know a movie actress—who won't be afraid to introduce you to a casting director. As, for example, Lynne Carver knew Polly Ann Young.

12. Do something that will land you in the world's headlines. Be a quintuplet. Head for Los Angeles in a flying crate and land in Ireland.

13. Pursue a famous star to Hollywood and marry him. Elaine Barrie pursued and married John Barrymore—and she's in the movies now.

14. Dare to do stunts that stars don't. You may never be a star yourself, but you may double for them—like Ione Reed.

15. If you've never acted in your life, and an agent, mistaking you for someone else, asks what acting you've done, talk fast. Take a tip from Alan Mowbray.

16. Become the world's champion ice-skater, then head for Hollywood. If Hollywood ignores you, put on an exhibition. The Sonja Henie way.

17. Look like a combination of Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power. Richard Greene did.

18. If you're going to a Hollywood talent school, [*Continued on page* 58]

WHAT PUBLICITY HAS DONE

Frenzied publicity had Bob dizzy for a while, but now he has learned to stay normal, be himself, take things in stride

When sent to England to make *Yank at Oxford* Bob was given he-man role for change instead of the usual lover

TO ROBERT TAYLOR

By
HOPE WILSON

MOTION PICTURE TELLS YOU OF THE MANY THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO BOB TAYLOR ONCE IT WAS DECIDED TO CASH IN ON HIS AMAZING POPULARITY. IF HE WAS PUZZLED, HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?

YOU never have read a completely frank interview with Robert Taylor. The press-agents have seen to that. They haven't tried to keep him from being candid. They haven't tried to muzzle him. They have muzzled the interviewers, instead.

It's too bad there hasn't been anybody to muzzle the press-agents. Bob would be a happier man today.

As things now operate in Hollywood, press-agents can tell the public anything they please about a player, and no one quizzing him can tell anything to the contrary.

It's all very neatly arranged. Suppose you want to interview Robert Taylor—or any other star. You can't get inside a studio without a Hays' office card. To get such a passport, you must sign a pledge that if you obtain a story through a studio, you will show your story to that studio before publication. If the press-agents ask you to omit certain things from your story, you must omit them. If they ask you to kill the entire story, you must kill it. And what if you refuse? You will become an outcast.

Studios claim that they are only preventing stars from being misquoted. The way the system works, however, studios are only preventing stars from being quoted frankly. They do that much censoring, even of quotes jotted down in shorthand.

That is, some of them do. A few press-agents believe that anything in print, short of scandal, is good publicity. But too many believe that the public should read only the things about a player that they want the public to read. They squelch any counter-revelations.

Bob's interviewers have had to take much squelching—not only after interviews, but before. Particularly during the past year.

They have been warned not to broach certain topics to Bob. His romance with Barbara Stanwyck, for one. His late-lamented slump in popularity, for another. The new he-man build-up, for a third. His moody spells, for a fourth.

A few writers have ignored the warnings and ask[illegible]bidden questions. Bob has answered them frankly. But the writers haven't been able to get his answers past the self-appointed studio censors.

From the beginning, the press-agents have suppressed his private thoughts anent his public life. Today they are super-sensitive about what appears in print about him. They have reason to be super-sensitive. They have plenty on their consciences, in the line of what has appeared.

It isn't their fault that Bob is as normal today as he is. They have done everything to him but kill [*Continued on page* 56]

There's no difference between Bob and an[illegible] regular guy. He dresses for comfort, eats b[illegible] eggs like your hubby, daddy, boy friend o[illegible]

OUR OWN N

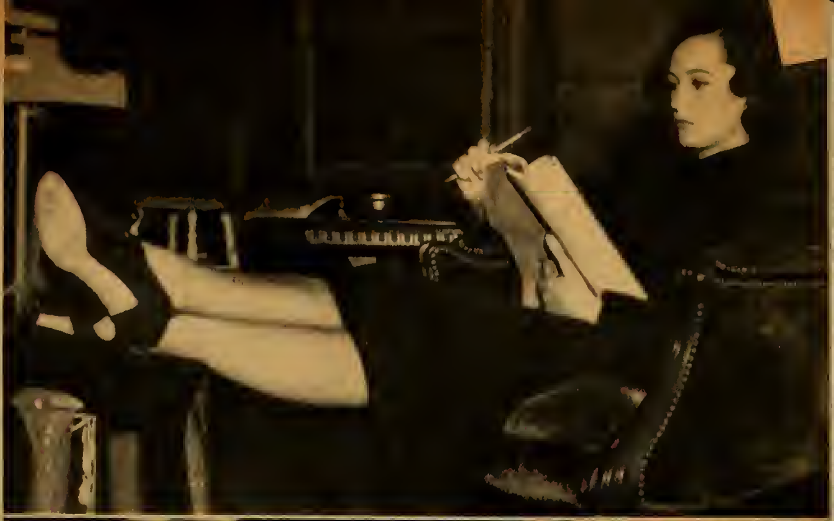
CANDID SHOTS OF THESE

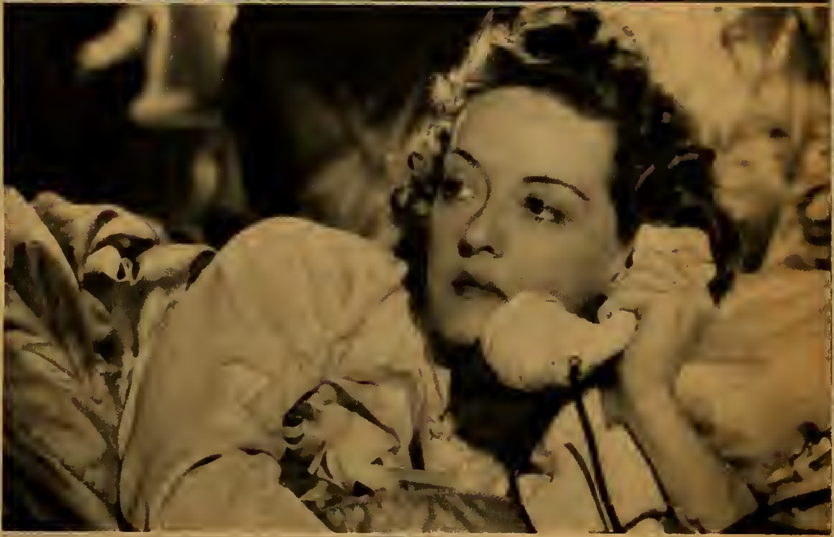
Left, down and below, finds rootin', tootin' hombre Jimmy Cagney in old-fashioned square dance with Rosemary Lane on *Oklahoma Kid* set . . . It's no "off-the-neck" hairdress for Joan Crawford who has hair arranged in favorite style for *The Shining Hour* . . . Former champ Jim Jeffries shows John Garfield the old left to the body that won him many a fight . . . Bob Taylor and Wally Beery are letting members of *Stand Up and Fight* company have it with snowballs . . . Jim Stewart can't leave those "phone numbers" alone, dates one of his many girl friends . . . Stop biting your thumb, Patric Knowles, your ma brought you up better than that. But it does help him to concentrate. Helen Broderick plays drums in role of Dick Powell's jitterbug aunt for *Always Leave Them Laughing*

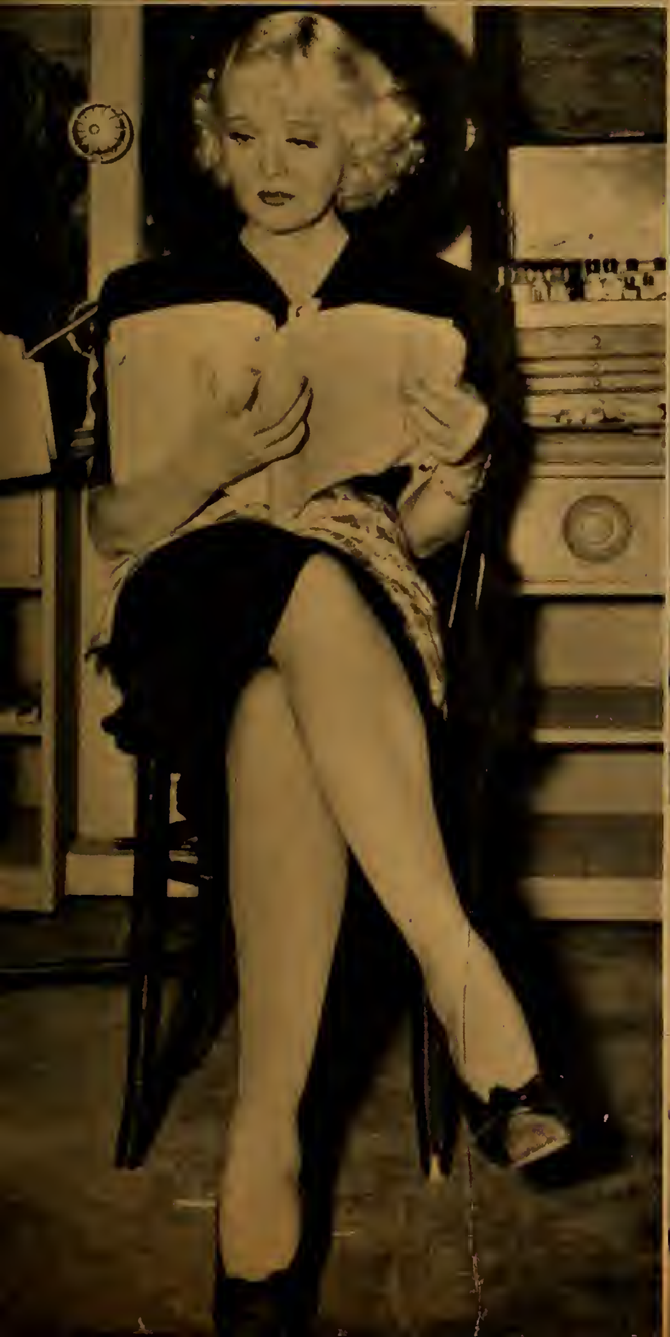
WS CAMERA

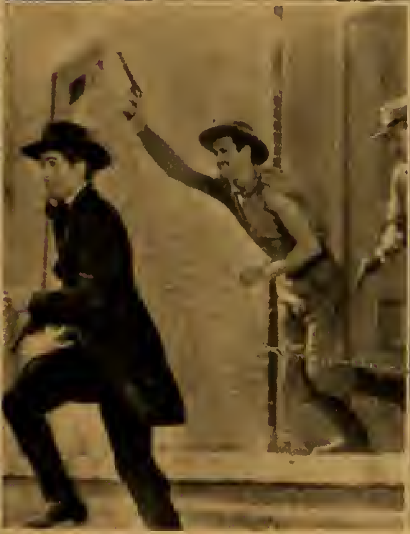
HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

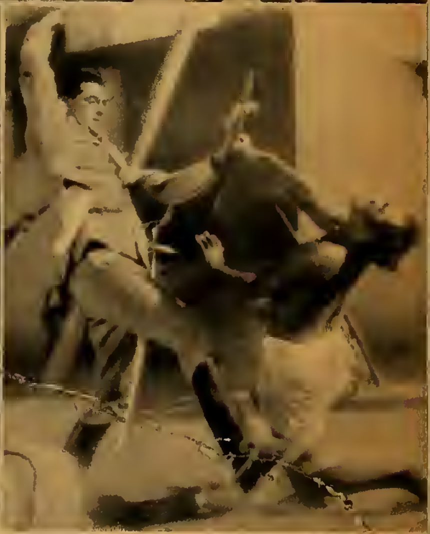
Right, down and below, brings you newcomer Geraldine Fitzgerald, Warner starlet, who rests her "pretties" on *Dark Victory set* . . . And Bette Davis, star of *Dark Victory*, is caught in candid close-up, phoning from sick bed . . . Tyrone (Jesse James) Power comes dashing out of bank, ready to shoot it out with the law . . . Cary Grant has big job on his hands subduing "native" in he-man fight for *Gunga Din* . . . Candid camera catches close-up of Merle Oberon's underpinnings as she relaxes at beach home . . . A whole lot of man exposes a whole lot of chest. While making desert scenes for *Gunga Din* it was so hot Vic McLaglen had to strip to the waist to cool off . . . When they have 'em they show 'em. Marion Martin shows 'em while studying script on set of *His Exciting Night*

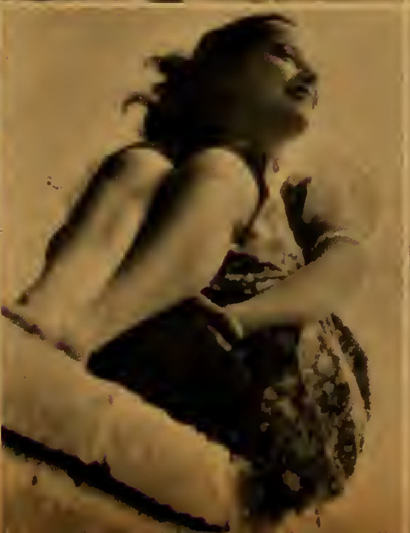


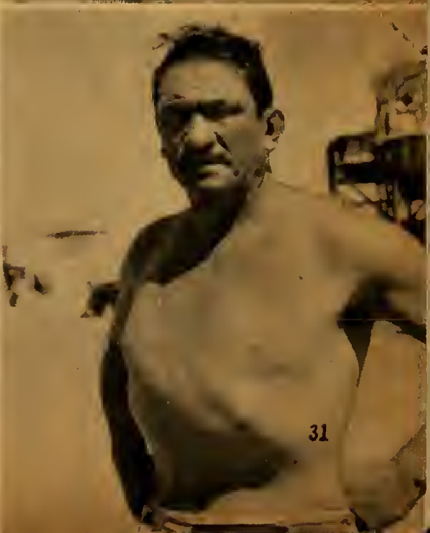












A DAY ON THE SET

When Luise is working her day starts at 7:30 a. m. She climbs into her car bids goodby to her pet Scottie, Johnny

Luise, wearing slacks, arrives at studio after speedy ride. She parks car and with script in hand walks to stage

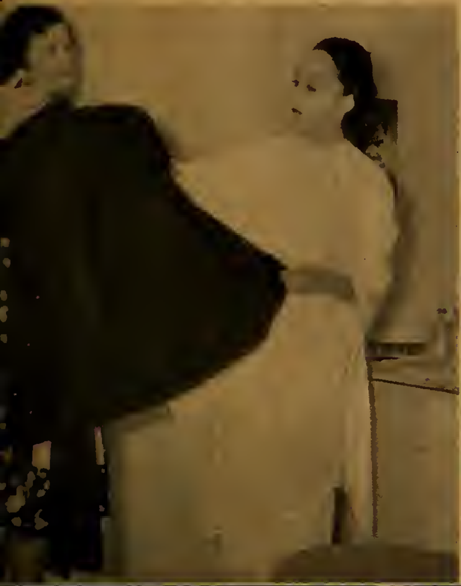
One of the first things to be done is have her hair arranged. Meanwhile Director LeRoy drops around for a chat

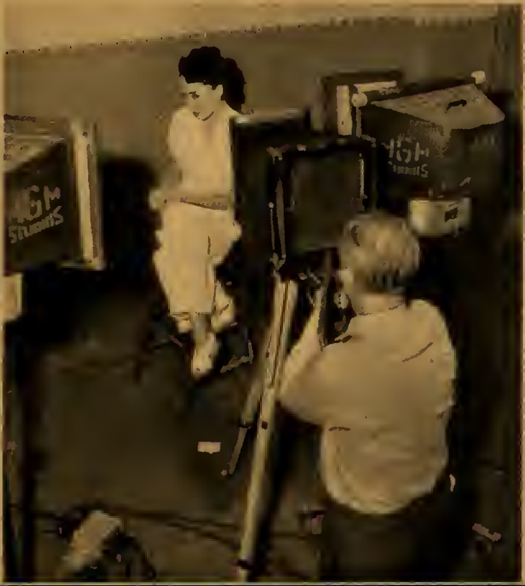
It's Cameraman Daniels' turn to talk with Luise on make-up. It must conform with his idea of lighting her features

As many scenes have been completed Luise pauses for lunch. She summons a bus boy from commissary—and scans the menu

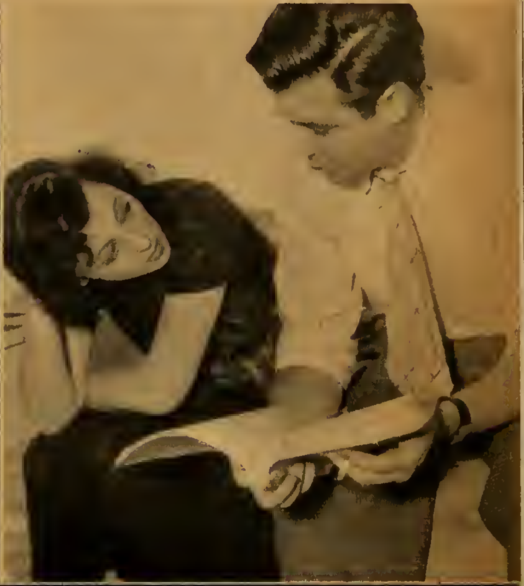
With lunch finished she comes back to set. As cameras are not quite ready for shooting she limbers up with exercises

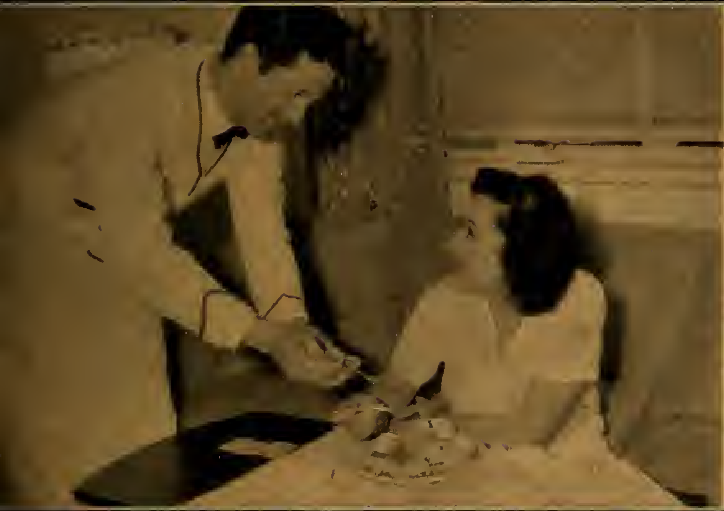
WITH LUISE RAINER

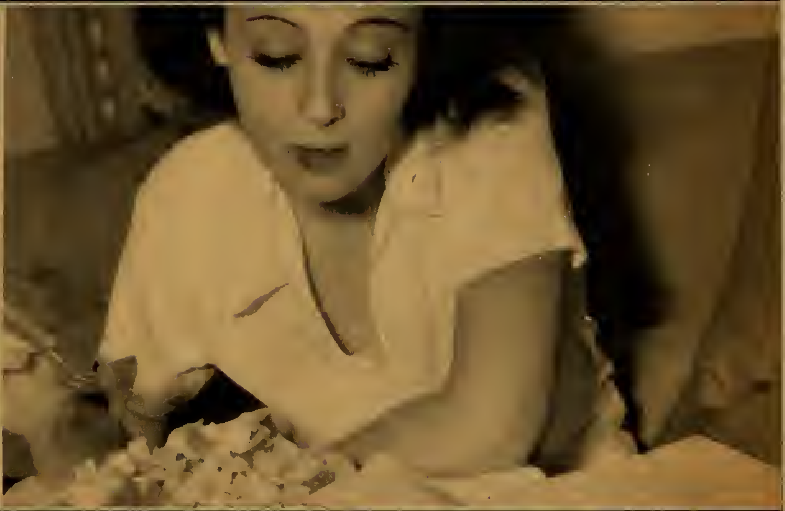

The hairdressing is interrupted by Marie, the wardrobe woman, who brings a knitted dress for the star's approval

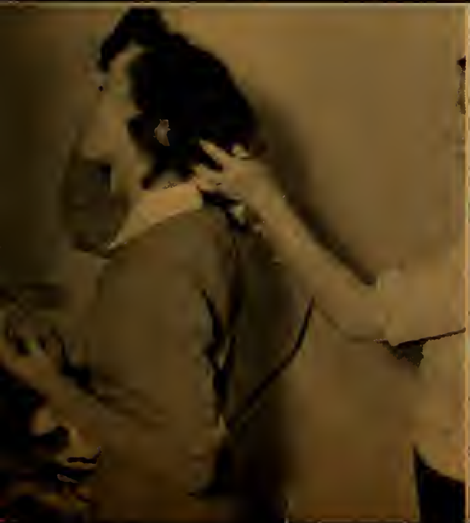


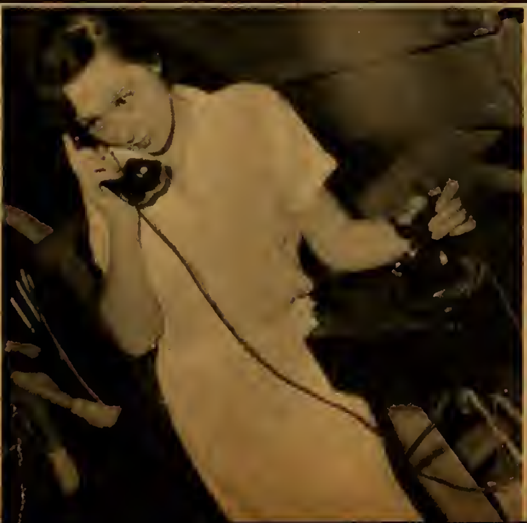
With the coiffure completed it must be photographed by Cameraman Grimes for future reference in the event of "retakes"

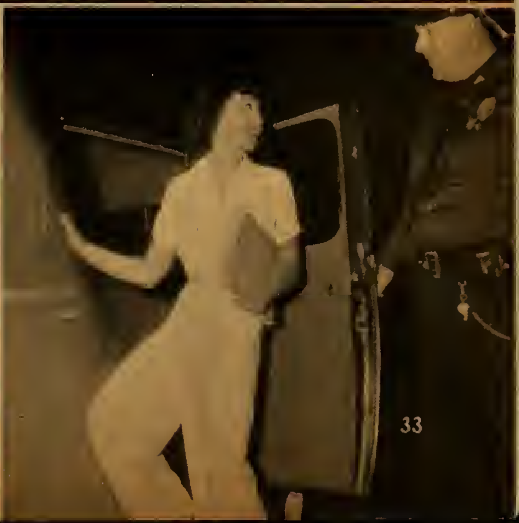

Shooting hasn't started yet as she has to go over bits of dialogue with Director Sinclair in charge of *Dramatic School*


Having removed her screen wardrobe she slips back into slacks, goes to dressing-room to eat lunch, study script


Luise doesn't seem to be making much headway with the salad as she pauses to study script and become letter-perfect

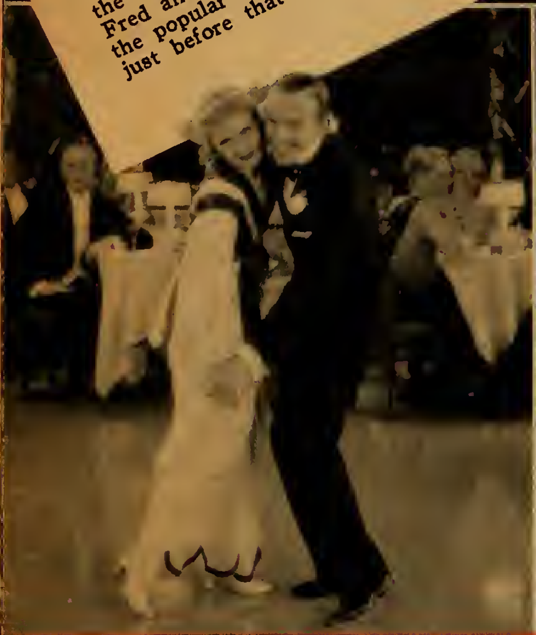

Luise has to have a different hair-do for the afternoon scenes, so a different hairdresser is called to arrange it


The shooting for the day is over and Luise, back in slacks and a bit weary, telephones home to order a good dinner

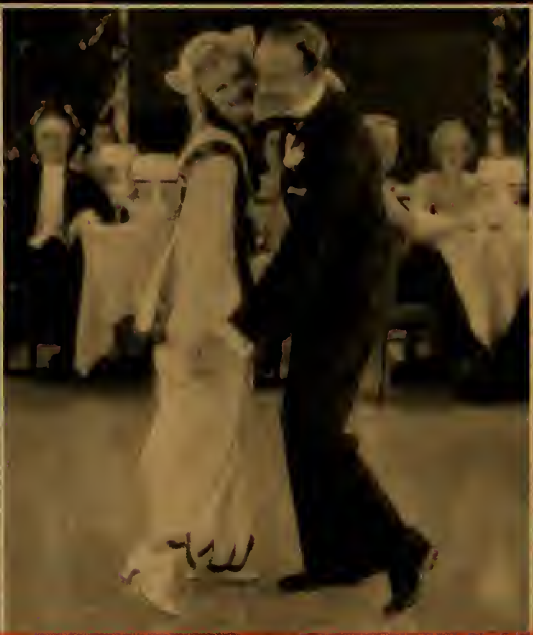

It's been a long day on the set and now 6:30 p.m. she enters car to return home for more study. Bids watchman good night

In their latest, *The Castles,* the King and Queen of Dance go into action again—doing the Maxixe . . . As Vernon and Irene Castle, who comprised the first famous dance team, Fred and Ginger go through the popular dance of the era just before that World War

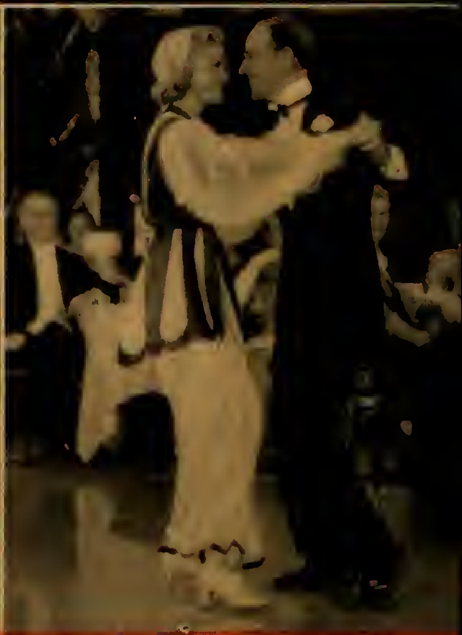
FRED AND GINGER



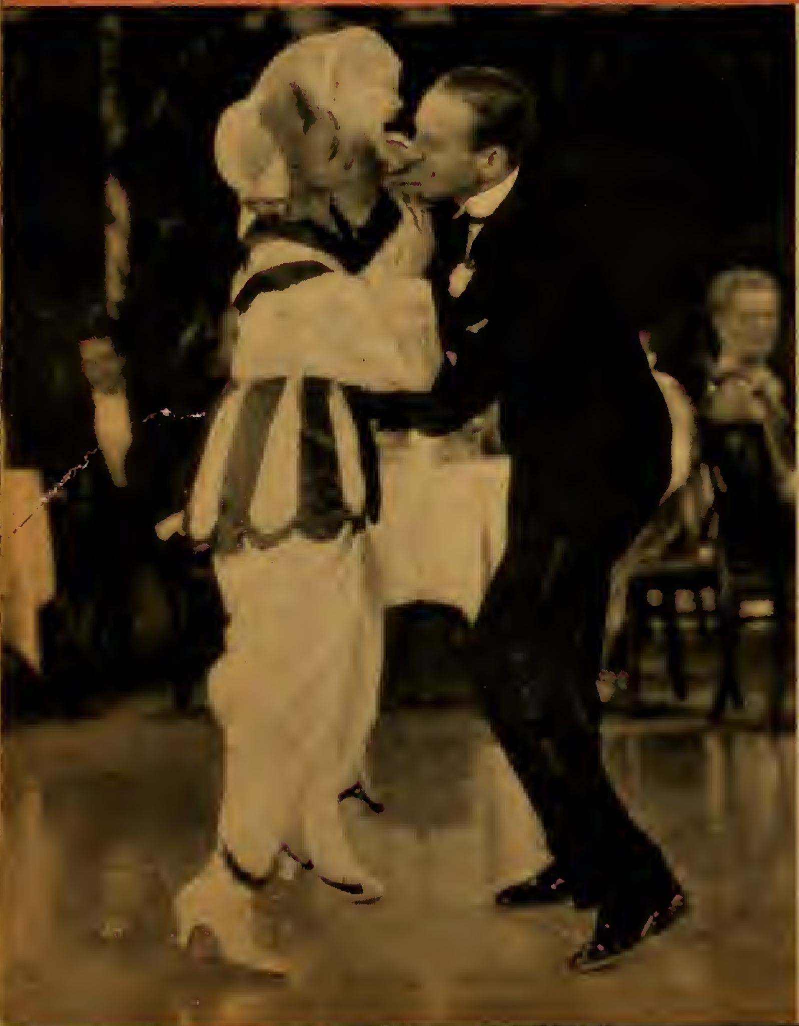
Fred and Ginger, in ball-room position, do the Maxixe step. It's a one, two, three step swaying and dipping, first down, then up



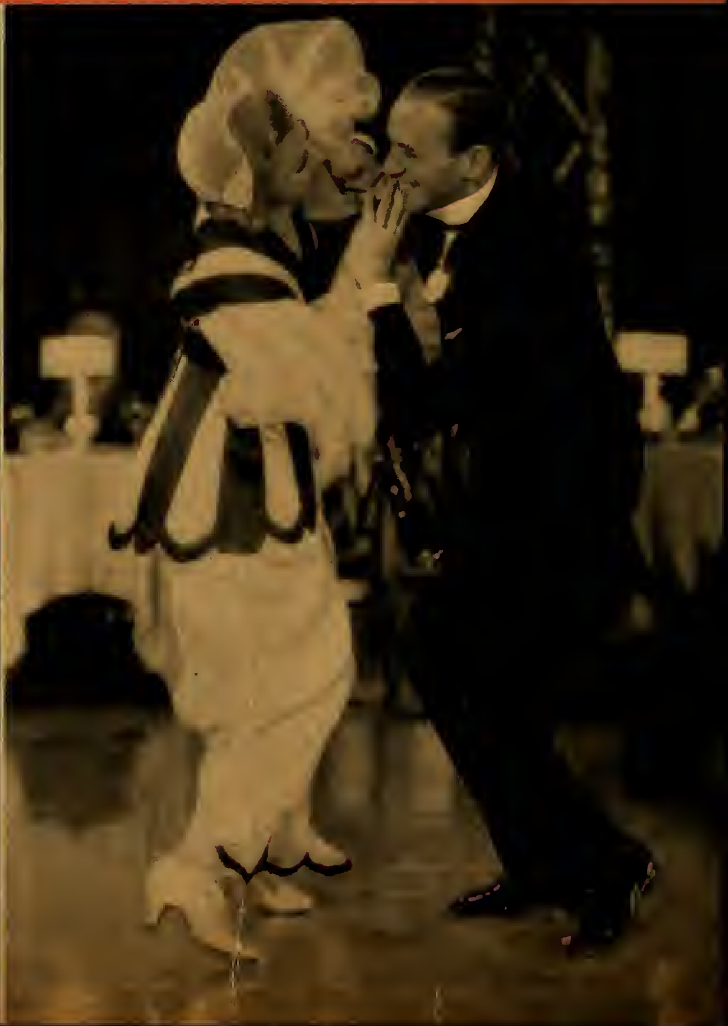
The Maxixe is sure to catch on with the present generation, sponsored by Fred and Ginger. They dip, ready to make slow turn



Fred and Ginger will make a turn before they face forward. The swaying, dipping stops for the moment. Note flexed knees

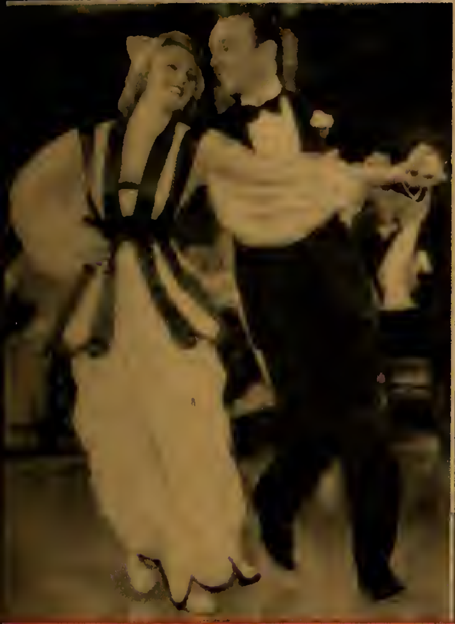


Fred and Ginger continue to repeat the Maxixe step on a one, two, three beat, following with the necessary swaying from side to side

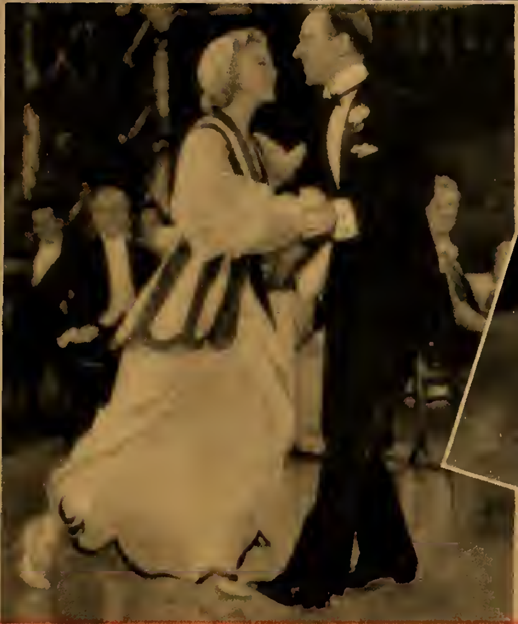


The dancers continue to hold hands in front of them at shoulder height as they do the Maxixe step. Don't they make it look easy?

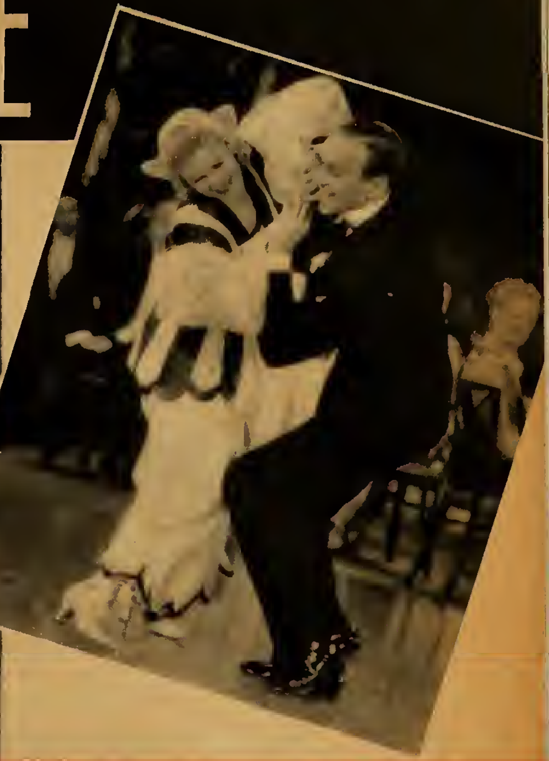
DO THE MAXIXE



The dancers, making a turn, face forward and travel straight ahead in toe and heel step—which has the flavor of the Tango

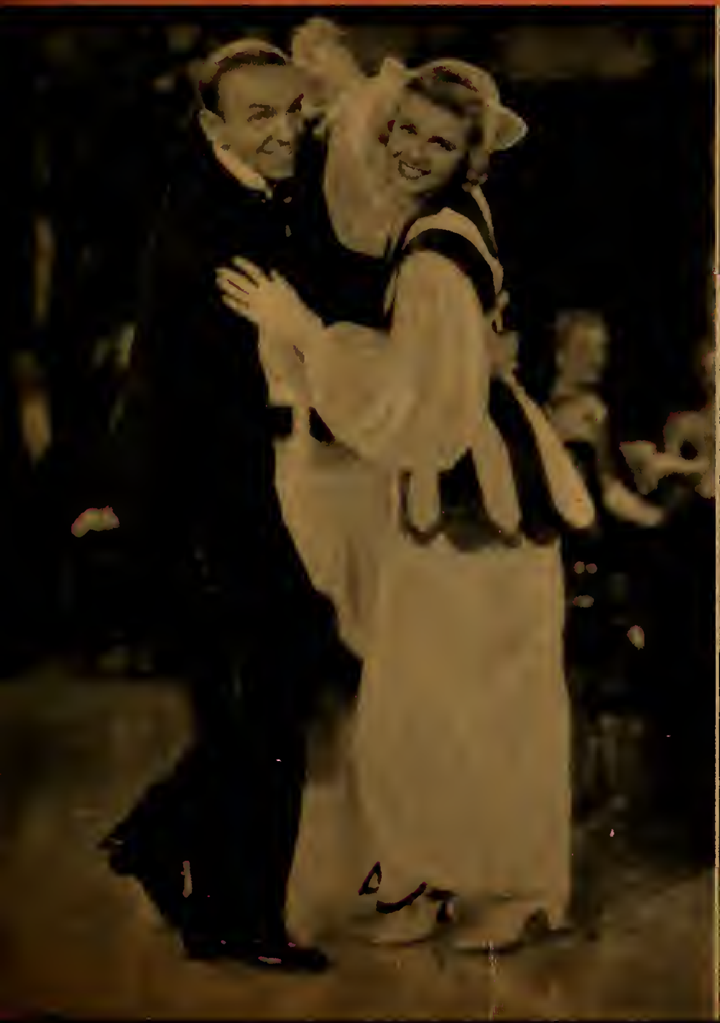


They turn back into original ball-room position and go into a deep dip. A Rhumba or Tango dancer can easily do the Maxixe

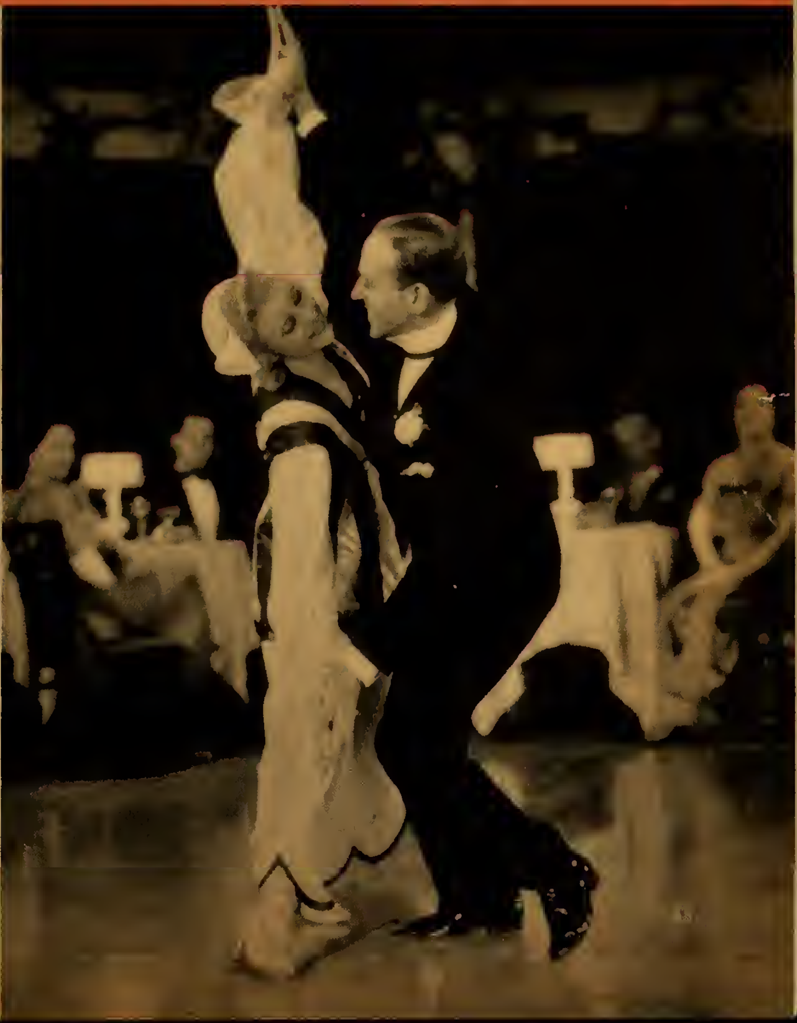


Fred and Ginger return to the Maxixe step —with both hands held in front of them at shoulder height—a very necessary routine

Now Fred and Ginger resume their ball-room position again and, as with the Tango, they take short, mincing steps backwards



The dance can go indefinitely, but usually ends when dancers extend both arms horizontally at sides, circle floor in Maxixe steps



SONJA HENIE'S ICE REVUE

Sonja's Ice Revue completes a Russian number at Polar Palace before starting tour

—*All photos by Charles Rhodes.*

The agile and graceful Sonja executes one of her astonishing jumps before she lands to spin like a top in dizzy whirl. Photos at right show her in confident execution of difficult routine

All Hollywood turned out to acclaim Sonja. Among those caught by candid cameras were Michael Whalen-Ilona Massey, Claudette Colbert-David Niven, Dolores Del Rio-Fay Wray

Sonja in dressing-room, is decked out in ballet costume. As soon as skates are tied she'll be on ice

One of Sonja's favorite numbers with all Revue spectators is her military execution of Parade of Wooden Soldiers

the "WIDOWS" OF HOLLYWOOD

By GLADYS HALL

THE TOWN TEEMS WITH TEARLESS "WIDOWS" WHO KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING WHILE THEIR HUBBIES PLAY GOLF, TENNIS, POLO, POKER, SAIL BOATS, ATTEND FIGHTS

Dixie Crosby is the champion "widow." Her Bing's love for golf and hosses has made her a Golf and Race-Track Widow. As for Dixie she has her kiddies, girl friends, money to spend and her knitting needles with which she knits little things

Dorothy Lamour, right, is an Orchestra Widow. When hubby Herb Kaye tours with band she stays in the home, or on the set or in the broadcasting studio—an' sometimes in the Cocoanut Grove listenin' to Vallee with a mutual friend or two

Mrs. Joan Blondell Powell, above, is a Yachting Widow. The reason she doesn't go along is because she gets awfully seasick

When Carole L. at top weds C. G. she'll never be "widowed." She enjoys skeet-shooting as much as the boy-friend

Madeleine Carroll is Long-Distance Widow—her husband being so far away in Mother England. She says distance makes the heart fonder

Lili Damita Flynn is a Wanderlust Widow. Her Errol may get it into his head any minute to sail the Seven Seas and wind up in Spain or Arabia. Lili may not even know where the body is

THIS town called Hollywood is simply teeming with tearless "widows." Indeed, The Merry Wives of Windsor were but wan spectres compared to the Merry Widows of Hollywood, who dance and sing, knit and spin and while away their loneliness in various pursuits as their husbands pursue their hobbies.

The "widows" of Hollywood wear weeds of blue and gold and scarlet and green—weeds of mink and sable and silver fox and baubles of square-cut emeralds and rubies . . . ("their husbands" say their neighbors enviously, have left them "well off") . . . weeds of imported models, too, and slacks and bobby-socks and hand-knit sweaters . . . Hollywood is the *knittingest* town in the world I am sure . . . the whirr of cameras, the click of the knitting-needle, these are the overtones of Hollywood. Because what is there for decent, self-respecting "widows" to do *but* knit? (Oh, yeah?)

For many of our little "widows" console themselves, as the freshness of their grief abates, by playing bridge, poker, and tennis now and then; they adopt babies; they belong to social charities; they even accept dates, now and then, with likely lads and hide their aching hearts under a sequin or two while doing the Lambeth Walk. They bear up under grief like little Columbines at a perpetual Harlequinade.

And these warm little "widows" are, usually, "widowed" immediately after their honeymoons. And their "widowhoods" continue as long as their marriages continue. Which may be all of one to ten years. Or, not to be cynical, forever, depending on the staying-power of the parties concerned.

Who are these "widows?" Well, they are not just [*Continued on page* 70]

MILLION DOLLAR PROBLEM CHILD

By **KATHARINE HARTLEY**

MICKEY ROONEY HAS "GROWING PAINS" AND BECAUSE OF THEM HE CREATES PLENTY OF PROBLEMS. PRODUCERS HAVE ALL THEY CAN DO TO KEEP UP WITH HIM

LIFE, it seems, writes the most ironical story twists—and Life has written such a one for Mickey Rooney, who for nigh on to sixteen years of his life sought fame as a child actor, to find it at last in his seventeenth year, just as he enters manhood.

All in a few months, when it was apparent that the *Judge Hardy* series had made a star of Mickey; when *Boystown* proclaimed him one of the biggest little successes in the whole movie industry, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discovered that they had a million dollar asset in this particular boy actor. In this same instant they also discovered that the boy actor they had just discovered was not such a little boy, as they would have wished him to be.

Mickey, while he was being discovered as a 'teen prodigy on the screen, was discovering himself as a maturing young man off the screen—and having one rosy whirl at it, too. He could be seen dashing around town in a smart roadster, top down, a cute girl at his side, a couple of pals in the rumble seat.

Saturday nights he could be seen stalking into the Cocoanut Grove, attired in a tuxedo, giving a commanding nod to the head-waiter, and a moment later he and his guests are seated at a ringside table, acting like grown-ups—though with perhaps a little more than the usual grown-up restraint, because Rooney and his pals don't drink. Just the same, visiting out-of-towners, seeing him there, are much surprised and a little shocked: so! Hollywood boy-actors—mere children—are allowed to gad about like this!

Daytimes too, around the studio, Mickey evidences an air of maturity which is scarcely in keeping with his youngster roles on the screen. Clark Gable has long been his idol, and as a result Mickey for many months, now, has endeavored to dress like Gable—in big woolie sport coats and vest-sweaters, his felt hat with the brim turned back too, a la Gable. Also he has mastered the Gable swagger, and always he carries the Gable prop, a pipe—sometimes clenched firmly between his teeth, sometimes just flourishing it in his hand. Like Gable, too, he calls all the waitresses "Honey" or "Toots." Once someone tried to admonish Mickey on this point: "Don't you think it's out-of-keeping for a youngster to address grown women like that?"

"Who's a youngster?" Mickey wanted to know belligerently, and in his gruffness there was something rather touching, because like every young man, Mickey hankers to grow up more than anything else in the world. And his wish is all the more poignant because of his small stature—only five-foot-two—which is the bane of his existence, his one very sore spot.

Commercially, this desire of Mickey's to be a man, is the one liability with which his studio has to cope. Mickey is a born actor, and if he is required to play youngster roles on the screen, he could probably "act" a youngster for another five or ten years—his miniature size abetting him of course. The acting Mickey, then, is no problem, but the off-screen Mickey is.

Mickey is the sort of personality who does not "hide" well—it would be impossible to keep the real-life Mickey a secret, because he is too active, too animated, too much into everything. Mickey lives good copy—his every doing, it seems, is meat for the press. All within one month Mickey bought a race-horse which answers to the name of Bing Crosby; invested in a prizefighter; entered the poultry business; popped up

[*Continued on page* 81]

Anger, spite, bluff, defiance, fear, hate and even the killer mood are caught in the emotional sweep of John Garfield for *They Made Me A Criminal.* Like Muni he has the gift for living a role. Like Muni he'll make good movies, bring patrons—for the Garfields never fail you

THEY MADE HIM A CRIMINAL

STUDIO MAKE-UP

JACK DAWN, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR GLAMORIZING SHEARER, CRAWFORD, LAMARR, LOY, MacDONALD, GARBO AND RAINER—AND INCLUDING GABLE AND TAYLOR, TELLS HOW HE MAKES THEM UP FOR STELLAR ROLES

JACK DAWN makes up some of the world's most glamorous women. For twenty-five years he has been enhancing the esthetic appeal of the darlings of the screen, and is responsible for the screen appearance of Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Ilona Massey, Rosalind Russell, Myrna Loy, Garbo and Luise Rainer—of the whole tremendous galaxy of M-G-M stars—including such masculine favorites as Clark Gable, Bob Taylor and Bob Montgomery.

He is tall, broad-shouldered, powerfully built, with a florid complexion and short curly hair. He speaks in a mild voice. He is one of the best informed, most charming and articulate men I've ever met. Formerly an actor and director, he is also a sculptor, painter, historian, ethnologist, chemist, and psychologist. An erudite man deeply versed in beauty lore. The two days I spent in his magic chambers, where the studio's stars and near-stars are made up, was a most enjoyable and instructive experience, and I pass on to you some of the secrets of his art, which he so kindly revealed to me.

"There is no excuse," he said, "for a woman to be unattractive. Beauty is within the reach of all. But a woman should know what to do and what not to do. Here we have developed the technique of make-up to its highest perfection. I don't mean to say that we have solved every beauty problem. But I think I can say we know more about make-up than the theatre—since the screen is far ahead of the theatre in this respect.

Making up men is a simple job unless they have to wear a character make-up such as is applied by Dawn to Reginald Owen for *Trouble For Two*

Dawn is also a sculptor and created a head of Louis XVI which served as a guide in making up Robert Morley for the role in *Marie Antoinette*

Dawn corrects many a facial fault by shading the nose. He applies shading to nose of Jo Ann Sayres, new M-G-M starlet

Dawn has to blend different shades of greasepaints to bring out the highlights of the stars for the camera

ARTIST CONFESSES

BY
LEON
SURMELIAN

"No matter how lovely, no woman is absolutely perfect. There are always a few things we can improve upon. Perhaps her eyes are a little too small, or too close or too wide apart, her nose is a little too long or too short, her jaws are a little too prominent. All these defects can be corrected.

"I have worked out a scale of facial proportions for the camera. When the studio signs up a new girl, she is turned over to me. I start out by making a cast of her face, in clay and aluminum, and also have still pictures of her face and head made, which I study. The ideal face for the camera has three equal proportions, both vertically and horizontally."

"I'm afraid you are getting too technical," I said. "What do [*Continued on page* 61]

Pointing out to Cecilia Parker the wrong way of making up lips, Dawn says an exaggerated upper lip, with curves of bow too close together, produces dropped lines at corners of mouth. Thus giving the player a look of age and hardness. Right, portrait study of Dawn

WHEN "WINTER" COMES TO HOLLYWOOD

Above, down and across, Harriett Haddon, Nora Gale, Helaine Moler and Paula De Cardo find the new Hollywood sport, sand tobogganing, fun . . . Nora Gale and Helaine Moler also go for sand skiing . . . Harriett Haddon and Paula De Cardo go for it, too, but something stops them . . . but Harriett is determined and starts again . . . she's got it now . . . oops, it's got her

SCOTCH, STRAIGHT

SETTING YOU RIGHT ABOUT FRED MacMURRAY WHO IS NEITHER IRISH NOR SHY, BUT STRAIGHT SCOTCH

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

CONFORMING to the quiz fad, now popular, there are two errors, one correct answer, in the following statements that refer to Fred MacMurray. 1) that he is shy; 2) that he is Irish; 3) that he is a success. If you guess all three right, the prize is not a crackly sawbuck, but if you were within eyesight of the subject of the quiz, chances are you would get a broad grin from an elongated face, with gray-blue eyes set so deeply beneath black brows that their color is hardly distinguishable. The grin would be reward enough because of its very honesty.

Frederick Martin MacMurray is not shy. Nor is he Irish. He is Scotch as last season's sporran: Scotch and German. German blood contributed the Martin to his name. His mother, still very much extant, has German ancestry. As for success, it's written all over him like a Neon sign. At thirty, for he was born in 1908, on August 30, he is well on his way to becoming financially independent. It is not because his film "take" is over-heavy, although his weekly check is undoubtedly in the four-figure brackets; the secret of his financial integrity is that he knows how to save his money, live well but not too well. He is traditionally Scotch in impulse and action.

The suggestion that he is a comic-strip Scot—stingy, penny-pinching—meets with an immediate denial from Fred. He has no pet economies (that he admits to), like killing the fire in a half-burned cigarette and lighting it later, such as the Great Garbo is reported to do; or hoarding tin foil. What the mere suggestion gets is a hasty denial from Fred to the effect that he is "no string saver." Despite this, the heavy toll of keeping up appearances in Hollywood has not made him change the budget figures that his business manager placed him on in 1935 when he was getting $350 a week. Fred and his wife still manage to keep within those bounds in their personal expenditures.

How they do it might be the makings of a miracle, for during the two and one-half years of their married life, Lillian MacMurray—she was the Lamont girl who modeled clothes for New York's exclusive couturiers; played "showgirl" bits in Broadway successes, like *Roberta*—has been gravely ill, so ill that for weeks doctors gave her only the slimmest chance for recovery; the young

[*Continued on page* 78]

After *Cafe Society,* Fred will do *Invitation to Happiness.* The title is prophetic, for Fred is helping to create a middle-class Utopia in Beverly Hills

Paulette Goddard's pals, including her spaniel, are still hoping she gets *Scarlett O'Hara*. Paulette keeps smiling, hoping, says nothing

Hats off to Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne who have *Love Affair* to introduce themselves to you as the screen's newest romantic team

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Marlene has brought her famous legs back to Hollywood. They'll be on future display in Columbia pictures

Checking Out Jitterbugs

■ Is THIS the beginning of the end for the Jitterbug Craze?—

Hollywood's younger set, which sets the styles for America's youth precisely as the old-timers set the fashions in clothes and behavior for the world, is turning its back on gutbucket and jive! Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville are the ringleaders in the cabal. They've formed an anti-jitterbug group, which includes the Mauch Twins, Peggy Stewart and Frankie Thomas, and they're holding weekly sessions (like the adults' Rhumba Club in movietown) at which only the fox-trot and waltz are danced.

More, they've agreed not to go into jitterbug antics on any dance floor . . . and it's NOT a press-agent gag for RKO's *The Castles,* either . . . ! ! ! And just to make it final, Rosemary Lane is taking zither lessons!

More Watermelon Pickles For Hoss

■ The hoss that likes watermelon pickles, and Wallace Beery, have been reunited. The steed is Warrior, which Wally rode in *Viva Villa.* And again, in *Stand Up and Fight,* the horse is being used by Beery.

When the two met on the set, Wally actually kissed Warrior. And the studio insists that Mrs. Beery is busy making up a new batch of watermelon pickles. Just a mess of "horse deuvers" before the oats.

Whether in bathing suits or ski clothes Betty Grable is neat eyeful. Can you blame the Setter for getting palsie and eating out of her hand?

There's heavy lovings ahead when you see a couple like Henry Fonda and Maureen O'Sullivan get into a tight clinch for—*Let Us Live*

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Famous Dressing-Room Is Wheeled Again

■ Joan Crawford has already left her marriage to Doug Fairbanks Junior far, far behind—but still, her love-gift to Doug keeps popping up in the Hollywood scene. It's the famous portable dressing-room she gave Doug Junior 'way back, when dressing-rooms on wheels were still something new.

Long after the break-up of the Doug-Joan love-life, Warners sold the dressing-room (which had just been left there by Doug) to Paul Muni's wife who gave it to Paul NOT for a studio dressing-room, but for a workroom which Paul set up in an isolated corner of his ranch. For several years, Paul has been using it as his retreat for concentration and study.

Now it's in the news again. Because much of *Juarez* is to be shot at Calabasas, Muni is having the Fairbanks trailer replaced on wheels, conveyed to the location, and will use it there precisely for what Joan meant it for when she gave it to Doug—a portable dressing-room.

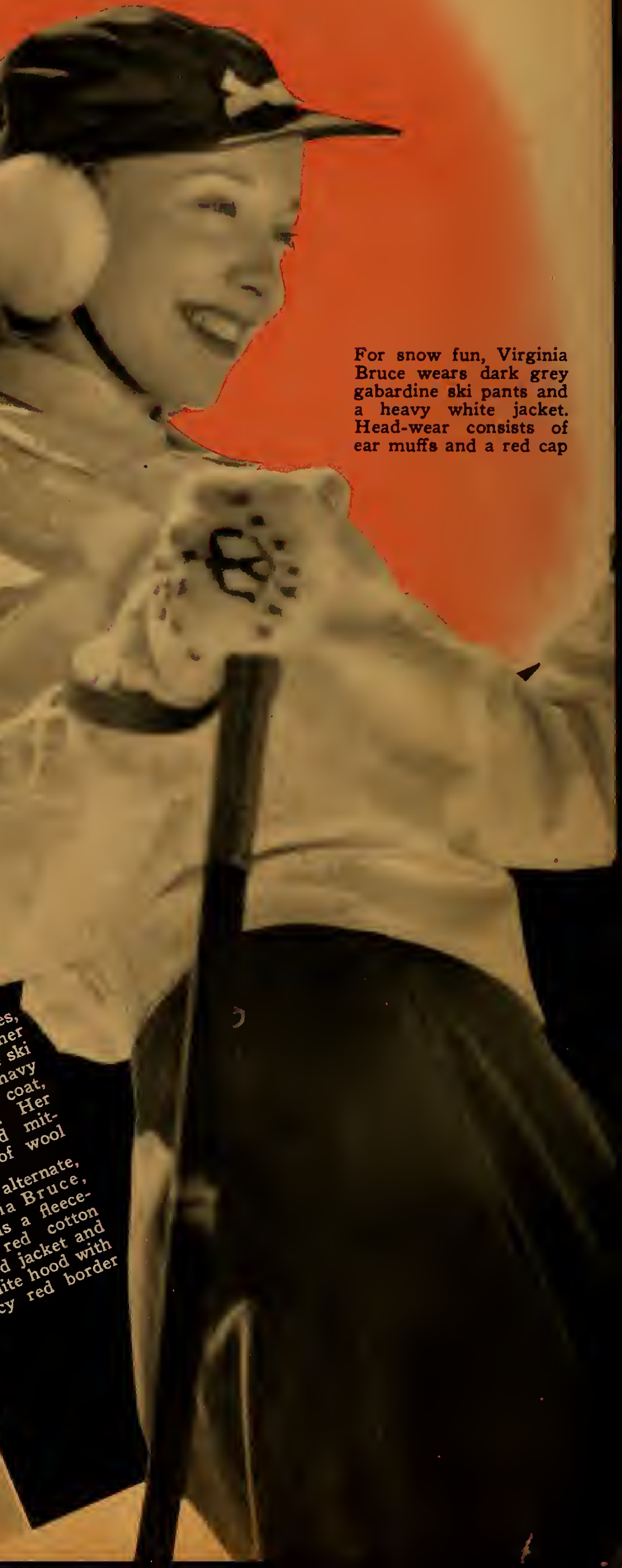
Irony-In-Hollywood

■ Isa Miranda, on studio orders, worked very hard with voice teachers and elocutionists for more than a year, getting rid of her foreign accent. And when she succeeded, Paramount casts her in *Hotel Imperial* as a Russian—with an accent thicker than molasses.

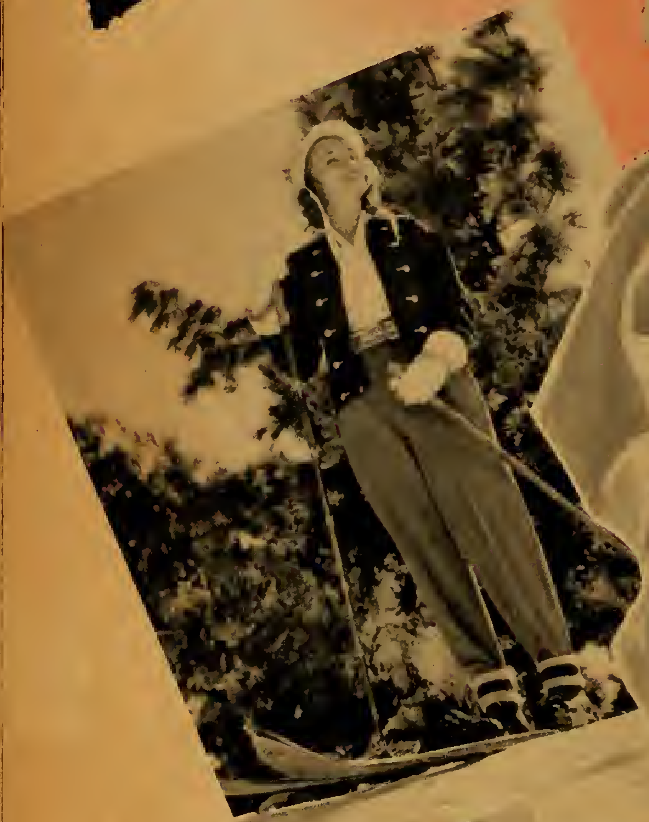
[*Continued on page* 82]

Happy bride Claire Trevor Andrews has her initials on bag. In smart furs, chic hat, new coif she hits stardom in *Stage Coach*

Ski JUMPERS



For snow fun, Virginia Bruce wears dark grey gabardine ski pants and a heavy white jacket. Head-wear consists of ear muffs and a red cap

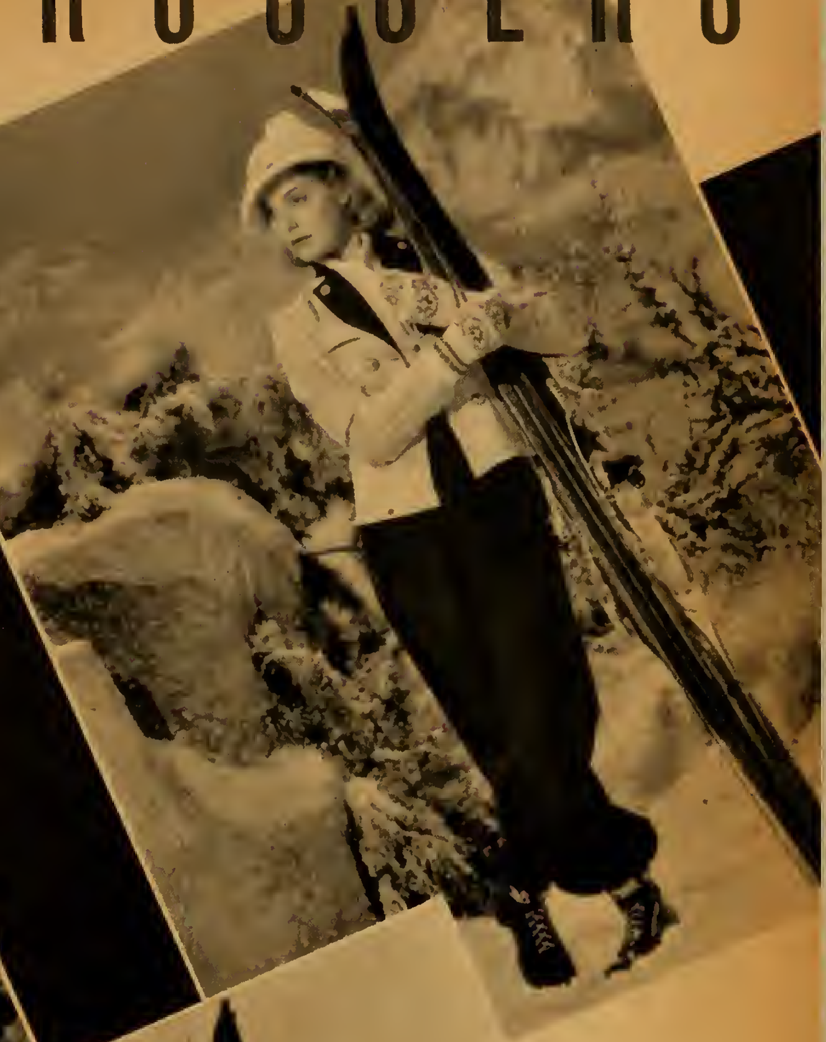


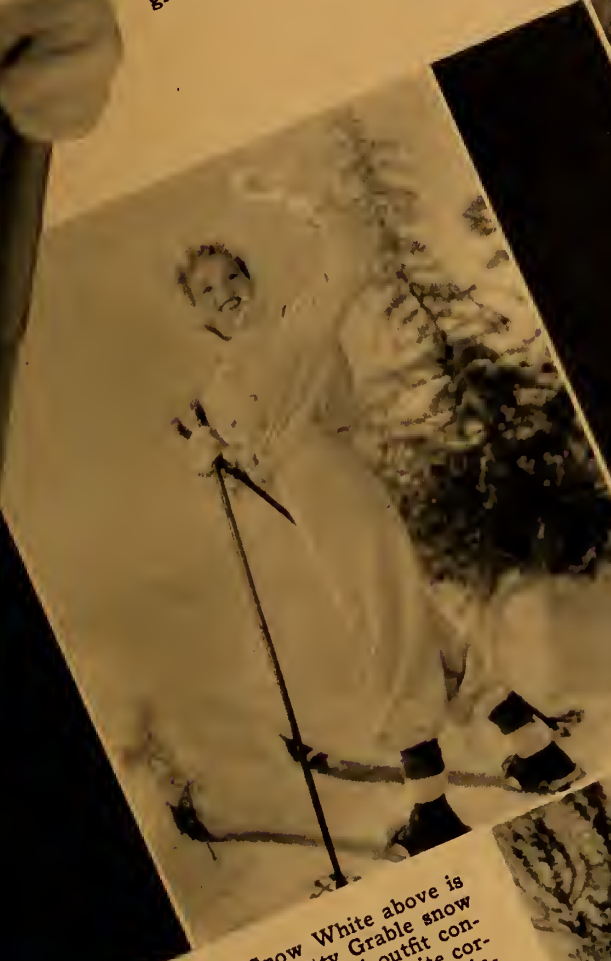
Jo Ann Sayres, above, tops her grey gabardine ski pants with a navy blue cotton coat, fleece lined. Her bonnet and mittens are of wool

As an alternate, Virginia Bruce, left, has a fleece-lined red cotton quilted jacket and a white hood with fleecy red border

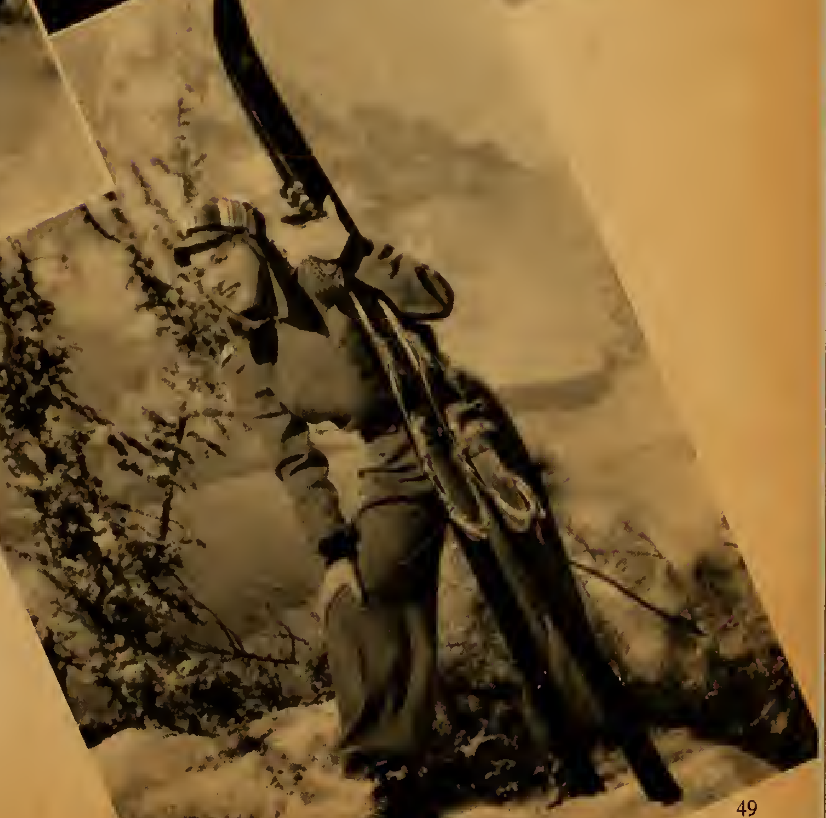
—AND TROUSERS

One wise girl grown up is Nan Grey, who favors the Tyrolean mode in her ski outfit, right. Her trousers are made of brown Ski-O-Twill and beige whipcord fashions the Tyrolean jacket. Her accessories—hat, scarf and gloves—are of heavy white wool





Our Princess Snow White above is none other than Betty Grable snow foolin'. Her all white ski outfit consists of a double-breasted white corduroy lumber jacket and white chinchilla pants. The socks are knockouts



Right, Nan Grey chooses powder blue wool gabardine overalls and jumper for winter sports. Her visor hood of bright plaid matches the snow repellent blouse worn tucked into overalls. Nan's climbing fast

GIRL FROM THE FIVE AND TEN

ELLEN DREW, PARAMOUNT'S NEW PACKAGE OF STARDUST, NEVER DREAMED WHEN SHE WORKED IN THE FIVE-AND-TEN THREE YEARS AGO THAT SHE WOULD BE IN MOVIES OPPOSITE COLMAN, CROSBY AND RAFT

By E. J. SMITHSON

FOR a girl who had been divorced from her appendix less than ten days before we jalopied out to her home for a little visit, this Ellen Drew was as chipper as a chipmunk in a bag of peanuts from the moment we entered her house until the moment we left.

Ellen, just back from the hospital, was as full of vim, vigor, and vitality, almost, as Mae West at her best. It just didn't make sense, but there it was, the bright gleam in her eyes, despite the pallor of her face and the shaky condition of her limbs. And we were just about to say that there was no need of her trying to show-off in front of us because we could spot anything phoney a mile away, having been in Hollywood for so long and all, when she put a sudden stop to our suspicions by saying that she would gladly trade an appendectomy any old time for what she had received from Paramount the second day following her operation.

"Well, with that, she reached over, picked up a sheet of paper from a nearby table, and told us to read the good news, and sure enough, there it was in black and white—an announcement from the studio stating that she had won the coveted feminine lead opposite George Raft in *The Lady's from Kentucky.*

"No wonder I'm almost four days ahead of the usual convalescent period," she smiled happily. "Who wouldn't be?"

We side-stepped that question by saying that her bosses had discovered a swell substitute for "saying it with flowers" and added that, all things considered, she could easily rate herself as Palsie Walsie No. 1 to old Lady Luck herself.

"Nobody has to tell me I'm the luckiest girl in the world," she admitted earnestly. "I've known it for a long time."

WHICH should show you, if anything can, that there's nothing highfalutin about this Kansas City girl who frankly tells you that she came to California for no other reason than she "wanted a ride!"

"If anyone had told me three years ago that come 1938 I'd be playing in a picture with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray *(Sing You Sinners),* and with Ronald Colman *(If I Were King)* and with George Raft (*The Lady's from Kentucky*) I'd have yelled for the police, but," and here she picked up that official-looking piece of paper, "here I am!"

There she was indeed! Flat on her back as she said it, but already up twice in front of the cameras with two hits to her credit and a third one just around the corner which is the same as saying that she's batting an even 1,000 per cent in the tough Celluloid League—a record far and away ahead of any other newcomer in motion pictures for 1938.

Hollywood [*Continued on page* 74]

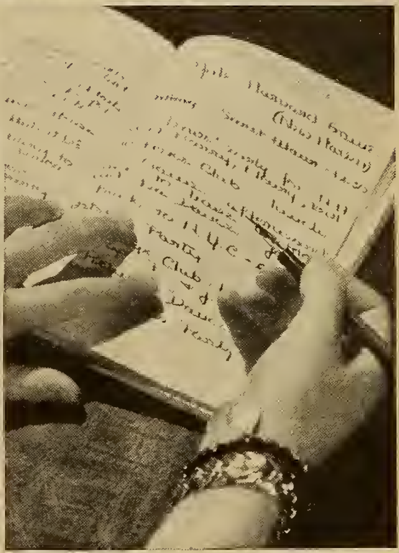
Life's a Whirl!

"MY DATE—AND THAT'S THE THIRD GUY TONIGHT!"
"WHY, I'D JUST LOVE TO!"
"TEA DANCE THURSDAY, THEN?"
"AW, GIVE ME A BREAK"
"JEAN'S PARTY SATURDAY?"

Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE-They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin*

In the Ritz-Carlton's Crystal Garden—Margaret Biddle, Philadelphia deb, dances. She goes in for today's extra skin care . . . "I always cream extra 'skin-vitamin' into my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream."

Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb. "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."



Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder **Phebe Thorne, New York deb,** sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses **Pond's.** "I believe in it."

White Week End—Boston Debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) **Adelaide Weld,** debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."

Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up **glamour plus.**"

In Pond's Laboratory — Electrically driven propellers stir and mix Pond's Cold Cream.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.* Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

ALL IN A LATHER

By DENISE CAINE

JANE BRYAN SPENDS EVERY MINUTE SHE CAN SPARE FROM SPORTS AND THE STUDIO IN THE TUB. SHE LOVES TO WORK HERSELF UP IN A LATHER

After that friendly game of ping-pong or that brisk walk in them thar hills, Jane is certain to get herself all in a lather—head included. She's a fresh hair fiend

PICTURE a make-up table against a bare wall . . . a blue fox jacket thrown over one of several chairs . . . flowers spilling out of long white boxes . . . a hoop-skirted magenta evening dress hung from a chandelier. . . . Picture a girl running back and forth to answer the door and the telephone, smiling and laughing and enjoying it all immensely, and you have Jane Bryan in her back-stage dressing-room.

Jane was making a personal appearance in one of the New York theatres, and your beauty editor had gone back-stage to say hello. From the first glance I knew I was going to like this blonde girl. Her gay smile said that she would be fun. I knew, almost before she told me, that she would fill every moment to the hilt with tennis and badminton, hiking and swimming. It wasn't hard to tell; either, from the way she pulled off her shako, threw it into a corner, and ran her fingers through her hair, that she was a good sport and ready for anything. No wonder she's tops with the fans—and with the men!

Jane is too vital a person to be pretty in a doll-like way, but she is attractive in the way that most men admire, and most women envy. Her skin is glowing with health, her eyes shine, her hair gleams, and her teeth [*Continued on page* 64]

DO YOU NEED A PICK-UP?

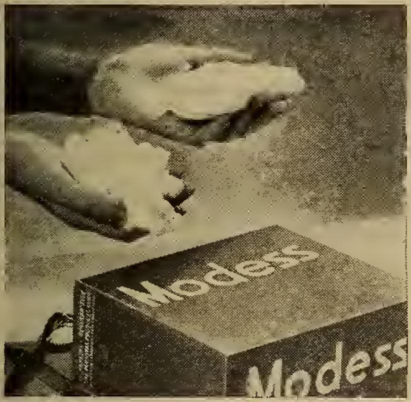
Is your hair lack-lustre, your skin dry and rough? Do you feel down in the mouth—beautifully speaking? Denise Caine will tell you how to overcome the end-of-winter weariness. Write her about your problems—and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply. The address: Denise Caine, c/o MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Daisy got orchids for telling–

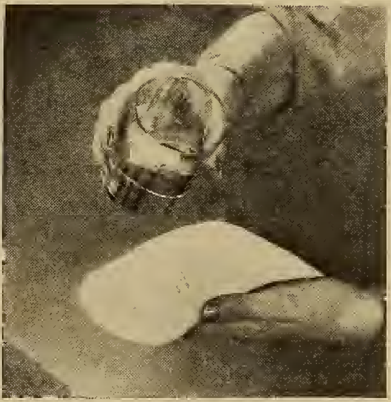
I could hardly keep a straight face at the bridge club yesterday. In strolled Daisy—with her whole shoulder aquiver with orchids. Naturally, the girls were dying to find out who'd sent them. But Daisy just smiled mysteriously and said, "Wouldn't you like to know?" Ha-ha, I thought, *wouldn't Daisy like to know!*

Here's what happened. I ran into Daisy downtown on Monday. I'd been shopping all afternoon, and I wasn't up to par anyway. "Daisy," I moaned, "I'm so chafed and uncomfortable I can't go another step. Let's stop in here and have a soda."

"So that's what ails you," said Daisy, when I'd explained more fully. And with that she marched over to a counter and came back in a flash with a package. "I just got you a box of Modess," she said, "and I'll deliver *it* and *you* right to your door. Come on—my car's outside . . ."



"Now for some scissors," were her first words when we got home. I handed them to her—and she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the soft, fluffy filler. I was amazed at the *difference* between the "fluff-type" filler in Modess and the layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!



"You bet Modess is softer," Daisy continued. "And what's more, it's *safer!* There's a moisture-resistant backing inside every Modess pad!" Whereupon she took out the backing . . . and dropped some water on it. Safer is right!—Not a drop went through!

So—the truth is that Daisy's orchids came from *me!* Modess gave me such wonderful relief—both from chafing and worry—that I thought a corsage of orchids was none too great a reward. And to make the thrill greater, I left out my card—so Daisy would think they came from an admiring beau.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)

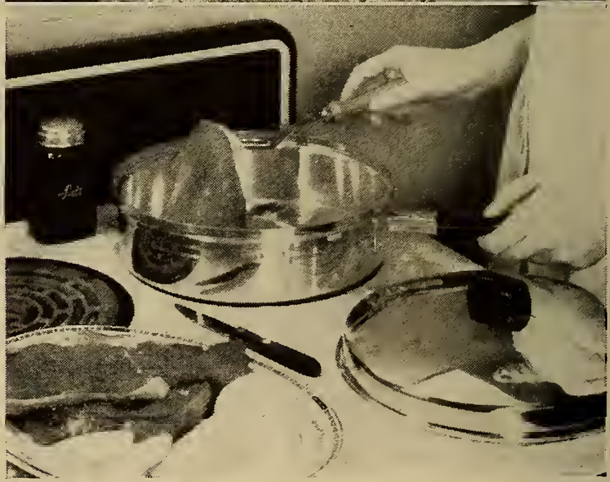
ADD A PINCH OF SALT

DO YOU KNOW WHEN AND WHERE TO ADD A PINCH OF SALT? IF NOT, YOU'RE NOT "WORTH YOUR SALT" AS A COOK OR HOSTESS

By

Mrs. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Ida Lupino, Hollywood's new bride, wants to star in the kitchen, too. She finds measuring salt easy from this convenient carton. Right and above, noodles, as in this delicious noodle salmon ring, must be well salted for flavor. Below, add your pinch of salt *after* meat is cooked



"JUST a pinch of salt"—but if all the salt in our systems were suddenly removed, we might not live 48 hours longer!

Tears and perspiration are both "salty," and so we know what a large proportion of *Sodium Chloride* (just salt, to you) is present in the body where it acts as a kind of patrolman to keep body fluids in order.

Desire for salt is a natural craving, and so strong is this taste that it has made history full of the struggles of tribes and nations to locate and possess sources of this "magic white sand." Superstition, yes, and religion, too, formerly controlled its use, while kings and emperors authorized its use as money. Funny, but do you realize where your "salary" comes from? The Roman legionnaires received part of their pay in salt, and that portion was known as their "salar-ium"—their "salt money"—and so it has been ever since!

The hostess who today follows the table etiquette advised by Emily Post will smile, perhaps, to learn that the position of the salt-cellar on the dining-table formerly determined the order of seating the guest: all those of noble birth sat "above the salt," whereas those of inferior rank humbly ate their food "below the salt."

Salt is the most important, as it was the first, seasoning of all cookery. Even if every other seasoning or spice were impossible to secure, salt alone would make dishes palatable and interesting. Unsalted foods are flat and unappetizing; but just "add a pinch of salt," and that same food becomes tasty, flavorful and truly savory.

ARE you "worth your salt" as a cook or a hostess? Then you are aware that there is a delicate certain point at which the salt should be added when preparing or cooking each type of food. Do you know, for example, when to add salt, as in the following?

Add salt:

1. To meats *after* they are cooked, just before the last turn under broiler or frying pan. If added early in cooking, salt draws out the juices.

2. To soups and sauces, *the first thing,* because it takes long cooking to get a good blend of flavors with salt and other ingredients.

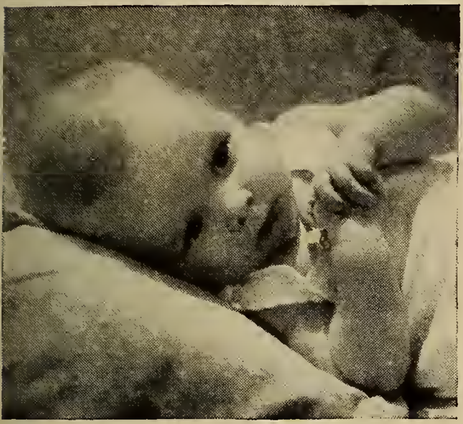
3. To fish, the *first thing* with the milk or flour in which fish is rolled or crummed.

4. To macaroni, spaghetti, noodles or rice, *the first thing* in the cooking water, in order to have food uniformly well salted.

[*Continued on page* 85]

Will *your* baby grow as fast as Johnny?

A fine start . . . on Clapp's Strained Foods



Johnny at 3 months . . ."This picture was taken at the time Johnny had his first food from a spoon," relates Johnny Davies' mother. "We had agreed to let him be one of the test babies in our town (Westfield, N. J.) and the doctor started him off on Clapp's Baby Cereal first. After that came Clapp's Strained Spinach . . . and he loved it, right from the first . . ."

Johnny at 12 months . . ."Everybody said he was the happiest baby they ever saw—and he certainly was a healthy one! He had every food on the Clapp list from five months on—I'd give him a new one every few days—and he gained better than a pound a month right along. That speaks well for the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Foods!"

17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cerea

The good work is continued . . . with Clapp's Chopped Foods

Johnny at 22 months . . ."A regular husky! He could already play ball with his Daddy. Of course, he'd outgrown Strained Foods, but, luckily, just at that time the Clapp people started to make Chopped Foods. They're more coarsely divided, the way doctors advise for older babies and toddlers. And such a blessing! No special marketing or cooking, yet the baby has his own menu and the family have anything they like!"

Johnny at 3 years . . ."Here's Johnny now. Isn't he a big boy? And solid as a little rock. We think he's a great credit to Clapp's Foods—but then the other babies who had them are all fine, sturdy children, too. He still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods and he's specially fond of those new Junior Dinners. They're Beef or Lamb with vegetables and cereals. Very substantial, and flavory, too—you ought to try them."

11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

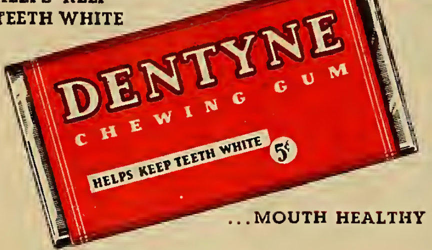
CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES . . . . CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Warrior Queen
wins with smile!

Roman soldiers feared her—but admired her beautiful smile. Her teeth were kept sound and sparkling by exercise on rough, chewy foods. We moderns eat soft foods that fail to give our teeth enough healthful exercise.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

YOUR TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

Dentyne, the "chewier" gum, gives your mouth and teeth the invigorating exercise they need. Stimulates healthy circulation of the blood in gums and teeth-roots—and increases the flow of cleansing saliva. Helps keep your teeth cleaner, healthier, more lustrous white.

FOR SHEER PLEASURE, TASTE THAT FLAVOR!

You'll find it a delight as well as a sensible health habit to chew Dentyne daily—its spicy flavor is so delicious, so *lastingly* good! The flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) slides neatly into your pocket or purse—a treat always in reach.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

What Publicity Has Done to Robert Taylor

[*Continued from page* 29]

him off as a star. And they very nearly did that.

They didn't make him a star. The public did that. The public insisted on reading about him before the press-agents got around to writing about him.

The Hollywoods were full of young punks who were good-looking, colorless and fresh out of college. They had him down as one of the breed. Just a $35-a-week "test horse"—somebody to fill in the background and feed lines to actresses in screen tests. They never expected to see him on the screen. They didn't waste publicity on him.

They gave him passing notice when he drew a larger part as a young medico in *Society Doctor*. But only passing notice, because it was only a B picture. They didn't suspect what would come out of that B picture, plus another, plus *Broadway Melody of 1936*. A stampede of women to movie theatres, fighting to see him. Excitement such as no actor had ever caused before. A public demand for stardom for him.

STARTLED, stunned, not believing their ears, executives listened to the clamor for the boy they had kicked around for a couple of years. As soon as they could recover from their consternation, they nearly sprained their wrists, patting themselves on the back so hard for having him under contract. Then they told the press-agents: "Get on that bandwagon, and do your stuff!"

The press-agents didn't know exactly what stuff to do. They didn't know what Bob's appeal was. They dug into the mountain of Taylor mail for clues. After a quick look around, they decided that the only answer was: He was an American Valentino. Women thought he was irresistibly handsome and romantic. It didn't matter what the men thought.

Climbing aboard the bandwagon, they preempted the driver's seat and started playing that tune. And they drove Bob to help them.

They were in a position to do that. If he had been a sophisticated foreign find, had received $500 a week as a starting salary, and had made his first big hit on loan to another studio (like Hedy Lamarr, later), they would have had less control over him. But Bob was neither foreign nor sophisticated, he was earning little more than $100 a week when the furor began, and he had made his hit in roles his own studio had given him. On top of that, he was stunned by the hullabaloo, afraid of such sudden success. He didn't know how he had won stardom, didn't know what he should do to hang onto it. He was willing to be told.

He had his doubts about some of the orders he received. But, unfortunately, his self-doubts were greater.

The press-agents groaned when they heard his life-story. It didn't have drama, glamor, romance. But that was one thing they couldn't change. They had to make the best of it. They did so by ballyhooing, "Believe it or not, but he has a normal American background." As if it were a miracle that Robert Taylor could have such a story. Their cue was to point out that that background had produced a very normal young American, whose instincts were as homely as he was handsome. Instead, they insisted that, in spite of his background, he was Heart-Breaker No. 1 of modern times.

They made the appalling discovery that he hadn't left a trail of broken hearts behind him, en route to Hollywood. He had been a serious young man intent on music, college and acting. He had had one lone romance, pre-Hollywood—and then the girl had eloped with someone else. That was bad. But the press-agents glossed it over by hinting, pretty strongly, that she must be sorry now. She even came in handy as "the girl Robert Taylor couldn't forget"—a reason why he went with so many different girls now.

But Bob didn't go with so many different girls until the press-agents saw to it that he did. When the press-agents came into his life, he was going steadily with Irene Hervey. They were serious about each other. Too serious to please the press-agents. Irene was a nice girl, but she wasn't a Big Name. The press-agents saw to it that he met some Big Names, that he made and kept dates with them, that he was kept so busy that he didn't have time to see Irene. They killed a real romance in order to pin some phonies on him, for the sake of good old publicity.

He didn't give up Irene without a struggle—but he was beaten down with a bludgeon called a contract.

That was his first encounter with the demands of publicity. That was his first inkling that success is tinged with irony. He's fairly well convinced of it today.

It was apparent from the stampede to theatres that his romantic appeal wasn't limited to one girl. But the press-agents wanted to sell the idea that he was irresistible to all girls, including glamor girls. They saw to it that he was seen in public with one girl after another.

He carried out the program laid out for him. He was seen around with glamor girls. But he complained to early interviewers that he couldn't understand why columnists rumored a new romance every time he took a new girl dancing. He said that the rumors were silly. He was right. But the press-agents couldn't see it. To them, the more rumors there were, the more super-attractive he looked. They inspired more and more rumors—until Bob, on his own, met Barbara Stanwyck and brought the merry-go-round to a halt. Then they set out to dither the public about whether or not this was Love.

LATELY, if you've noticed, they have soft-pedaled the Taylor-Stanwyck romance. (And, incidentally, given Bob and Barbara a chance for a quiet, normal test of their love.) But, for too long, nothing mattered to the press-agents except making Bob look romantic, super-attractive to women.

And don't think Bob was happy about it, or flattered. He wasn't.

Part of the build-up was the photographic campaign. The press-agents decided that every portrait should make him the epitome of physical perfection, masculine gender. He should always look handsomely poised, handsomely dressed, handsomely scrubbed and polished. Candid-camera shots were banned except when he was looking his best.

And when he did go to a premiere, or went anywhere outside of Hollywood, the press-agents saw to it that he was mobbed by women. They simply spread the word around, by one grapevine or another, that he would be at a certain place at a certain time. Tipped off in advance, women were bound to collect, bound to struggle for a close look at him.

On the screen, he was cast opposite one glamor queen after another, all building up to his making love to Glamor Queen No. 1. And the press-agents left no doubt that this was Really Something to see. They ballyhooed *Camille* with the ad-line: "At last! The Perfect Lovers! Garbo Loves Taylor!"

The press-agents didn't miss a trick for selling the idea that he was super-attractive to women. The only trouble was: They oversold it. People got tired of hearing the same old chant, with no variation. Reaction set in. Boos began to mingle with the bouquets. The cat-call "Pretty Boy" was born. So was the epithet "Beautiful Robert Taylor."

The studio finally heard the rumblings—through the box-office. And they finally listened to Bob's plea for something besides a young-lover role. They shipped him off to England to make *A Yank at Oxford.* And just in time, too—as was proved by the scene that took place as he sailed from New York.

Ship-news reporters asked the romantic idol of the day if he had any hair on his chest. They also asked if he would rather have beauty or brains. They "rode" him as no public hero had ever been "ridden" before.

Two high-school girls were found under the bed in his stateroom. A year before, reporters would have called that a great human-interest story. Now, they made it sound like a last-ditch publicity stunt to sell the idea that Robert Taylor was still an idol.

RIDICULE killed John Gilbert as a star, when the silent films' Great Lover sounded falsetto in his first talkie. And the New York reporters' ridicule, on top of an overdose of pretty-boy publicity, would have washed up Robert Taylor as a star—if *A Yank at Oxford* hadn't given him a chance to show some he-man possibilities.

The fact that he delivered when he had the chance was all that the public needed to forgive him for being that good-looking. They proved that by the way they liked the picture. It did tremendous business.

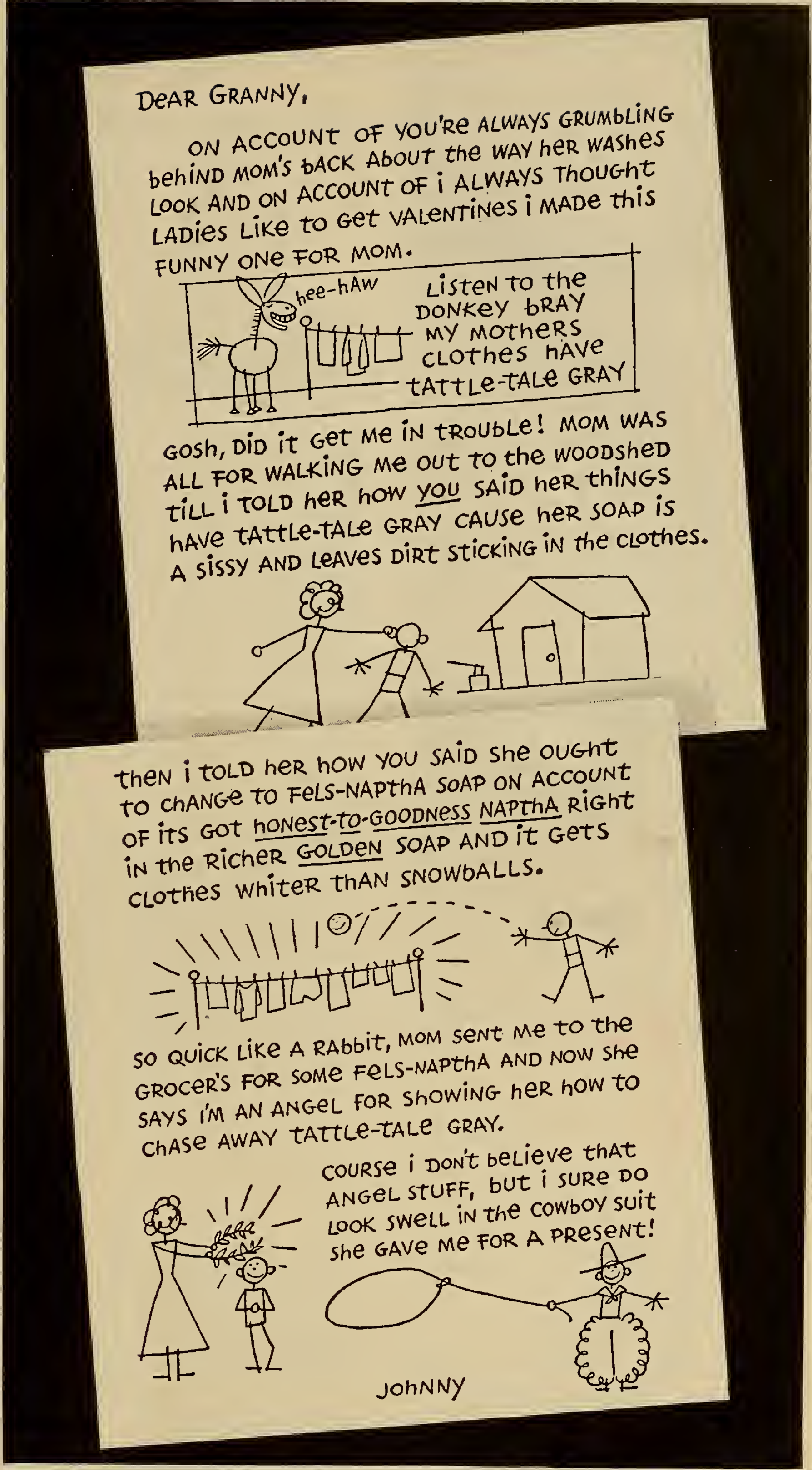
Publicity decided that the answer was that the public wanted to look at Taylor if they could see him mussed up, exercising strenuously, doing somethings besides dancing attendance on some glamor girl. So they went in for candid-camera shots of Taylor, mussed up, exercising strenuously. They went in for stories about his ranching, his hunting trips, his interest in fights, his association with he-men.

From making him self-conscious about his face, they turned to making him self-conscious about his physique. A hint of that even came across on the screen in that beach scene in *Three Comrades* in which a close-up brought the hair on his chest to the fore.

Directors will tell you that there's no "ham" in Robert Taylor, no emotional show-off. That is quite a tribute. Most actors have to be watched for a tendency to overact, to exaggerate their emotions. Yet the press-agents have never ballyhooed Bob's inner attributes, to any extent. Attributes he has developed, himself. They have, instead, ballyhooed his outer attributes—which are his only by a whim of Fate.

They have never let him lead a normal, un-self-conscious life. His present life is the closest approach he has yet had to such a thing. His ranch, 20 miles from Hollywood, gives him seclusion—and seclusion gives him a chance, part of the time, to be himself, unmolested. He doesn't have to dress up, go to night-clubs or premieres. (He seldom goes now.) He doesn't have to encourage romance rumors.

He has had to take treatment that no other actor in Hollywood history has ever had to take, all because of publicity. He never would have been able to take it so well, come through it such a normal guy, if he hadn't been endowed with a pretty normal set of values. Yes, from the start, Bob has kept both feet on the ground. He has had some bitterly unhappy moments that only a very few people know about. But he has come up smiling every time. How many do you believe could have done as well?



DEAR GRANNY,

ON ACCOUNT OF YOU'RE ALWAYS GRUMBLING BEHIND MOM'S BACK ABOUT THE WAY HER WASHES LOOK AND ON ACCOUNT OF I ALWAYS THOUGHT LADIES LIKE TO GET VALENTINES I MADE THIS FUNNY ONE FOR MOM.

LISTEN TO THE
DONKEY BRAY
MY MOTHERS
CLOTHES HAVE
TATTLE-TALE GRAY

GOSH, DID IT GET ME IN TROUBLE! MOM WAS ALL FOR WALKING ME OUT TO THE WOODSHED TILL I TOLD HER HOW YOU SAID HER THINGS HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY CAUSE HER SOAP IS A SISSY AND LEAVES DIRT STICKING IN THE CLOTHES.

THEN I TOLD HER HOW YOU SAID SHE OUGHT TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP ON ACCOUNT OF ITS GOT HONEST-TO-GOODNESS NAPTHA RIGHT IN THE RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND IT GETS CLOTHES WHITER THAN SNOWBALLS.

SO QUICK LIKE A RABBIT, MOM SENT ME TO THE GROCER'S FOR SOME FELS-NAPTHA AND NOW SHE SAYS I'M AN ANGEL FOR SHOWING HER HOW TO CHASE AWAY TATTLE-TALE GRAY.

COURSE I DON'T BELIEVE THAT ANGEL STUFF, BUT I SURE DO LOOK SWELL IN THE COWBOY SUIT SHE GAVE ME FOR A PRESENT!

JOHNNY

Copr. 1939, Fels & Co.

P. S. If *you* want to see tattle-tale gray hurry out of your clothes—do what Johnny's mother did. Get Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's and try it! You'll find it easy on hands. Fine for your daintiest things. And it gives you the whitest, loveliest washes you ever pinned on a line!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN. HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Why IS THE ENGAGEMENT STONE a Diamond?

● According to old superstition, the sparkle in a diamond was said to be "the fire of love"—hence the diamond was thought to keep love undimmed.

Today, the beauty of a woman's skin is more important than the size or sparkle of her engagement ring. And Italian Balm, the famous Skin Softener, is "first choice" among countless women who realize that chapped, dry, coarse-textured skin is repulsive to the eye—and withering to romance.

You'll *feel* the difference in your skin the minute you start using Italian Balm. It will be smoother, softer, lovelier looking. Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands—yet the cost to *use* is negligible, because it "goes so far." It's rich, wide-spreading—not thin or watery.

See for yourself why 98% of users interviewed said: "It acts quicker in overcoming dry, chapped, rough skin than anything I ever used before." Clip FREE coupon below.

Campana's
Italian Balm
The Famous Skin Softener

FREE
CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
573 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________
In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F573 Caledonia Road, Toronto

101 Ways to Break into the Movies

[*Continued from page 27*]

and a scout suggests a screen test, be indifferent, not eager. Convince him you're not a typical Hollywood brat. Thus did June Carlson become *Lucy Jones.*

19. Talk yourself into a job as a script girl, learn something about glamor, then turn it on. That's how Hedy Lamarr got her start.

20. Marry a dramatic coach. The first Mrs. Gable—Josephine Dillon—was the one who taught Clark how to act, encouraged him to try films.

21. Be a pal *then* of someone who is Hollywood-famous *now.* Jack Carson got his chance through his old pal, Director George Stevens.

22. Impress a home-town drama critic with your singing talent, and let him send records of your warbling to a Mr. Movie Big he knows. Suzanne Larson's voice preceded her to Hollywood.

23. Have a voice you can "throw," and make sassy wisecracks through a dummy on your lap. Seventeen years later, the movies may discover you. Didn't they finally discover Edgar Bergen?

24. Haunt a talent scout until he gives you a screen test to get rid of you. Fred MacMurray did.

25. Pilot a passenger plane on a route favored by movie producers—and if they give you offers, take them. Like John Trent.

26. Find a dramatic coach who will stake you to lessons on the gamble that she can make you an actress and that you'll pay her some day. Marie Wilson found one.

27. Be a handsome sports writer and trail the Chicago Cubs to their Spring training camp on Catalina Island, where tired talent scouts sometimes relax. The Ronald Reagan formula.

28. Have a facial specialty—like Jimmy Durante's schnozzola, Joe E. Brown's cavernous mouth, Simone Simon's pout, Ned Sparks' dead-pan, Guy Kibbee's shiny bald spot, Jerry Colonna's bug-eyes.

29. Know somebody who knows somebody in a studio who hires stand-ins for stars. Jean Chatburn started as Barbara Stanwyck's stand-in.

30. Know somebody who knows somebody in a studio who hires office help. Margaret Tallichet started as a publicity department stenog.

31. Learn how to talk with a British accent, then walk boldly into an agent's office and tell him about your "acting experience" in England. It worked for Margaret Lindsay.

32. Let your mother paste a good snapshot of yourself on a postcard and mail it to a talent scout, with the hint: "You should see him in person." That's how Bob Baker got a screen test.

33. Play football in college, then be a lifeguard at Venice, Calif., the day a talent scout comes around, looking for a hulking, homely gent to play a comic tackle in a picture. Like Andy Devine.

34. Make the newspapers guess whether you're married to a famous star or are just his permanent house guest. Ask Paulette Goddard.

35. Marry a man who will help you develop a beautiful speaking voice and otherwise aid your film ambitions. Then arrive in Hollywood as a shy but glamorous foreigner. As Sigrid (Born-in-Brooklyn) Gurie did.

36. Become a Hollywood character. Wear odd garb and stroll the Boulevard, reciting Shakespeare. That paid John Carradine dividends.

37. Play 300 different roles in stock. If movie scouts haven't discovered you by that time, come to Hollywood, anyway. Your experience ought to be worth something. Look at Ralph Bellamy and George Brent.

38. Win a beauty contest—but be sure you have brains, too. Hollywood is full of beauties without brains. The only contest-winners who have made good are those who have been able to learn plenty. Examples: Gail Patrick, Ann Sheridan, Marjorie Weaver.

39. Become a photographers' model. Talent scouts scan the models regularly. That's how they found Norma Shearer, Jean Arthur, Kay Francis, Alan Curtis. Even Garbo was modeling hats when found.

40. If you can sing, have an older sister who will prod you into taking voice lessons from a teacher whose recitals are sometimes attended by talent scouts. A la Deanna Durbin.

41. Take Hollywood apart in a column or on the air. Give the lowdown about the place to a few million people. Like Walter Winchell. Or Jimmie Fidler.

42. Be shapely and sing with a dance orchestra. Study the cases of Alice Faye, Dorothy Lamour, Harriet Hilliard, Priscilla Lane, Leah Ray.

43. Go to college near Los Angeles, join the dramatic club, and look handsome in the leading roles. Remember Robert Taylor?

44. Fall in love with a Hollywood reporter who will rave about you, until he drives some studio into testing you. Janet Gaynor won a screen break thus.

45. Make funny enough faces and gestures to pose for a Disney cartoon. Eddie Collins started as the model for *Dopey.*

46. Manicure nails in a big Hollywood barber shop and wait for an honest man to suggest a movie test before you say "Yes." Arleen Whelan had to wait nearly two weeks.

47. Jerk sodas in a Hollywood Boulevard confectionery shop and wait ditto. Ellen Drew had to wait nearly a year.

48. Through a teacher-friend, become second understudy to the feminine lead in a big Hollywood Bowl spectacle, then let the lead and first understudy drop out. You'll be another Olivia de Havilland.

49. Hoof in a chorus and work your way up into front line, where talent scouts can see you. Joan Crawford did.

50. Be the handsome star of a football team that wallops the West Coast entry in the Rose Bowl. John Mack Brown starred for Alabama.

51. Look adventurous, and be adventuring in the South Seas when a movie company comes along on a location trip. Look at Errol Flynn.

52. Get your likeness on the cover of a national magazine. That's where scouts spotted Larry Simms, *Blondie's* tot.

53. Sing in a gymnasium shower, and hope a studio musical director is in the next stall—as there was when Anthony Marlow let loose.

54. Go to Hollywood High and be snatching a late breakfast, between classes, at an eatery across the street when a pal of an agent drops in. That's how Lana Turner was spotted.

55. Try to become an extra. Just try—with all the barriers now raised against newcomers. But if you have the pull to hurdle

the barrier, have a bigger, better wardrobe than any other extra. That worked for Adolphe Menjou.

56. Be a newsreel cameraman for 18 years, then one day, for a gag, step in front of your own camera to play a Sweepstakes Loser. Thus did David Oliver become a screen comic.

57. Be leading an American jazz band in Venice, Italy, when Marion Davies comes along and suggests a movie test. That was Scott Colton's way.

58. Make a hit in night-clubs. Consider the Ritz Brothers, Martha Raye, Margo, Ella Logan, Ann Miller, Beverly Roberts, Doris Weston.

59. If you look like a certain star and can talk like him, barge into a studio and tell 'em you're his protege, come for your screen test. So Frankie Burke got the role of Cagney-as-a-boy in *Angels with Dirty Faces.*

60. Barge in a studio, insist you're a brother (or sister) of a famous actress, and ask for a screen test. One lad got not only a test, but a role, before his lie was found out. If he makes good, he'll be forgiven.

61. Get the home telephone number of a casting director somehow, call him long-distance, plead for a role in his new picture. Mary Bovard phoned her way into her first role.

62. If you can paint, get a good photo of a famous director, paint a good likeness from it, then send it to him as a sample of your talent. That won Myrna Madison of Saginaw, Mich., a screen test.

63. Make up a fancy brochure of photo studies of yourself and send it to a director. One Robert Trasker recently did, and got a test. If he had shown promise to match his ingenuity, he'd have got a contract, too.

64. Look Latin, but speak English, and tango in a night-club spotlight where talent scouts can see you. Take a cue from Cesar Romero.

65. Come to Hollywood for a two-week vacation with your mother, look up old friends, find one an agent. That was all Nan Grey needed.

66. Stand out in a Little Theatre play, preferably near Hollywood—as did Robert Young, Gloria Stuart, James Ellison, Jane Bryan.

67. Make a hit on the radio and pray that your face fits your voice. Bing Crosby, Don Ameche, Gene Autry, Jack Benny, Joe Penner were lucky that way.

68. Study singing for years, then give a concert in Los Angeles. A year later, you may get a screen role. Nelson Eddy did.

69. Become a wealthy Pasadena lawyer . . . dabble in amateur theatricals as a hobby . . . then lose all your money . . . and get "bit" parts in movies through Hollywood friends. That's how Samuel S. Hinds started as a character actor.

70. Be adopted by a director. Like Katherine De Mille.

71. Be the daughter of a cameraman. Joan Marsh is an example.

72. Look like the drawings of the hero in a magazine story about to be made into a movie. That's how Wayne Morris became *Kid Galahad.*

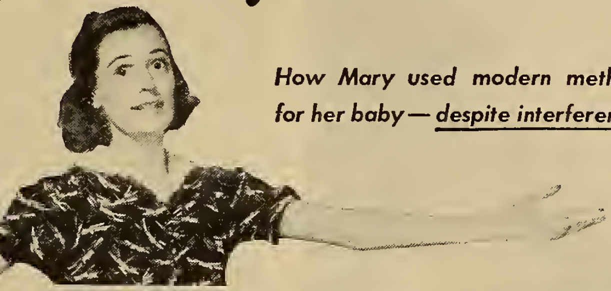
73. Walk into a movie executive's office, selling newspaper ads. John Patterson did and walked into movie offer, as well.

74. Become a waiter in a Hollywood restaurant, break into song at odd moments. Douglas Fowley tempted Fate thus.

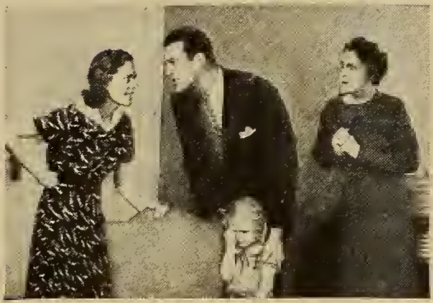
75. Become a dancing teacher and when one of your pupils gets an offer of a screen test, come along as her chaperone. Grace Ford arrived that way.

76. When an actor-friend asks you to read lines to him for a screen test, do it.

"Why does my mother-in-law *always* take my husband's side?"



How Mary used modern methods for her baby — despite interference!

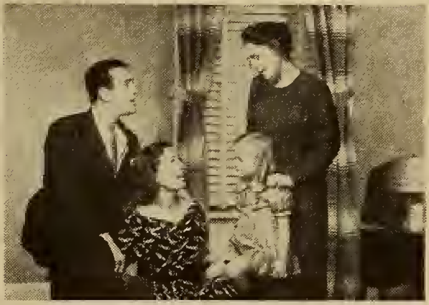


MARY: John, will you take your hands off that child and listen to ME for a change?
JOHN: I'll handle this MY way! I'll *make* her take it . . .

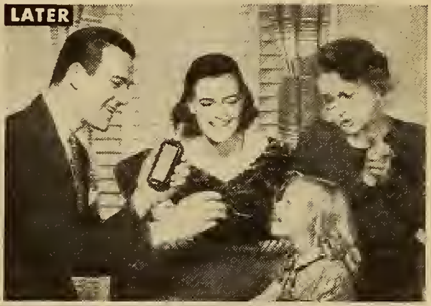
MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is ALWAYS right . . .
MARY: Oh mother . . . please . . . *please* . . .

MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I'm only trying to help . . . !
MARY: But I *don't need help!* It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it's old-fashioned to *force* Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It's liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.

MARY: He told me to get a PLEASANT-TASTING laxative that Sally would take willingly, but not one made for adults. A grown-up's laxative can be TOO STRONG for ANY child's insides. He said that the modern method of *special* care calls for a *special* laxative, too. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher's Castoria?
MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and *only*, for children. It's SAFE . . . has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!



JOHN: Look, mother, look! . . . she's taking Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb!
MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.
MARY: We'll have some peace around here now.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

Women that stop men cold

always stand out alone or in groups

ONE REASON will usually be found in the way they *look* and *feel*.

A clear skin . . . that is, a skin not only clear, but beaming with health and vitality . . . actually excites one to admiration.

Men are smart enough to always want to look their best, too.

rich, red blood necessary

And all this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess genuine vitality . . . the kind that makes for strength, energy . . . a wholesome complexion . . . and that assurance of well being.

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S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones.

Virginia Field did—and clicked. (Not so, the friend.)

77. Marry an actress who will talk you into a screen test. Leonard Penn was talked out of an office and into films by Gladys George.

78. If you have eight years of vaudeville behind you at 12, walk into a casting director's office and say, "I'm looking for a job." Judy Garland did—and got one.

79. Close your eyes, choose the name of an agent at random from the phone book, call on him, persuade him to handle you though unknown. The Kenneth Howell method.

80. Live next-door to an actor who will pat you on the head and introduce you at studios. That's how David Holt got inside those forbidding gates.

81. Come to Hollywood as a writer and director, then, to save time and money on a location trip in Montana, when the comic falls ill, take over his role. If Hugh Herbert hadn't, he might still be directing.

82. Come to Hollywood, armed with one letter of introduction to a director who will take time to read it. Jack Oakie needed nothing else.

83. Interview a star for an English magazine that likes photographs of writers and celebrities together "for the personal touch." Buck Jones offered Dorothy Hope a leading lady role after seeing their mutual photo.

84. Bring 'em back alive. Frank Buck did, till one too lively capture clawed him.

85. Be a sharpshooter and get a job shooting glass out of a star's hand from offstage. You'll be noticed. Ray Milland was.

86. Win a trip to Russia in an essay contest—and newspaper attention by going despite parental objections. Frances Farmer won a film test, too.

87. Demonstrate make-up for a firm catering to studios. They can't overlook you. At least, they didn't overlook Marla Shelton.

88. Write some movie shorts for yourself. Robert Benchley gets away with it.

89. Be a studio maid to a movie star for six years, then be seen in an amateur colored folks' show. That's Louise Beavers' story.

90. Practice up on your kissing. Frank X. Shields won his role in *Come and Get It* via a kissing contest.

91. Have the strength to take the manhandling of the mad Marx Brothers. Margaret Dumont could take it, so the movies took Margaret.

92. If you're vacationing in Hollywood, minding your own business, and a stranger walks up and tells you that you'd make a good screen gangster, don't slug him. George Raft didn't.

93. Sneeze as nobody else in public life can sneeze. Bill Gilbert won a screen career by a nose—a very troublesome nose.

94. Be the stage partner of an hombre who won't go to Hollywood without you. "An hombre like Gene Autry," says Smiley Burnette.

95. Disrobe in public with disconcerting nonchalance. Gypsy Rose Lee strip-teased to become the movies' Louise Hovick.

96. Sell magazines at a studio gate. That's how Irene Bennett finally attracted attention, after winning a beauty contest didn't.

97. Descend on Hollywood with a Viennese accent, a Parisian wardrobe, and a British press-agent who can make Americans wonder if you're a countess. It worked for Sari Maritza, whose real name was Dutch-English.

98. Do impersonations of movie stars at charity benefits in Hollywood until somebody finally notices you're clever. That's how Jane Withers cultivated fame.

99. Send a letter to a studio talent department, briefly and modestly outlining your personal charms. Veda Ann Borg—to her surprise—received an answer.

100. Make a reputation somewhere else—preferably abroad. Witness Danielle Darrieux, Annabella, Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Marlene Dietrich, Luise Rainer, Franciska Gaal, Miliza Korjus, Madeleine Carroll, et al.

101. Learn the rudiments of acting, in stock, Little Theatres or vaudeville (if you can find any). Then polish off your education with a tough post-graduate course on the New York stage. This isn't the quickest way to get a movie break, but it's the surest. In fact, it's the only sure way. Examples of this method are too numerous to mention. However, they include such sure top-notchers as Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Margaret Sullavan, Claudette Colbert, James Stewart, Basil Rathbone.

At the Southwestern Wholesalers' Convention held recently in Memphis, Tenn., El Brendel was the guest of Fawcett Publications. He saw to it that the boys didn't keep their noses too close to the grindstone. He's with R. K. Fawcett

Studio Make-up Artist Confesses

[*Continued from page* 43]

you mean by three equal proportions?"

"Look. It's very simple. The distance from the tip of the chin," he put his thumb on his chin, "to the tip of the nose," he put his index finger on it, "should equal the distance from the tip of the nose to the center of the eyebrows, and from the center of the eyebrows to the hairline.

"Horizontally, the spacing across the eyes, should be like this: the distance from the tear duct or the inner corner of the eye to the outer corner should equal the space between the eyes. Very few have such an ideally proportioned face, but the nearer we can come to it, the better."

"Will you please tell me what to do with the eyebrows, lips, etc., for best results?"

"Take the eyebrows. They can make or break a face. If the eyes are too far apart, we develop the eyebrows to grow a little closer together—and do the reverse if the eyes are too close. A girl who has a round face, should always pluck her eyebrows from underneath, thus lengthening the face. She should pluck from the upper edge, lowering the arch, if her face is too long. She should lower the arch if her nose is too long, and raise it if it's too short, because the length of the nose is determined by the distance between its tip and the center of the eyebrows. Freakish eyebrows will mar any face. Medium thick eyebrows give the face character. They should taper off gently toward the end, but never end in an extreme point."

WHEN Dawn talks, you listen in rapt attention. For everything he says may have a vital bearing on your appearance! And he makes you very self-conscious, too! Time and again he gave me an actual demonstration of a beauty secret, and asked me to stand behind his "guinea pig" secretary and watch the result in the mirror.

"If the eyes mirror the soul," he continued, speaking in the tone of a professor of surgery, "the mouth indicates one's personality. Lip rouge is applied best with a thin brush. The mouth should never be drawn down. A slight upward curve on the upper lip will make a woman look younger. The eyebrows also should never be drawn down. For remember, the muscles sag with advancing age. The lines of youth go upward, and the lines of old age downward. It's surprising how few women are aware of this fact. It's one of the fundamental principles of good make-up. In choosing the color of her lip rouge or lipstick, it's better for a woman to err on the light than on the dark side. Youth has brighter colors.

"She should play up her good points, and play down her bad ones. For instance, if she has beautiful eyes it would be a mistake for her to attract attention to her mouth by using a too vivid lipstick. For red is the most conspicuous color in nature. If a handsome man in formal evening clothes has a bit of catsup on his shirt, it will be the most noticeable thing about him. If the mouth is a woman's chief attraction, then the eyes may perhaps be played down to advantage. While speaking of colors, let me say that white has a tendency to reflect the light. A thin girl can wear white around her neck, but not a fat one. White must be absolutely taboo for double chins."

The high style of hairdress so much in vogue at the present was started by Jack Dawn, but as usual women have run away with it. "It's very lovely if a woman can wear it. No woman with a fat or scrawny neck can afford to expose it. A coiffure of soft, round lines would be much more flattering to her. Also, when the hair is piled up on the head it will accentuate sharp features. The hair should serve as the frame of the face."

ROUGE on the face is the most misused item of a woman's make-up, Jack says. The red catsup principle is a good thing to remember. "The paramount thing in make-up is naturalness, realness. It should never be obvious. Women are apt to use too much rouge and too much powder. People with very fair complexions should use very little powder—just enough to shadow too prominent and too round areas. Everything we see is a matter of highlights and shadows. If her chin, for instance, is a little too prominent she can shadow it by using darker make-up on her chin. If it recedes, she should use a lighter tone on her chin than on the rest of her face.

[*Continued on page* 63]

LOVE IS SUCH A PRECIOUS THING!
WHY RISK LOSING IT WITH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?
I THINK YOU'RE JUST SILLY TO RISK GETTING DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH A LOVELY COMPLEXION MEANS TO A MAN!
BUT WHY DO YOU THINK PALMOLIVE WOULD HELP MY SKIN? WHY IS IT DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SOAPS?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES GENTLY YET SO THOROUGHLY, KEEPS PORES SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY, LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
I GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE YOUR ADVICE AND USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, TOO! THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" OF YOURS CERTAINLY WORKS LIKE A CHARM WITH THE MEN!
PALMOLIVE
IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

Well, the Oakies finally stopped their feuding and made up. And in celebration of it they take second honeymoon to Europe. Cary Grant sees them off on *SS Queen Mary*

After world's longest courtship Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino finally got married. Here they are just after ceremony

printed out loud the item that Gene and Jeanette "are keeping their chums tense."

But if there's a black spot in their heaven, nobody in Hollywood knows it. Publicly, they coo as furiously as ever. They've still got the same press-agent—and in Hollywood, about-to-be-parted couples usually hire individual publicists before they hire lawyers. The "front" is more important than the lawing.

True, Gene does step out alone, now and then—to the fights regularly; to parties occasionally. But what hubbie doesn't? Both of them are too, too sensitive to what-people-think, to risk making themselves ridick.

■

IF Connie Bennett imagined that long-timer Gilbert Roland would blow his brains out all over her front

[*Continued on page* 72]

There were rumors that the Chester Morrises weren't seeing eye to eye. They celebrate reconciliation by going to NY

Studio Make-up Artist Confesses

[*Continued from page* 61]

"It's impossible to tell what color of make-up a woman should use without knowing her individual skin tones. This can be determined by consulting an expert in a beauty salon of proven reputation, or by taking the advice of your own mirror, in ordinary daylight.

"One reason why we see so many ghastly make-ups on women is that they don't see themselves in daylight. Electric lights are all right for evening make-up, but not for make-up worn during the day.

"We have worked out an entirely new coloring for Jeanette MacDonald in her new picture, *Sweethearts*. She will look better than ever before. We changed the color of her skin to almost alabaster, the shadow of her eyes to a very pale blue gray, and worked out an entirely new shade of lipstick for her. I made 15 different color tests for her lips. Blue and red go nicely together. Red-heads should not use too vivid lipsticks, and very little rouge, which should be very delicately blended into the natural tone of their skin. This new make-up brings out Jeanette's really natural coloring.

"Rosalind Russell and Hedy Lamarr are brunettes. We follow Rosalind's exact skin tones, because they are perfectly balanced. We use on her brown eyeshadow. Brown and blue are identical on the screen, but she feels better with brown. A woman who wants to look her best and feel her best should use colors that are complementary to hers, as well as please her. The psychological effect of something inharmonious on the face is bad for an actress. We use on her medium lipstick. In general, brunettes should not use too light or too dark lipstick.

"Hedy Lamarr is one of my pets. She comes here every day. When I first met her she looked to me like a school-girl just out of a convent. She had that ultra plainness of the European woman of a certain class, and was devoid of make-up, except for a little lipstick. She was a naive, unsophisticated, lovely kid. The first thing I did on her was to shape her eyebrows, they were a little too heavy. I thinned them to fit the balance of her face, but didn't make them too thin. When I started to do her lips I found they needed no correction at all. I didn't try to change her mouth, as I think it's her best feature. Any thing artificial will spoil her lovely natural beauty.

"We let her hair grow a little longer and brought it down flat around the sides and full around the neck, giving a halo effect. Her face is so pretty, that we didn't want to do anything with her hair that would detract attention from her face. Her hair is just like the frame around a picture. Her screen make-up is darker than her own skin, because we found a darker tone harmonizes better with her dark hair."

"How about the men?" I asked.

"Well, all we have to do for Clark Gable is to put a little color on him and make him look a little darker. Bob Taylor is one of those peculiar people whom the camera makes too darn good-looking. Making up the men is comparatively a simple matter. Unless, of course, they have to wear character make-up."

Time was when the studios searched for a man looking like Abraham Lincoln to impersonate him on the screen. But now Jack can make anybody look like Lincoln. Not by covering him with loads of heavy make-up, but by plastic sculpture. He has invented a gelatinous, flexible substance that looks like flesh, and when put on the face allows complete freedom of expression. It's light and porous, absorbs perspiration, and is comfortable to wear. It will cover up ugly scars and blemishes.

He took me to his sanctum sanctorum, an inner chamber with a "No Admittance" sign on the door. Here with two assistants, who are trained sculptors, he has been fashioning out hundreds of ears, noses, and sundry other parts of the human anatomy, as well as faces of lions, flying monkeys, brownies and the elusive, elfin creatures of the nether world, for *The Wizard of Oz*. He considers this picture his biggest and most difficult assignment to date. And it will show his wonders of make-up. A man will look like a lion or flying monkey and still preserve his identity, for as I said before, this rubber-like substance allows complete freedom of expression.

Jack lives in San Fernando Valley, and is the husband of the beauteous Marla Shelton, who patiently submits to his various tests and experiments, and with whom he is very much in love.

S.O.S.
SORRY, JACK...I'M CUTTING IN. BUT LISTEN, FELLOW, WAIT FOR ME AFTER THIS DANCE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING
I KNOW JUDY GAVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, WALT!
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! *ON THE LEVEL*, PAL--- YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
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LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
WELL, *AS I LIVE AND BREATHE*---IF IT ISN'T THAT DAILY DOUBLE, JACK AND JUDY, AGAIN!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY!
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All in a Lather

[*Continued from page 52*]

sparkle. Sparkle is the word for Jane. She's like a polished glass—clean and bright and shining with health.

"I fairly breathe soap and water," Jane laughed when I asked her about her beauty habits. "I spend every minute I can spare from sports and the studio in the tub. There's my shower in the morning—complete with shower brush and bath-sized soap, warm and cold water. After work I relax in a lukewarm tub to start the evening off right, and sometimes repeat the process again at bedtime."

Jane uses creams to remove her make-up, of course, but she washes her face besides. Several times a day when she's not working, morning, evening and night when she is, she gets out her sturdy little complexion brush and lathers her face with a mild soap and warm water. Once is not enough according to Jane. She rinses off the lather, then repeats the process to be sure that every bit of dirt and dust is removed from her pores. Then she rinses with warm water, and again with cool water. This soap and water scrubbing leaves her face so pink and glowing that Jane feels she doesn't need to use rouge to bring out the roses on her cheeks. A touch of powder on the nose, a careful application of lipstick, and she's ready for anything.

I asked her if her skin ever became dry and scaly. "Hardly ever in California," she told me. "But the wintry blasts I've been facing in New York have forced me to resort to lubricating lotions. I pour a rich hand lotion into the palm of my hand, stroke it over the fingers and arms. Another application for my throat and face—and I can brave any climate!"

JANE'S hair looked gleaming bright and perfectly arranged when I arrived, but as we talked she took out her hair brush and went to work with it. She lifted one strand after another in one hand, and brushed with the other, until she had brushed all the hair to one side of her head and back again. Then, and only then, did she take a comb to part it before brushing it back into place again. Her hair is naturally wavy—lucky girl—so that it stays in place easily. She washes it weekly, brushes it dry, and pins it into place with bob pins. Jane likes her hair cut fairly long, and waved softly around her face. In *The Sisters,* she wore it up in the 1900 style, but she feels that is too severe for everyday wear.

After she'd brushed her hair into place, Jane opened a bottle of perfumed cologne, poured a little on her hands, and ran them over her hair. That, she claims, is the finishing touch—she never feels really dressed without this faint fragrance on her hands and hair . . . She sloshes some of the same cologne all over her body, after her morning shower, and then dusts herself with powder of a matching scent before pulling on her pantie girdle . . .

On my way out of the theatre I was mobbed by a group of girls waiting to get Jane's autograph. "Did you see Miss Bryan?" they chorused. "What's she really like? Is she as nice as she looks?"

"Yes," I answered as I fought my way to fresh air, "she's swell, simply swell!"

Did you say to yourself, a few paragraphs back: "All that scrubbing and rubbing may be all right for Jane Bryan, but *my* skin is dry and sensitive. Soap and water may make her skin look pink and freshed—but it would make *mine* blotched and ugly. My skin needs cream and more cream to keep it smooth." You are partly right—your skin does need cream, and *some* soaps might irritate it. But you are wrong when you say your skin doesn't need a mild soap too.

If you want to have a lovely clear skin like your favorite movie star's, don't neglect the big four of skin care—cleansing, lubrication, stimulation and protection. The omission of just one of these steps in skin care may throw off your whole program. Do as the stars do—wash with a mild soap and warm water, rinse twice with warm, then cool, water, and pat *thoroughly* dry. Apply your cold or tissue cream to soothe the skin, but don't forget to use an astringent or skin tonic to stimulate it. And of course apply a foundation cream or lotion to protect it from the March winds!

If you need to be convinced that you can wash your face without irritating the skin, write me for the name of a mild white soap. Its creamy rich lather cleans your skin thoroughly, yet very gently, leaves it clear and so refreshed. You needn't worry that your skin will be irritated by harsh alkalies when you use this bland soap. The same fragrant oval cake does double duty in the tub or shower—it keeps you lovely all over, safeguards your reputation for daintiness. Three cakes cost a few pennies, so do send for the name today.

Shine at the dance with the aid of mild soap, clear, golden lotion, and quick lathering liquid shampoo

ELBOWS rough, ankles chapped and sore, or hands red and irritated? Or are you baffled by a nose that flakes and peels and just won't hold powder? The answer to all these problems is a golden liquid, fragrant as orange blossoms, and oh, so soothing. A handful stroked over your legs after a shower, up your arms after you've washed, dries fast enough so you can pull on your stockings or your gloves—quick as a flash! The lotion leaves no trace of stickiness, but it softens the skin so thoroughly that powder clings and clings. If you've been holding back from holding hands because yours were rough, write for the name of this lotion. A fifty cent bottle lasts and lasts.

Whether your hair is naturally curly, like

[*Continued on page 66*]

Woman Stars in Hollywood Marriages

[*Continued from page* 22]

papers, window and theatre lobby displays, ads, and billboards the size of barns. She's *glamor*. It's her silken-clad legs, her ermine-wrapped shoulders and her ecstasy-filled eyes that become familiar to millions of people everywhere.

Her husband still gets his occasional picture with his pipe or dog, horse or gun. But not so often as before. The system is crushing him, because when the wise magazine or newspaper editor considers publishing a picture of him, he usually ends by choosing one of the star's wife instead.

He knows what the majority of his readers want, so he says to the art editor, "Use his wife's picture. His own fans had rather see hers than his."

ONE sure way the male star can get his picture into print is to appear escorting his wife somewhere, in range of candid cameras. At first the photographers will not ask him to step out of the picture. They'll get around to that, presently. But even now he'll find himself, badly lighted, in the background somewhere. He doesn't dare push forward. To be accused of such ungallant egotism is a quicker box-office death than the slow starvation of losing his following.

Suppose he does try to edge forward a bit, subtly, with his wife's help, so they face the photographer side by side. The man with the camera promptly changes position somewhat. That throws the beautiful woman with her light-colored clothes into his foreground, and two feet nearer his flashlight bulb. Those two feet make all the difference in a flashlight picture. The beauty's face comes out nicely illuminated, but the man's will be a sickly grey image, almost lost against the surrounding shadows.

Naturally, it's the woman who makes the fashion pictures, the bathing-suit pictures, the hair-dress pictures; who gives the hints on beauty, charm and the use of cosmetics. It's the woman who introduces on the screen some ravishing new creation, which attracts swarms of feminine fans. Nobody's going to care if *Mr.* Star gets a tuxedo with a raised waistline and lapels half an inch wider!

WE COULD go on and on, but perhaps that is enough to show how the system reacts on box-office popularity. Now let us see what happens in the personal contacts of the married pair. How do they get along with the film-city satellites, who by this time are busy with jimmies, crow-bars and such, intent on wrecking the marriage?

Naturally, due to the wife's increased success, she is now being petted and pampered by everybody. Already it is being whispered into her ears that she has surpassed her husband in popularity. It's skilfully hinted to her that he's on the skids. Presently she realizes, whenever some yes-man mentions her husband's name in a certain tone, that she's being sympathized with. Too bad she has to carry such a burden. Too bad!

It's a recognized principle in such cases that it's best for the woman to take it all with a smile, and avoid defending her husband openly. If she does defend him, she only calls attention to the situation, and provokes more attacks on him, through arousing jealousy and hostility.

At first thought you might wonder why the same destructive forces aren't at work on the famous "engaged" or "just-good-friends" playmates. That is not at all the case. Such romances balk the Hollywood marriage-buster-upper because they are too intangible to afford leverage.

As for their effect on the public, the average fan seems to consider them interesting, but much too indefinite to get steamed up over. So they don't cause a shifting of the male star's audience to the woman's. Probably that's because Hollywood trumped up too many obviously fictional romances—called "wolf, wolf!" for publicity's sake too often.

IT'S amazing how closely the history of double star marriage fits into this pattern. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was a youthful big shot when he married Joan Crawford, then just beginning to shine. In a little while Doug's career was halted and he was spending his time at home, painting pictures. Then came divorce, Doug's new start in England, and presently his return to Hollywood and a fine career. Meanwhile Joan had married Franchot Tone. That actor's brilliant bid

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for screen fame subsided, and he turned his eyes stage-ward.

Lew Ayres was a big star when he married Lola Lane. Then we stopped hearing about Lew. After his divorce he made another bid for career, got it, and married Ginger Rogers. Promptly, history repeated itself. They were separated, Lew's stock rose again, and now he's once more among the prime favorites.

Just as Claudette Colbert overshadowed Norman Foster, it would seem that Alice Faye is overshadowing Tony Martin.

What have we heard about Gene Raymond's career, since he married Jeanette MacDonald?

Even the wedded youngsters who start out on about equal career terms seem fated to take the same courses as the bigger stars. So far John Payne and Anne Shirley haven't shown a sign of audience shift or marriage rift, to cite one example. But when we turn to the next, we see that it didn't take Ann Sheridan and Ed Norris long to follow the usual pattern. Norris, brilliant in *They Won't Forget*, did nothing else noteworthy, while Ann zoomed to stardom. Now, with their divorce final, it's in the cards for Norris to succeed.

YOU'LL notice that star-civilian marriages last longer. Bette Davis' marriage to Harmon O. Nelson is a fine example, even though, at last, it ended in divorce. Irene Dunne's to Dr. Griffin, Myrna Loy's to Arthur Hornblow, Virginia Bruce's and Maureen O'Sullivan's to directors, and other marriages of feminine stars to non-actors, potentially have, at least, equal lasting qualities.

Similarly, there's more stability in the marriage of stars to actresses who then retire from the screen. Dick and Joby Arlen held to their wedlock reasonably long before their split, while Bing Crosby's marriage to Dixie Lee has the promise of being solid as Gibraltar.

It you go over star lists with a fine-tooth comb, you'll find certain apparent exceptions to our rules. A very few. But we can always alibi with that old saw, "exceptions prove the rule," to which we'd like to add, "and besides, just give 'em time." The forces of Hollywood and the system are at work.

The glamor girl may mean it when she says sweetly, at the time of her marriage to another star, "I'm going to be just a plain Mrs. at home. When I leave the studio at night and retire to my cozy little love nest, hubby will wear the pants. I'll be content to sit before the fire, gazing into his eyes—"

Against such a course, whether she really intends to follow it or not, is set the tide of a million fans, moved by inexorable forces of curiosity, love and jealousy. Against it, also, are employers to whom the glamor girl begins to mean big profits. And against it, finally, are those who lick the boots of the big "box-office" personalities, and try to chisel all others, including husbands, out of their favor. In the face of such overwhelming odds, what chance has our heroine of holding her famous husband, and protecting him from gradual eclipse?

At the beginning of *A Star is Born*, was the usual claim that "all persons and events herein are fictitious." Yet the rise of the newcomer played by Janet Gaynor, at the expense of the star-husband played by Fredric March, has innumerable counterparts in the screen's past history—and will have more in the future.

All in a Lather

[*Continued from page 64*]

Jane's, or "permanently" so, like many another star's, take care to keep it gleaming. Brush it five minutes a day, strand at a time. Brush *up*—so the scalp benefits as well as the hair. Brush all the hair over to one side, then back again to the other, brush it forwards and back. Five minutes spent with a hairbrush, each day, pays dividends in hair loveliness that you and I can't afford to miss! It keeps the hair as gleaming bright as the day it was washed. It awakens the lazy oil glands in the scalp. It makes those glands do their job better and more efficiently so that both dry and oily hair tend to become more normal when brushed thoroughly each day. And besides all this brushing, be sure to keep your hair scrupulously clean by a shampoo every week or ten days.

You can't go wrong, with your weekly shampoo, when you use one of two golden green liquids. One is designed for dry hair, the other for normal or oily hair. Both lather abundantly in luke warm water, and dissolve every speck of dirt quickly. Two rinses—the first to float away the dirt, the second to make sure you got all the first time—and your job is done. And done so well that every single hair gleams with cleanliness. Both shampoos come in three sizes, from ten cents to a dollar. Even rough, unruly hair falls into place quickly after being washed with these shampoos. I hope you'll write me for the name today.

Along about this time of year we all need a pick-up, and my idea of a perfect one is a new perfume with which to beguile ourselves and our friends. With spring just around the corner (we hope) it's no wonder that we begin to tire of the heavier, more exotic scents we've used all winter, and think longingly of light and fragrant perfumes, colognes and toilet waters of the floral type. I discovered just such a pleasant scent the other day. It's sweet, and not too sweet, rather like a vanilla ice cream soda, to be exact. It's light—but it doesn't fly away as many scents do. Just the opposite! The longer I wore it, the more intense it became. The heat of my body brought out all the inherent depths of the perfume. I wore it and loved it. The next morning I'd forgotten it—but imagine my surprise when the first touch of hot water of my shower revived the scent! That shower was one of the most delightfully fragrant ones I've ever had. Even if the cologne had only that one use, I think I'd slather some over my body before stepping under the spray . . . You'll find it especially cooling on warm spring days, as an after-shower rub down, and I know you'll want to smooth a few drops over your shining locks as a "finishing touch." A dollar and a half buys an attractive bottle with detachable atomizer.

Write me before March 15th if you'd like the names of any of the articles mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (3 cents in U. S. postage, please) when you send your letter to me in care of MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York.

New Hope for Wives

[Continued from page 24]

suddenly, "do *you* think of the idea?"

"I think you would be wonderful for the part," I said at once.

"That's interesting," Myrna said, "I go about collecting reactions about it. I wanted to get your reaction. When I first told Arthur about it, he didn't care much for the idea. But when he read the script and found that the character of *Lady Esketh* is—well, less decadent than in the book, he rather changed his mind in favor of it, I think. But then when I told Bill" (Powell, of course) "*he* said: 'Mrs. Charles, we don't want an *actress* in our family. We want to keep our Little Woman as she is. . . .' He was really quite shocked at the idea, Bill was. And so it goes. One person thinks it swell, the next person says 'don't do it' . . . I really don't know. . . ."

"You nearly had another *Thin Man* for a husband, didn't you?"

"I did NOT," said Myrna, spiritedly, "when I was told that Bill might not play the part, that another actor might be cast as *Nick Charles*, I very definitely and emphatically said that there would have to be another *Mrs. Nick Charles*, too. I wouldn't dream of being 'married' to any *Thin Man* but Bill . . . it would be the most flagrant kind of screen infidelity. But now that's all settled—and its Bill and me again. And the baby, of course! And I'm happy about that.

"But the fact remains, I am typed. Even in *Test Pilot* I was much the same type, really—the brave, good-sport Little Woman who stands by, a gallant grin on her face, her heart in irons. So, there it is. . . . I'm no longer the Exotic, the Menace, but I am—well, what *would* you call me?"

"Another kind of 'Menace,'" I laughed, "you are called," I reminded her, reproachfully, "'The Perfect Wife'. There are articles written about it. Men use the name of Loy as a whip to hold over the heads of their own imperfect wives. Their imperfect wives do a lot of suffering-by-comparison—"

"It's so silly," sighed Myrna, half amused, half impatient, "it's pretty stodgy, too. Because, of course, I'm *not* and—"

"'Not?'" I asked, pricking up my reportorial ears again, "you mean that, in real life, if your husband should ask you to go from cocktail bar to cocktail bar with him you wouldn't go? You wouldn't be the Good Sport, the Gamest Girl in The World and stay with him?"

"I would NOT!" laughed Myrna, "I'd never be put to such a test in real life because Arthur and I are home-bodies, not cocktail-bar bodies. But supposing such a circumstance—no, I *certainly* would not." Myrna added: "these stories that have been printed about husbands ribbing their wives because they are not replicas of *Mrs. Nick Charles*—does anyone stop to consider that *I* get ribbed, too? By my husband? Just imagine being labeled 'The Perfect Wife'—of all things! You *may* imagine," grinned Myrna, "with what wit and humor a witty and humorous husband could, and does, treat such an opportunity!"

I imagined. Then I said, fascinated by the revelations of the luncheon table, "you mean, then, that you don't—well, pour your husband's breakfast coffee for him every morning, clad in something so fetching and Adrian-ish that the Average Woman would like to fetch you (and Adrian) to the pillory?"

"I do NOT!" whipped Myrna briskly. "I *never* eat breakfast with my husband except on Sundays when we have very late breakfast together. Weekdays, when I am working, I get up much earlier than he does. When I am not working, I get up much later than he does. Also, it takes me at least an hour to wake up. I am not the type who leaps from bed with a glad and lark-like cry, fresh as the dew on the hills, 'ready for anything'. I am not ready for anything at all, for at least an hour. I have to take a shower, go out of doors and take seven deep breaths, get myself out of the fog of sleep. I wouldn't breakfast with my husband every morning for *anything!*"

"All wives will bless you for this," I said pontifically, "but do go on. . . ."

"You're not asking me to give Advice To Wives, are you?" Myrna asked suspiciously, "because if you are, it's no use. I won't do it. I can't do it. It's too absurd. I've read little maxims—about marriage which I am supposed to have delivered to the world.

[Continued on page 69]

EVERYBODY THOUGHT SHE'D BE AN OLD MAID
—BUT SHE DISCOVERED IN TIME WHY MEN DIDN'T LIKE HER...
YOU'RE MY BEST GIRL FRIEND, ANITA. TELL ME WHY I'M SO UNPOPULAR—PLEASE!
WELL, RUTH—SINCE YOU ASK—I THINK YOU SHOULD USE LIFEBUOY. IT'S A BIG HANDICAP FOR A GIRL TO HAVE "B.O."
IMAGINE—A GIRL LIKE ME GUILTY OF "B.O." BUT IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN! I'M PLAYING SAFE—I'M USING LIFEBUOY IN MY DAILY BATH
A GIRL'S A FOOL TO RISK "B.O."
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KENTUCKY
—AAA—

When you hear the word Kentucky you immediately think of horses, blue grass, romance and the traditions of the South. When you see *Kentucky*—and you must—all these things come to life. The color, too, for *Kentucky* is done in Technicolor. Loretta Young and Richard Greene co-star in this romantic drama of the South—and handsomely, too—but Walter Brennan steals the acting honors with one of the finest characterizations of the season. He plays the part of Loretta's uncle, a lovable old relic of the Civil War. The yarn is really about horse-breeding, but it is embroidered with a touching story of a family feud originating in 1861 and brought up to the present where it is culminated when the young people in the opposing families are conquered by Cupid who doesn't use a bow and arrow but a horse. This has an excellent combination of the elements that make entertainment—action, emotion, color and romance. And the Southern passion for horses has been treated with so much feeling and dignity that even Kentucky will go for *Kentucky*.—*20th Century-Fox.*

TRADE WINDS
—AAA—

How would you like to take a trip half-way round the world—without lifting a hand—in an hour and a half—and for the price of a seat in the orchestra or in the balcony if you like to smoke? You can by going to see *Trade Winds.* Walter Wanger makes it possible but only through the help of Tay Garnett, the producer, who recently made the trip using his camera most promiscuously. So the backgrounds you see of Hawaii, Japan, China, Indo-China, the Malay Peninsula and India are really authentic. And you couldn't have more charming traveling companions than Fredric March, Joan Bennett, Ann Sothern and Ralph Bellamy who, speaking the lines of Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, keep you so amused that you really hate to go back home. And Miss Ann Sothern certainly deserves four bells for her grand performance as Dr. Livingston. We don't know why Ann deserves the title of doctor but perhaps it's due to her expert knowledge of what to do with alcohol. The story in short is about a fugitive from the law—Joan Bennett, and her pursuer, Fredric March—a fugitive from love.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

New Hope for Wives

[*Continued from page* 67]

Ridiculous. Especially ridiculous because no one of us in pictures is qualified to give advice to people who are *not* in pictures. Our home lives, our whole routine of living is completely different from the lots and lives and routines of other people, other women . . . you can take any one of the popular axioms about How To Be the Perfect Wife and you will find that, as they apply to picture people, they are in reverse. . . ."

"Let's take some of them," I said, "and, just for fun, see how they do work out . . . a new game . . . all right, howsabout 'Maintain your appearance. Be as attractive to your husband after marriage as you were before marriage?' Seems to me I read somewhere that you had expressed this bit of wifely wisdom. . . ."

"All right," said Myrna, "I didn't express any such thing. I couldn't have because . . . we who are on the screen, when we are working, are dressed up most of the time. We are in make-up; we are glamorized and we are seen by our husbands living in this aura. It may be artificial but it is 'maintaining your appearance,' too. When I am not working I wear slacks and sweaters at home and think as little as possible about how I look. Nor do I notice any change in my husband's attitude toward me whether I am dressed in an Adrian creation as Mrs. Nick Charles. Or wearing slacks and sweaters as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow."

"'Take time to study the culinary Art. The way to a man's heart is still the stomach'" I quoted sonorously, "that's another maxim attributed to you—and I can prove it."

"Don't try," laughed Myrna, "I'll take your word for it. Well, I don't doubt that the way to a man's heart may be via the stomach. But if I couldn't afford a good cook I'm afraid that I might lose my husband, assuming that I had ever got him in the first place. Of course, I could take a Domestic Science course—and would. But in the meantime . . . Arthur, it so happens, is the cook in our family. Every Thursday night, cook's night out, we have a few friends in and we all go in the kitchen and each one makes his or her 'specialty'. And Arthur always turns out something fit for the gods. . . ."

"And what is your specialty?" I asked.

"Chefs' assistant," laughed Myrna, "I'm a *wonderful* potato-pealer and lettuce-washer and carrot-dicer. . . . . I leave the more elegant of the culinary Arts to the experts. . . ."

(Girls! Wives! Women everywhere! *She can't cook*—Myrna can't cook—see that your husbands digest this palatable dish!)

"Don't be too certain of your husband. Nor let him be too certain of you," I quoted again, "I'm sure I read *that* somewhere. . . ."

"I'm sure you did, too," said Myrna grimacing, "I know I have. Well, again, the rule doesn't apply in this business. How could any husband be too sure of a wife who is in pictures? Is any man complacent about his wife when he knows that she spends her days in the arms of Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Charles Boyer, Bill Powell and so on? Is any wife apt to be 'too sure' of a husband whose business it is to produce starring such irresistibles as Claudette Colbert, Dorothy Lamour and others? No."

"You have some simply *perfect* imperfections," I said, happily, "women are going to love you for this. Tell me more. If you were analyzing yourself, painting your own portrait, let's say, how would it be?"

"If I were painting my own portrait," grinned Myrna, "I'd paint my freckles in! I *like* my freckles. I mean it, I really do. I used to hate them. I used to go in for all kinds of bleaching lotions and things. That what when I was in my teens. And when I was a kid I suffered tortures because I had red hair and freckles. I wouldn't wish red hair and freckles on any girl. Or boy either. The ribbing I took! But now I like my freckles. I'm fond of them. I'm even grateful to them. For there's something quite *young* about freckles, you know, and so when I look tired, I don't look my best. They sort of help!"

"You mean," I said, "that a *Loypard* wouldn't change her spots?"

Myrna ignored this. There's a limit to all things, she seemed to be thinking. Then she went on, smoothly: "analyzing myself? Well, I have so many faults I won't bore you with the complete inventory. I think,

[*Continued on page* 86]

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The "Widows" of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 39*]

Little Women In The Home, let me tell you that. They're not "just the wives of stars." No, many of them are the stars themselves. Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne, for example, are the "widows" of professional men. Bette Davis was a golf-widow when she was married. Come every Sunday and her-then-Ham would wave a niblick in her famous face and be off to the golfing grounds. I could go on listing these names interminably. I will in just a moment.

Now, don't misunderstand me: it is not the dread pneumococcus nor the sinister "strep" which bereave the wives of Hollywood. No, the "widows" of Hollywood are Race-Track Widows, Political Widows, Research Widows, ? ? MM. Camera Widows, Sound-Stage Widows, Deep-Sea Fishing Widows, Book Widows, Wanderlust Widows, Tennis Widows, Fight Night Widows, Yachting Widows, Polo Widows, wives made "widows" by these and other devastating germs.

I MAY as well state right here and now that this article 's based, in great part, on a false premise. For the "widows" of Hollywood have found ways and means to cheat the fate-worse-than-death which befalls their husbands—and themselves. I mean, the "widows" of Hollywood perform *suttee*, as did the wives of India when their husbands left them for, presumably, better and brighter worlds. But whether the wives of India honestly felt that they were following their husbands to better and brighter worlds had nothing to do with it. It was just an old Brahman custom for the wife to be sacrificed on the funeral pyre of her husband, whether she liked it or not. For *suttee*, in case you are not familiar with this old Indian custom is defined in the dictionary, thus: "a Hindu widow who immolates herself on the funeral pyre of her husband."

Now, then, this is precisely what many of the widows of Hollywood do—they "immolate" themselves on the "funeral pyres" of their husbands. For after all, what *is* a widow? Well, the dictionary says "a woman bereft of her husband by death." If you want to be technical, that's that. But a woman bereft of her husband by any means is *still* a widow of sorts, isn't she? And so the "widows" of Hollywood "immolate" themselves on the "funeral pyres" of their husbands be these "pyres" sailing, fishing, duck-hunting, jitterbugging, book-worming or whatever.

ON the other hand, there are widows who haven't the proper spirit of *suttee*. Dixie Crosby, for instance. Dixie does not follow Bing to the golf links, thus immolating herself on the putting pyre of her crooning liege lord. Therefore, Dixie is, indeed a "widow." Dixie gets very tired indeed of having no husband to take her dancing or to parties. She told me so. For Bing, by eye-witness report, takes off for the Lakeside Golf Club come dawn—and even before. And on the fairways does Bing remain until the Western sun has westerned and he is all but forcibly removed to the bosom of his family. Even when a Bing film is in production he takes time to play golf. The studio and the Club have evolved a grapevine system by means of which the studio, with overhead running into the thousands every minute that Bing swings a brassie, can locate him on whatever tee he is approaching or has just left.

Not only is Dixie a Golf-Widow, she is a Race-Track Widow, too. She has spared herself something of this loneliness by seeing to it that the Crosbys have a home hard by the Delmar Race Track. Then, Bing is also a Corporation—Bing Crosby, Ltd. There is a building on the Strip in Hollywood which is called "The Crosby Building." In which his office forces carry on the innumerable enterprises of Bing. In which also, are brothers Larry and Everett Crosby carrying on for the Clan.

Larry told me, recently, that Bing has been in this building *just once* in the past year.

Yes, Dixie is indeed a Widow, the widow, not of Bing Crosby, Ltd., as his offices and stationery proclaim, but of Bing Crosby, un-Ltd., his interests being *quite* unlimited. Dixie, however, has her girl friends, her knitting needles, all the money she wants to spend and, in the nursery, a poker hand of Four of a Kind! Bing "leaves" his "Widow" very well off!

Mrs. Jimmy Cagney and Mrs. Joan Blondell are two other widows who refuse to follow their husbands into their particular hobbies called Yachting. When Jimmy is aboard the "Martha;" when Dick is aboard the "Eroica," they should travel the fastest because they are certainly "traveling alone." The reason for the unbroken widowhoods of Mesdames Cagney and Powell is simple and sorrowful: *Seasickness.* Widowhood they feel is preferable to such dishonor. And so they give their husbands to that Ol' Debbil Sea and remain at home with their babies, dogs, households and memories of the days when Jimmy and Dick were land-lubbers.

Mrs. Leslie Howard is a widow who wears her weeds rather than follow her Leslie whither his feet and camera take him. . . . For, as she explained to me, "I cannot go where he goes. I cannot follow him while he leaps crags, his 16 mm. camera in hand, in order to catch an albatross on the wing. I prefer to be a 16 mm. Camera Widow than a handful of bleached bones to the further glory of amateur photography!"

Mrs. Basil Rathbone is, likewise, a 16 mm. Camera Widow. She said, with admirable restraint, that she preferred not to discuss her bereavement for publication!

MRS. PAUL MUNI is, or could well be, a Research or Make-Up Widow. For when Paul is being a Zola or a Pasteur he is not, as most women understand such matters, a husband. It takes Muni from two to four hours daily to make up for one of his characters. Mrs. Muni, always with her husband in the studio, sits by with a book the while Paul leaves her for the studious contemplation of transforming his own face. And when Muni starts a picture she has every right to don the weeds which are sable. . . . For Muni goes into Brown Studies which last days and weeks. He reads and reads and reads, digging and delving into the very vitals of his characters. And for Bella Muni sitting by him, it might well be like Sitting Up With The Body. For Paul, as she well knows, is not with her—not in this world at all. He is back in the days of Zola, Pasteur and Juarez: Mrs. Muni follows Paul wherever he may go, in spirit as well as in body. And she remains with him until, at long last, he emerges from the realm of research and returns again to the good earth.

Even Hedy Lamarr was a Widow—a Munitions Widow. I say "even Hedy Lamarr" because it would seem that if mortal man could find it in his heart to widow the Luscious Lamarr then all wives and "widows" everywhere should polish off the old Mourners' Bench. But so it was. Hedy, herself, told me that she got so tired of listening to nothing but talk of munitions, that for that reason, if for no other, she would have fled the jeweled Cage in which her husband, munitions tycoon Fritz Mandl, kept her confined. And Hedy did fly away.

When Carole and Gable are wed—and I predict that they will be as soon as the Gable divorce can be set in motion and moves toward its appointed end—Clark will play no ducks and drakes without Lombard. Carole will never be "widowed." She will joyfully immolate herself on the "pyre" of Gable's interests. For when Clark goes duck-hunting or skeet-shooting, Carole goes right along with him. And no quarter given. Indeed when Carole and Clark, and a few other couples go duck-shooting, the girls carry their own bags, retrieve their own birds. "We won't play retrievers for youse dames" is the slogan of Gable and his fellow-huntsmen. Carole stacks alfalfa, rides horseback, draws as straight a bead on a bird as Gable, himself. And when Carole is Mrs. Gable, she'll do what he does for her ways are his ways and their ways are one.

ANN SOTHERN is an Orchestra Widow while hubby Roger Pryor tours the country with his Band. And Dorothy Lamour (Dottie to Charlie McCarthy) is an Orchestra Widow, too. When Herb Kaye is called upon to tour the Little (Lamour) Woman stays In The Home, on the set, in the broadcasting studio and, occasionally in the Cocoanut Grove, listening to Rudy Vallee, dating with some mutual friend of hers and Herb's.

Bette Davis was once an Orchestra Widow come to think of it. And when she was an Orchestra Widow she dutifully followed her Ham wherever his Band might lead. Those were the days when Bette traveled miles to stay with Ham in an auto camp near San Francisco, cooking and cleaning and sharing his life with him. Well, Ham gave up his orchestra and now Ham has given up his marriage. Orchestra Widows, it would seem, had better follow the old Indian custom. For when they don't, their marriages commit suicide in the divorce courts.

Lili Damita Flynn is a Wanderlust Widow . . . for when the Seven Seas or Arabia or Spain call him, Errol is off and away . . . and you can't "immolate" yourself on the "funeral pyre" of your husband if you don't know whether it is North or South of the Equator. . . .

Via Hersholt is a Book Widow. For when Jean is not being the kindly Country Doctor, not serving on welfare committees, he is following the savant's scent of First Editions, or studying his Bibliographical treasures. . . . There are quite a number of Political or Committee Widows. Mrs. Melvyn Douglas is one, Mrs. Bob Montgomery is another and so are Mesdames Edward Arnold and Edward G. Robinson.

Mrs. Pat O'Brien could easily be a Race-Track Widow. For Pat and Ralph Bellamy and Jimmy Cagney and Frank McHugh are off to the Race-Tracks every time Teacher Jack Warner, let us say, lets them out of school. They even play hookey occasionally, let Teacher catch them if he can! Well. Eloise O'Brien solved her problem by having a home built at Delmar—practically adjacent to the Race-Track. So when Pat is at the Race Track, Eloise is at the Race Track, too. Or so near to it that all she needs to do is ring the cow-bell and Pat comes racing home to dinner. And the only weeds Eloise wears are the colors of the Favorites.

MYRNA LOY is a Production Widow. Luise Rainer is a Playwright Widow—and *that* germ nearly proved fatal! Myrna, married to Producer Arthur Hornblow must wear her weeds the while hubby is concentrating on whatever picture he is currently producing. Myrna is not "widowed," therefore, by anything so impersonal as a niblick or a deep-sea fish. Myrna is widowed by her own competitors in her own sphere of activity. For Mr. Hornblow, let us say, might be producing a Colbert or Lamour picture.

But Myrna handles her "widowhood" in smooth fashion. She says to Hollywood "widows": "Maintain your appearance even though, or when 'widowed.' Be as attractive to your husband's ghost as you tried to be when he was with you in the flesh. Devote time and study to the culinary art. The way to a 'ghost's' heart is still through the stomach, believe it or not. Don't be too certain of your husband's ghost or let him be too certain of yours."

Then there are the wives of professional men, as I've mentioned. Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne. Claudette knows that when she and her doctor husband accept an invitation for dinner he will vanish on the

[*Continued on page* 73]

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 62*]

Bette Davis and Ham Nelson are married no longer. Hubby won divorce, said that she reads books, thought of career first

doorstep, just because she hasn't seen him for so, so many days and nights, and is stepping around with another charmer instead, she's wrong.

Gilbert, after carrying a torch for just four days, has handed Connie a bit of her own medicine. He's been seen here and there with Geraldine Spreckels, the sugar-heiress, movie-actress, nite-club entertainer, who's big-time enough to intrigue such as the Chaplin. Gerry is competition aplenty for Connie, if it's competition that Connie's looking for.

BUT—IS Connie looking for competition?—or is she really so interested in this somebody else (never mind who; your ol' Tattler can't tell, on account of there are marital complications!) that Gilbert doesn't really interest her any more?

If, as is rumored, Connie suddenly shoves off for Europe and files a divorce action, at long long last, against Marquis Henri de la Coudraye et de la Falaise, then you can look for another divorce action to be filed in California or maybe Nevada. And if both go through, Gilbert Roland can have his Gerry Spreckels, for all Connie'll care . . .!!

■

NOBODY in Hollywood seems to have a greater faculty for getting her private affairs talked about than Martha Raye. She's about as private as a radio broadcast.

Latest gossip in Hollywood about Martha, now that she is married to David Rose, is that she's on the verge, already, of unmarrying him. Those who say they know say that the marriage isn't working out as beautifully as they expected it to.

BUT—on the other hand, there's an even more startling report around, which neither Martha nor Rose have denied: That is that Martha is headed for a date with Ol' Doc Stork . . .!

Those who peddle the rumor say it's right out of Martha's own mouth—and that's

[*Continued on page 80*]

Here's one of the most inseparable foursomes in Hollywood. The Doug Fairbankses, Merle Oberon and Connie Bennett always get together for premieres and parties

The "Widows" of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 71]

Stroke of Ten. No ghost, indeed, could vanish more promptly. For Claudette's husband may be, usually is, "operating in the morning." Or he is engaged on a piece of research. Or he "must be at the hospital." Whatever the specific reason, Claudette is widowed in the shank of many an evening, sometimes for many evenings at a time, depending on the health of the community. Irene Dunne's husband, Dr. Griffin, dental surgeon, remains in New York, so true to his profession and clientele that he has resisted, these many years, what must be the powerful temptation to "materialize" and be always with Irene. I don't need to elaborate this theme . . . any man will get what I mean without words.

You might, indeed, classify Irene Dunne as a Long-Distance Widow . . . and somehow, happily, in the case of Irene and Dr. Griffin, Love is stronger than Long-Distance. And the 3,000 miles so often between them, which might have become the Great Divide of Divorce, is firmly bridged. Madeleine Carroll "enjoys" a Long-Distance marriage, too . . . whether she enjoys it is debatable. But she has, thus far, seemed to manage it successfully. . . .

Such is not always the case . . .other Long-Distance Widows have become divorcees. . . . Margot Graham, her husband in England, won a divorce and is now re-married . . . even Johnny Weissmuller couldn't swim against the tides of Lupe's trips and travels and now they are asunder . . . And so re-marriage doesn't alter the truth of the text which says that Long-Distance Widows do often rise, Phoenixes, from the ashes of their particular pyres.

GAIL PATRICK is a Restaurant Widow, of all things! Married to Bob Cobb, who is Mister Brown Derby (all of them), Gail doesn't have to find her way to Bob's heart via his tummy. The Brown Derby chefs take care of that. Anyway, you are quite apt to see Gail sitting alone at a table in a Brown Derby, eating in "widowed" solitude, the while Bob goes about being friendly to the Don Ameches, the Ritz Brothers, whoever may be dining in the Derby. And everyone *does*. . . .

Speaking of the Don Ameches reminds me that there are Radio Widows, too, a' plenty. Pat (Mrs. Charles) Boyer was so "widowed" when her *Pepe* went on the air that, for the first time since they were married, she herself went to work in a picture, *Idiot's Delight*. Honore Ameche drives her Don to and from the broadcasting building Sundays so that her "widowhood" what with Don at the studio all day and every day, won't be too desolate. We all know what Mary Livingstone Benny has done about what might have been her Radio "widowhood" . . . she went on the air right alongside of her Jack.

I've often thought that the future wife, if any, of Edgar Bergen, will be "widowed" before she is wed. A Dummy Widow she would be, poor thing. Widowed by McCarthy . . . for certainly Charley would sit, however woodenly, more often on Bergen's lap than would any bride.

Mrs. Fred Astaire is a Routine Widow . . . for when Fred is in production he thinks nothing of rehearsing his routines from dawn to dawn.

Mrs. Spencer Tracy, Mrs. Lew Stone, Mrs. Bob Montgomery are among the Sound-Stage Widows. They are the widows of stars who are Business Men. Business men who look upon the studio as an office, the sound stage as a desk. Even the wives of Big Executives barge into their husbands' offices at least once annually. But not Mesdames Tracy, Stone and Montgomery. From year's end to year's end they never go anywhere near the studio where their husbands are working. No, indeedy, these Sound-Stage Widows remain at home reading about studios and stars in the fan magazines and daily columns.

The wives of Tracy and Montgomery are also Polo Widows. As are the wives of Darryl Zanuck and Leslie Howard . . . then there are the Tennis Widows such as Mrs. Ronald Colman, Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, et cetera . . . there are the Poker Widows . . . Mrs. Dick Foran is one who wears the Poker weeds . . . there are the Magic Widows, notably Mrs Harold Lloyd and Mrs. Chester Morris . . . So-o-o-o-o ends the story of these brave, little women . . . the Widows of Hollywood!

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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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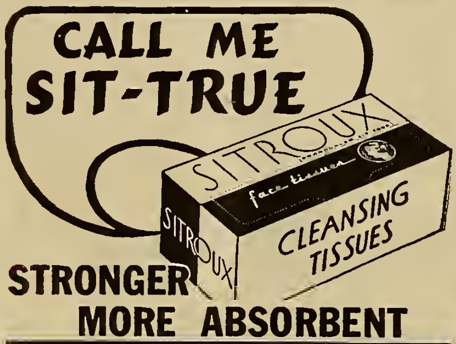
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Girl from the Five and Ten

[*Continued from page* 50]

statisticians will grab their pencils at the slightest provocation to prove to you in cold figures that this young lady's chances of ever becoming a star were 100,000 to 1 when she quit serving *choklat sodays* to thirsty customers at Brown's Confectionery Store located a hop, skip, and a jump from Grauman's Chinese Theatre, to try her hand at the movies and it makes no never-mind with the arithmetic boys that she fooled 'em by being the exception to the rule. The chances are still 100,000 to 1 that it will ever happen again . . . No wonder Ellen admits she's lucky.

Although she didn't know it then, being only four years old, about the first step she took in the direction of Hollywood was when her family moved from Kansas City to Chicago back in 1919.

"Everything was going along fine," she told us, "up until my third year in Parker High when my parents separated and I had to quit school and find a job. And a job, I discovered after wearing out the soles of my only pair of shoes, was harder to find than the needle in a haystack: There just didn't seem to be any work, and if there was, some other girl always got ahead of me. I was only 16 then and much too timid and shy to compete with girls who knew their way around the employment agencies much better than I.

"Finally I decided to take a chance at Marshall Field's and see if the store wouldn't take a chance on me. I boosted my age up to 18 when the employment department head called me in and I thought the little white lie might backfire because just as soon as I said it I knew I couldn't fool him. He gave me a long, hard look and then, much to my surprise, told me to report the next morning for temporary work in the accounting department—of all places!

"Believe it or not, I stayed there for six months, more than time enough, so I was told when I received my final check, to prove that I was no account in the accounting department or anywhere else in the store. In other words I got the Grand Bounce which was no more than I deserved in view of the many mistakes I made."

WELL, being no great shucks at figures other than her own which compares very favorably indeed with any glamor girl you can name, and not yet having learned how to live without eating, (you'd be surprised how close to a lot of our out-of-work and hungry actors can come to doing this) Ellen started the old grind of ducking in and out of employment agencies and getting nowhere very fast until someone tipped her off to an opening at Englewood, a Chicago suburb.

When she got there she was down to her return car fare and enough left over to buy no more and no less than a pound of hamburger for the evening meal and if heaven was ever to protect the working girl now was the time she said to herself. Well, it did! She started work in Grant's Department Store that very day!

"It was really a five-and-ten," Ellen says, "but I wouldn't have cared if it were a one-and-two. It was a job and it paid me ten dollars a week and mother and I somehow managed to live on it. $4 of the $10 went for the rent of our more than modest flat, another $4 went for food and $2 for clothes. The lessons I learned about budgeting come in handy now, despite the fact that I don't have to squeeze the pennies and nickles as tight as I did then. I don't believe I'll ever be able to squander money Hollywood style even if I ever have it to spend—not after the lessons I learned back in Englewood."

Ellen got another taste of good luck while she was selling jewelry and baby clothes behind the five-and-ten counter. That was when the NRA came along.

"With it," she says, "came a $5 raise in salary and mother and I switched from hamburger to round steak with a good salad now and then, and at the end of the first month in this change in diet we gained five pounds apiece. After the second month I managed to arrange a charge account and the Drew family dolled itself up in some new clothes for the first time in a year. A dollar down and a dollar a week was the way I paid it off. We certainly felt rich what with the raise, the better food and the new outfits. Maybe you don't know how good it feels to

Ellen Drew came to Hollywood via Kansas City, Chicago but you'll be knowing her as *The Lady's from Kentucky* hear a few 'extra' coins jingling in your purse!"

ONLY a deep sense of our innate false modesty prevented us from getting personal. There was the time, for instance, when just ONE coin would have come in mighty handy and that, we could have told her, was less than a month ago when an irate bar-keep refused to let us sign a tab for a midget snort of maybe-you-know-what. So . . .

"After I' been working for a few months, gaining health, and wealth, and weight despite the long hours, the manager of the store entered me in a beauty contest sponsored by the Kiwanis Club. Me, of all people! During the contest I wore an evening gown, then a bathing suit and when I wasn't changing costumes I was just standing around with the rest of the girls (real beauties, too, she insists) waiting for the judges to decide the winner. Now who do you suppose it was? Me, of all people! I was the most surprised girl in all Illinois when a man came over and pinned a ribbon on me which read: "MISS ENGLEWOOD."

She couldn't have been any happier if it had read: "MISS AMERICA."

It had another effect upon her, too.

"It may sound silly, and no doubt it is, but right from the moment that ribbon was pinned on me I decided to become an actress! I had had a little training and experience in high school theatricals—enough, I convinced myself, to get by in the movies. But you should have heard the roar that went up when my friends heard of my new-born ambition. Why, they told me, I scarcely knew an entrance from an exit, I didn't know the difference between a wing and a leg, my voice was no good, and I didn't know how to walk. Besides, you could buy beautiful girls at a dime a dozen in Hollywood. The studios demanded more than good looks and why did a little prairie flower like me think she could crash a movie gate? Unknowns, they took pains to point out, remained that way, and if I was the smart little girl they were beginning to think I wasn't, I'd keep on selling my jewelry and baby clothes. Well . . ."

WELL, we know, now, what happened. The little prairie flower as she called herself, joined up with some friends who were shoving off on a puddle-jumping jalopy trip to California and three weeks later was driving down Hollywood Boulevard. And three days later was working in Brown's Confectionery Store where she served her *choklat sodays* to her thirsty—and admiring—customers.

"You can see that it didn't take me long to learn how useless it would be for me to walk through those forbidding studio gates," she says. "I had no immediate plans for the future and I wasn't at all sorry for myself. I was lucky to get a job so quickly and if I could keep it long enough to save up enough money to get back home I'd be satisfied.

"With tips, my salary averaged around $18 a week, $3 of which I put in the bank every Saturday to finance my return to Englewood. After a year at Brown's and a day after I had decided to withdraw my travel fund and bid Hollywood goodbye, something very unusual happened."

In the first place it was unusual California weather—hotter than the edges of the Mojave Desert. In the second place it was unusual for William Demarest, the actor's agent, to buy himself a soft drink at Brown's. And in the third place it was very unusual for him to notice any gal who waited upon him in the Boulevard-eat-and-drinkeries. But when he saw Ellen Drew his critical eyes opened wide, his mouth opened wider, and out popped the words the smarties invariably pull on every pretty girl they meet: "You ought to be in the movies!"

"I thought he was just another guy trying to be fresh," Ellen says, "and I told him that 'I didn't think I was the type,' and suggested that he think up something different the next time he came in. Well, he was nice about it. He said he'd try, and sure enough, the very next afternoon there he was, and I knew from what he said, then, that he was pretty serious about what he'd *said* on his first visit. In no time at all I got pretty serious about it, too, especially when he came to the part about me going out with him to Paramount for a test!

"But I still wasn't sure whether it was a 'rib' or not—not even when he went over to my boss and arranged for me to take a half-day off. If it was a rib, I kept saying to myself, it wouldn't hurt to play along with him, now that I had the promise of a half-holiday. Mr. Demarest mentioned the magic word 'test' a couple of times more before he left and by that time I was so confused and excited—and nervous—that I dropped my service tray three times in a row! Well, I took the test the next day and came away with a Paramount contract! As simple as all that!"

All this happened a little better than two years ago.

[*Continued on page 89*]

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"I'm Me—You're You—and that's that!"

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Can William Powell Come Back

[*Continued from page* 21]

picture is done; not until it's been edited, and cut, and previewed; not until it's been laid out cold before the eyes of you millions of Bill Powell fans, all over the world; not until you have rendered your verdict—not until THEN will anyone know whether Bill Powell can come back or not.

And both Bill Powell and M-G-M darn' well know it!

And I think they both know this, too—that whether or not Bill comes back depends so very, very completely on whether or not he really wants to. I mean, WANTS to!—wants to, enough to make the unquestionably great effort it will take. The effort to pull himself out of the slump of morale and will-to-do which has ridden him, like an incubus, ever since Jean Harlow went out of his life.

It isn't physical courage that'll bring Bill Powell back to the top. It isn't intestinal fortitude he needs, now. It's mental, moral, emotional courage.

As a matter of fact, the probability is that Bill Powell wouldn't have been working now, if it hadn't been for Myrna Loy. If Bill makes his comeback in this *Return of the Thin Man,* he and you fans will have Myrna to thank.

It's like this—at the end of the last Myrna Loy-Bill Powell joint effort, Ol' Man Stork was but definitely flapping his wings around them. Myrna, as Bill's wifie in the eyes of heaven and the law as well (as Mr. Hays most definitely requires!) was left knitting tiny garments.

Well, she's been that way a long time, now. A most unnaturally long time, according to all the laws of biology. It's high time that the blessed event arrives. But Myrna isn't going to have any scandal about it. Not even a whisper of scandal. When it looked like Bill Powell couldn't ever make another picture, a few months ago, and M-G-M started wondering whom they could substitute for him as *The Thin Man* in subsequent pictures of the series, Myrna started jittering. M-G-M mentioned Bob Montgomery, and Melvyn Douglas. They're fine actors, to be sure—but even so, Myrna couldn't see it.

"Bill Powell," she said, "or nobody! I'll never make another *Thin Man* picture as some other *Thin Man's* wife."

"Why?" they demanded.

"Because," flatly and amazingly and almost shockingly announced Myrna, "I'm not going to tell Bill Powell that I'm going to be the mama of his baby—and then have it by Melvyn Douglas . . ."

So they signed Bill Powell. And they signed him, you'll notice, more than two months before he even expected to be able to return to the stages.

Myrna herself didn't know that she'd won until Bill called her up. At her home, the phone rang, and she was called. She heard Powell's voice—

"Myrna?—this is your first husband, back in circulation again . . . !"

And then Bill showed up for his first rehearsals with Myrna, carrying a life-sized baby doll!

YES, they're rehearsing. But not on the stages of M-G-M. Bill, as this is written, isn't at all that well, yet. They are rehearsing down at Myrna's great, comfortable home. There, they're going over their lines and their business, using the baby-doll whenever it's necessary (for Myrna definitely DOES have Bill's baby in this next picture.) Rehearsing at her own home was Myrna's own idea. She knows, much better than other folk, (for Bill confides much to her), that Powell hasn't fully recovered. This *Return of the Thin Man* is going to be a doubly hard job for Myrna. She's going to have to carry Bill, more than any actress has ever had to carry any star.

Myrna's not only willing; she's glad to. There are few actors as popular in Hollywood as is Bill Powell. True, he's one of the least "social" of Hollywood's big shots. But he's sincere. He doesn't go nite-clubbing around, back-slapping people all over the place. But he's universally loved and respected in this movie town—and everybody that can do the slightest thing to help him come back is going to do it, now.

Even Jean Harlow's mother, who has been quite ill herself, has left Hollywood for Chicago. She's gone, she said, because she wants to be quiet with relatives while she recuperates. The truth is this—Mrs. Bello knew that as long as she stayed in Hollywood, ill, Bill would worry about her. Those two have been extraordinarily close since Jean passed on. And rather than worry Bill by remaining in Hollywood, Jean's mother left movie-town, to leave him freer to devote himself to the task that lies before him.

Bill, himself, won't talk about his operation, or his condition, or even his future. To friends, intimate friends, he's admitted: I know it'll take me at least two more months (this was in November) to get into physical shape to face the cameras again. I still tire very easily."

He's done some radio shows, as you know. He did those because they were not very exacting, physically—and it was easier to do them than to remain in utter idleness.

"I had to banish my restlessness somehow," he explained. Now, his rehearsals at Myrna Loy's home help him. But even so, he's jittery. He hides away from interviewers and only goes out with very close friends

While recuperating from an operation Bill appeared on the radio since the work is not taxing. As for screen work he has had to take it easy for a while who understand him and will help him.

He'll be a *Thin Man* in earnest when you see him again. Those six feet of his aren't going to be too heavily draped with flesh.

As a matter of fact, Bill Powell has never been the great, big, strong, virile sort of guy—like the Gables and the Beerys down at M-G-M. Repeatedly, he's been knocked for a loop by the recurrent flu epidemics that have swept Hollywood. In 1930, he went yachting, got his eyes sunburned, and was away from the screen for weeks, even laid up in a totally dark-room for days, because of an eye condition which developed. His whole Hollywood career has been a succession of time-off for physical reasons.

But through it all, Bill remained basically true to the tradition that "the show must go on," even through his illnesses. Like all other conscientious players, he came back to work often before his doctors said he was ready.

BUT in 1937, the blow came that knocked even that spirit out of Bill Powell. Jean Harlow died. Bill could weather all the physical assaults of illness and accident—but he couldn't weather the moral assault of that tragedy.

Bill loved Jean; of that there was no doubt, ever. But equally true, it was common Hollywood knowledge that at the time of Jean's death, this great romance of movieland was not at its previous high spot. There were even rumors that they were splitting up. Bill wasn't seeing much of Jean, and Jean was sad about it. I rather think that one of the contributing factors to Bill's utter collapse at Jean's death was something that might be called conscience. And when, at her death, he himself came to the full realization of the depth of his love for her, plus an understanding of the suffering he may have caused her, the double shock was too great for a man who, as a great actor, was already an emotionally unstable person.

And so, as you all know, Bill passed completely out of the picture. Never has Hollywood seen such a manifestation of grief as they saw in Bill Powell. It's no news that it was Bill who purchased the lovely crypt in which rests all that remains of the gorgeous Jean Harlow. It's no secret, either, that only recently, Bill has created a trust fund of thousands of dollars, to insure that a white flower shall be placed on Jean's grave every day—the white flower she loved the best.

Bill did that just before he went to the hospital for this most recent operation of his. It was to be an operation far more serious than has ever been revealed. It might easily have ended in death for Bill Powell. And Powell, still held deep in grief and remorse, made that one last gesture toward the girl he can never forget. He wanted to be sure that even if he himself died, his love for her should be perpetuated on earth.

NOW, there have been stories about how bravely Bill went to that last operation. Well, maybe it was bravery. I prefer to think of those last gestures as characteristic of another quality of Bill's—a high-hearted, laugh-loving, aristocratic sophistication that scorns as hokum and pathos such things as dramatic bravery.

True, Bill Powell went to a hairdressing-and-manicuring shop on the very eve of his entrance into the hospital; true, he wisecracked with the girls and barbers there; true, he sent out for sandwiches and goodies, and had a "farewell feast" with the workers—but it was all a part of Bill's code of living, rather than a self-admiring gesture of "see-how-brave-I-am!"

Bill Powell *couldn't* have spent what might have been his last hours in any other way than a merry, wisecracking, worldly manner. If Bill had died there on the operating table, he couldn't have "taken it dramatically." That wouldn't be his way. We would have pictured him in a new world, lifting those Powell eyebrows, smiling that Powell sophisticated smile, and passing his characteristic wisecracks.

Otherwise, I'm sure Bill didn't give a toot in blazes. Bill is convinced—and whether it's true or not doesn't make any difference!—I repeat, Bill, himself, is convinced that most of what may be worth living for is gone. He has convinced himself that when Jean died, his whole heart and life died.

His career?—well, Bill has already attained top stardom. He had reached the peak of his career, so there is no longer the driving force of vaunting ambition to keep him going. When a man has achieved a goal, life becomes empty unless another goal be found. And Bill hasn't found any other goal.

Money?—he has all he wants, and his attitude now is that the more he makes, the more the government will take away from him. He doesn't care about piling it up, anyway. So Bill hasn't got that other great mainspring so many men have—the wish for more, more, ever more money.

Love?—Bill hasn't found any to replace the love for Jean Harlow. He's been out, now and then, with this girl or that. But there hasn't been any romance to it. It's

[*Continued on page 83*]

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Scotch, Straight

[*Continued from page 45*]

people have built a home in Brentwood Heights, with Gary Cooper and Frank Capra as neighbors.

To be sure, the MacMurrays did not attempt to import white coral slabs from Bermuda with which to roof their home, as did the Coopers, and their house is small, seven rooms, on a two and one-half acre piece of ground. Their biggest extravagance is an underground shooting-range for Fred. But the point is that they weathered desperate illness, built a home; and all without stretching the budget to exploding point. Nor did they borrow on the future.

The future, with MacMurray, is practically duck soup—made out of ducks he has shot himself. To be less obscure about it, Fred is all set for the abundant life when films are through with him. Or vice versa. He has no particular illusions about Going On To Directing, as do many Hollywood actors. Modesty, and therefore self-doubt, being ingrained in his character he thinks it would be swell to be a director—but he's not at all sure that he could make the grade. So instead of putting his money into puttees and story options, against a directing future, he is putting it, largely, into real estate. He is helping to create a middle-class Utopia, and in so doing is helping himself.

THE funniest thing about this Utopia business is that Fred is the sort of materialistic, duck-hunting, trout-fishing representative of *Homo sapiens* who is not given to crusading for the underdog; lobbying for better working conditions, and all that. Half of this is due to the fact that he has always worked hard; has worked at anything that would turn him an honest coin. He has the assurance of the man who has never applied for charity, even when times were toughest, and because of this he sees no reason why anyone else, barring physical or mental disabilities, cannot do the same.

Because he is as little given to soap-box orating for any cause as your broker friend, it is downright funny to see him knee-deep in Utopia. With his astute business manager, Bö Roos (pronounce it "Boo" as the umlaut tells you to), Fred is half-owner of Unit No. 3, part of a project of the Beverly Management Corporation's elaborate scheme to bring moderate rents to de-luxe Beverly Hills. Unit No. 2 is owned by Hearst Writer Louella's daughter, Harriet Parsons; No. 4 by Newlyweds Francis Langford and Jon Hall. When the four units are completed—one is done now, Fred's is half done (it has seventeen superior apartments in it)—they will adjoin a city-dedicated park of fifteen acres, tenants will have the privileges of swimming pools, game courts. And all of this for half of the customary rentals now asked for Beverly Hills dwellings. The tariff will start at $75.00 per month, instead of the usual $125 for the same advantageous living quarters.

It would be nice to picture MacMurray busy with plans for the California Colonial building that is to help make his future financially sound (besides this investment he has other real estate, mortgages, etc.), but honesty, as upright as his own, prevents it. He confers, yes, with the architects, builders, other members of the corporation, but when he gets a free moment away from the cameras he doesn't lope over to Spaulding and Olympic Boulevards to see how the plastering is getting on. Instead he uses this valued time for sport. He is, as we have pointed out, much more interested in duck hunting.

FRED'S forays into the wilds for small beasts, fowl, fish, are perhaps the only flaws in what might be Hollywood's most sanely-lived marriage. When MacMurray begins to oil a rifle, his wife knows she is going to be a week-end widow. Like many wives, she deplores her mate's hunting activities. With the guile of the true hunter, her husband points out the wholesomeness of his hobby. Supposing, he continues, that he drank. Chief reason, among others, that

Now that Lillian has regained her health everything is ducky in the Fred MacMurray household. Fred again indulges his passion for duck hunting. He's a good shot

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he doesn't drink is that alcohol disagrees with him.

But there's no arguing with a wife. Sometimes Fred feels that Lillian would rather have him around the house, roaring drunk. Anyway, he goes duck hunting, often with Writer Claude Binyon. "Remember, dear," Fred says to his wife as he leaves, "this is the last of the season." Lillian knows, of course, that the last of one season only means the beginning of another. Soon it will be the trout season. Or something else. Philosophically, she returns to her knitting, her gardening.

MacMurray doesn't go after big game. He is apologetic about shooting *any* game; there might be, among his fans, people who do not believe in hunting. His caution stems from studio policy. Hollywood stars have no political convictions, published religions; some taboos even extend to cover the fine masculine art of hunting.

The recent news that MacMurray had bought a station wagon did not mean that he and Lillian were campaigning for entrance into Hollywood's hotcha set, of which they are distinctly not a part. They number a group of conservative marrieds, like the Leslie Fentons (Ann Dvorak), among their intimates. The station wagon meant that Fred was merely adding to his hunting equipment. As a vehicle it can be loaded with provisions, which may be transferred to horse's back when Fred packs into the mountains.

His last trek to the mountains almost brought disaster, but it is characteristic of Fred that he didn't let it bring to a halt his hunting urge. Fred and Claude Binyon went fishing in back of Independence, in California's High Sierras. The altitude was twelve thousand feet which is plenty of altitude on any man's altimeter. The thin, high air caught Binyon first. He was sick as a dog; lay in his cabin moaning that he'd never leave home again to go hunting, fishing—anything. Fred thought something must be wrong with the fish. They didn't taste right. That's the way the height affected him. Cutting short their trip, they trekked down and when they struck a lower altitude they immediately began to feel better. Then they knew what had been wrong with them. But the next week they were off to Mexico—this time—for an "open season" on something else.

DOZENS of interviews have been written on MacMurray's shyness. Most people mistake his lack of chatter for lack of poise. There was a time, yes, when shyness threatened to engulf him. But those days are gone. It wasn't his height, six-feet-three-and-one-half inches, that gave him terror, he says. It was the usual stage fright that public appearances give any novice. He started those, blowing into a saxophone with a dance band, after he left Wisconsin's Carroll College, minus a sheepskin. When the almighty horror of being stared at by a crowd diminished he got up onto his capable feet (size twelve, but *that* doesn't bother him), opened his mouth and sang. Sometimes his throat would close with fright. He recovered from that.

Hollywood got the idea that its newest recruit was bashful when Fred was taken from the extra ranks by Director Wesley Ruggles and given a lead opposite Claudette Colbert in *The Gilded Lily*. This was in 1934. At first everyone thought the new leading man was a monument of ease. Then Miss Colbert, in the course of script action, laid her hand on his arm. It was quaking like the famous aspen leaf. He was probably more scared than shy. But shyness became the platform upon which MacMurray was presented to his new public. He confesses that bales of stories were written about him, using that for the theme. "You mean the stories were *all* about your shyness?" we asked. "No. How I overcame it—those *were* the stories," he says, drily.

Fred is a child, an only child, of divorce. His father, who died five years ago, was a concert violinist. MacMurray's love of music may be chalked up to heredity, if you wish. Separating from his father when Fred was a youngster, his mother became a stenographer. A nomadic life took Fred from Kankakee, Illinois, where, because his father was concertizing there, he was born, to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, which he considers his home, to California and New York. In 1928, on a trip to the West Coast, he listed himself with Hollywood casting directors. It is wish-fulfilment that, ten years later, his name is marquee display-material. Being a man of action, he didn't stay ten years in Hollywood, waiting for success.

For a time, in Chicago, he clerked in the sporting goods section of a big department store. At night he pursued culture at Chicago's Art Institute. Like Gary Cooper, whose physical lankness he has, MacMurray has a natural aptitude for sketching. It was his appearance with the California Collegians, a dance band, that played everything from circus dates to Broadway openings (*Roberta, Three's a Crowd, The Third Little Show*) which brought him to the attention of motion picture talent scouts. Fred, you see, also sings. A pleasant, rich baritone.

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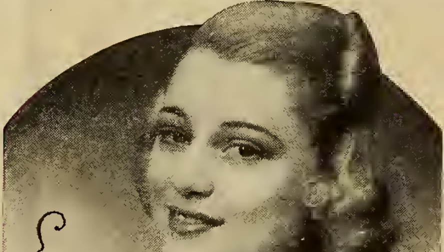

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 72*]

Rosemary Lane lifts the Dead End kits for your inspection. They recently took over her home—and all have pet names

SOME mouthful! They say Martha confided to a gal-pal of hers in a night-club the other night, that they're cradle-conscious already. Hmmmmmm. . . .

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Paula Stone and Georgie Mason—
Once again, two pulses racin' . . .!

◆

STILL clowning about possible additions to his family is Errol Flynn, who says he just can't believe that Wifie Lili Damita really has a date with the stork.

Meanwhile, over in Paris, Lili is giving out news about her plans to retire permanently from the screen, so as to be a good wife and mother.

"Well, she never told me anything about it," says Flynn.

Odd, this Hollywood married life, isn't it?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Anthony Averill and torrid Movita—
He says there isn't a gal who can beat-a!!

◆

ROCHELLE HUDSON, who collects boy-friends like postage-stamps—even to the extent of sometimes trading them off for somebody else's—apparently is finding current boy-friend Hal Thompson too, too precious to give up. Usually, with Rochelle, it's a case of like 'em, love 'em, leave 'em. But with Hal, she isn't getting to the leaving stage. On the contrary, she's so incandescent about him that despite her mama's objections, she won't say goodbye to the man. And it's a family split in the Hudson home, rather than a romantic split with Hal.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Fritzie Lang and Wendy Barrie—
Plenty warm. But will they marry?

Yes indeedy, some producers are camera shy. Here's Walter Wanger embarrassed no end as he hides behind Joan Bennett

Million Dollar Problem Child

[*Continued from page* 40]

bearing honorary credentials as a Cherokee Indian Chief, a Texas ranger, and as leader of a Girl's Kiltie Band.

Mickey had always been mixed up in something even before his big fame moment arrived; there was his football team, first; his own orchestra next, his tennis championship, his swimming medal, and so on. Everytime he turns around he's into something, and that something always winds up in the papers. He's one light which simply can't be hidden under a bushel. Of course it would be absurd to even hint that his studio would like to hide all of the flares from this light, because publicity makes the movie world go round—but just the same, there are some danger points.

Take the matter of Mickey's interest in girls, for example—natural as Nature itself—but likely to create a wrong impression. If Mickey is missing from his set, and not to be found in his dressing room or in the commissary, then he's surely to be found on the *Honolulu* set—because hordes of pretty girls are to be looked at there. And he makes no bones about this growing interest in the female sex. On several occasions he has spoken quite frankly to interviewers: "Me, I'm not going to get tied to any one girl, you can bet on that—because there are too many of them around. Me, go *steady* with someone?"—such scoffing in his tone of voice—"why that's romantic suicide! No, thanks. So don't ask me which girl I like best, because I don't. I just like girls."

Such an attitude has two angles; one detrimental, one not. His mother and his studio bosses may feel that all this makes Mickey sound a bit too "wise" and fresh—but should they try to curb him? Should they urge him to have just one girl? Hardly, because it's quite possible that his safety is in numbers. If Mickey should develop a serious romance it might lead to a too early marriage, and it goes without saying how that would upset the apple-cart.

RECENTLY Mickey's mother came to the conclusion that Mickey might be more content to stick around home if he *had* a home. They were living in a Hollywood apartment at the time, but it had become more of a five-minute stop on his itinerary than a home. He would dash in, dash through a meal, dash into a change of clothes, and he was off again. She began to look around for a house with plenty of ground, and a swimming pool—with the result that Mickey is now the master of a beautiful estate, a half hour from Hollywood, in Van Nuys.

Mickey's friend and stand-in, Dick Paxton, also lives there with him, so Mickey no longer has to leave the family hearth in search of boy companionship. They have their own quarters, separate from the rest of the house; their own radio; their own piano, at which Mickey spends many an evening composing. How to keep a young star home, then, is one problem which has been pretty successfully solved.

Another problem was even more easily solved—the problem of how to guide a young man on the subject of smoking and drinking. Every young man approaching his eighteenth birthday naturally has a curiosity about these two things, a desire to try them out, and Mickey's mother wisely felt that she could allow Mickey to choose his own path; because to deny him would only serve to intensify his interest. On the question of drinking, Mickey made his own feelings clear. Being very observant all his life he had observed that drinking had some very unattractive results, and he turned thumbs down on it of his own accord.

About smoking, he thought he might like to smoke a pipe—that Gable influence rearing its rugged head—but after a few tries Mickey gave it up. "It's too much trouble to keep a pipe lighted. I can't be bothered," he concluded. So now the pipe which he carries is always empty, literally just a prop.

THERE is one point, however, on which there seems to be no solution, and that is in connection with his education. Mickey is one of the few young actors, brought up in the acting business, who has always been determined to have a college education—and now that he has finished high school the moment fast approaches when he will enter the University of California, at Los Angeles. As it is planned now, this will probably be at the beginning of the February term. This

[*Continued on page* 83]

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

Garlic, Too?

■ Mutual-consideration pact of the month: —cast as lovers for a series of romantic closeups in *Yes, My Darling Daughter*, Jeffrey Lynn and Priscilla Lane solemnly agreed not to eat onions until the film was in the can.

Giving Teacher An Apple Will Help

■ Reason Lana Turner didn't stay in *Idiot's Delight* as one of the sure-to-be-famous Gable Dancing Girls is NOT (as the studio would have you believe) that she isn't a good-enough hoofer—but because the Board of Education said NIX.

Lana, despite her screen position, and despite her stepping-out record, is still so young that she comes under the Board of Education's control, as far as studio work is concerned. And the inside is that Lana has been concentrating so little on her schooling and so much on her stepping that the B of E is peeved about it.

Lana'll be 18 in May. After that, the B of E won't have anything to say about it at all. And if Lana can't wait that long, she can always hurry up and marry Attorney Greg Bautzer, who's ready and willing—and when she's a Mrs., the B of E won't have any control, either. But Greg may.

Daughter of Frankenstein

■ It's a wonder she isn't marked, that new daughter of Boris Karloff and Mrs. K. She arrived, in the hospital where Boris' wife had been waiting, right during shooting of *The Son of Frankenstein*.

Boris, advised by telephone, immediately jumped into a studio truck, along with his full make-up of horror and terror. But into the truck with him went one of the make-up department's experts. And while the truck roared through the streets of North Hollywood, Hollywood and Los Angeles, the make-up man was busy with grease and towels and water. And when Karloff finally stepped out at the door of the hospital, and rushed up to see his wife and new baby—he was no longer the horror-man, but just a staid, average-looking citizen.

Imagine, though, what might have happened if he'd forgotten to take off his make-up, and come rushing into the hospital a la *Frankenstein* . . . !

Incidentally, it was on Boris' own 51st birthday that his daughter was born. And when he left the studio, the crew on the picture were just getting ready to pull one of those on-the-set surprise birthday parties —which had to be postponed, finally, for a year.

Why Bub-Bub-Bing Got B-B Bedded Down

■ Sonja Henie admits she can't sing. But Bing Crosby didn't admit he couldn't skate. So that's why he had to be bedded down for three days with a badly bruised and cut leg as the result of trying ice-skating on the new ice-rink.

Hollywood's Britains Invite King and Queen

■ If—and it's a super-colossal IF—King George and Queen Mary visit Hollywood on their forthcoming visit to America, Hollywood may thank its British film colony.

Because the Britons in movieland—and there's a whole bloomin' little London full of them—have gotten together on a campaign to see if they can't induce Their Majesties to include the film capital on their tour. Worded in extreme Briticisms, an important petition is being circulated and signed by such Britishers as Ronnie Colman, Ida Lupino, Ray Milland, Madeleine Carroll, asking the proper secretaries to intervene if they can with the proper intermediaries to approach the proper dignitaries to ask the proper officials to propose to the King and Queen that Hollywood would love to have 'em come up'n see us sometime. Every British star and actor and actress in Hollywood will be asked to sign.

Madeleine Carroll herself has even gone so far as to send a personal cable to high-ups she knows in London, to intercede with Their Majesties, to come to Hollywood. And if they do, Sam Goldwyn will probably offer them a job!

Like Henies, They're Made to Order

■ For the skates she wears in *Ice Follies of 1939*, Joan Crawford's foot went to Minneapolis. But it was a wax stand-in foot. The star had a cast made, sent to a famous skate-making house in the mid-western city, so that a specially-fitted pair of skates could be fashioned for the star.

Cheerio

■ *The Castles* ends Fred Astaire's present contract with RKO—and that's news. Because Fred isn't at all sure that he will sign again with RKO—and there are plenty of other studios that will be bidding furiously for him. It may mean the end of that Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire team, one of movieland's greatest box-office combinations.

However, not for four months will Hollywood know what Fred's going to do in movies. Because soon as the picture is over,

[*Continued on page* 84]

Bergen eggs Charlie McCarthy to get into Bill Fields' hair when latter calls C. M. termite's steak

Million Dollar Problem Child

[*Continued from page* 81]

is a pretty open announcement to the world that Mickey is no longer a fifteen or sixteen-year-old child actor in knee pants—that he is definitely a young man of university age. What effects will this have on his career?

FOR a while it looked as though his advisors might succeed in delaying Mickey's entrance into college for a year or so. The wisdom of an old proverb, "Make hay while the sun shines," was pointed out to him. Wouldn't it be wiser to cash in on his present success with a few extra pictures? Mickey stood his ground firmly, and fought for a new contract which would permit him time and freedom to go to college. This new contract calls for only three feature pictures a year, and three of the *Judge Hardy* series—a total of six for 1939 instead of the usual ten or eleven which he has been making during the past three years. Thus on this score Mickey won a much desired point.

You have to know a bit about Mickey's past life to understand this eagerness to grow up; this avid desire for maturity. Many a young actor in his present spot would be completely content with just fame-fun, letting fame be its own reward, but Mickey's life in the past has been so bleak, so full of struggle, so empty of advantages, that he wants to crowd everything at once—not only fun and luxuries, but knowledge and education, too.

Before he was Mickey Rooney, he was two other people too, but he didn't fare so well under his first two names.

He started life as Joe Yule, Jr.; made his debut on the stage at the age of not-quite-two. Mrs. Yule, a dancer, had separated from Mr. Yule shortly after the baby was born, and so the mother and Joe, Jr., faced the world alone. Their way wasn't easy. Then when Joe was five he became Mickey McGuire, for his screen role of that name, in a series of seventy-two comedies, over a period of five years.

At that time nobody much cared whether child actors were educated or not—today there are laws necessitating a certain amount of schooling. But Mickey during that time got his education helter-skelter. At the end of five years, when the series was discontinued, the originator of the character refused to have Mickey use the McGuire name and he was forced to start a new career, and chose the name of Mickey Rooney.

He made personal appearances for a long time, finally landed more work in pictures, began to go to school, but spasmodically. It wasn't until he was signed to a long term contract by Metro some five years ago, and entered the school-room on the lot, that he was able to settle down to some serious learning.

He caught up quickly though, because he's fast and smart, and the more he learned, the more he wanted to learn.

As long as three years ago Mickey decided to plan a future as a director, because directing could be a permanent career; it was less precarious than acting. At that time he became a great admirer of W. S. Van Dyke—also his friend. He saw that Van Dyke's greatest asset as a director was his intimate knowledge of many subjects—and Mickey determined to seek the same, many-faceted education for himself. The same desire still leads him to prefer college classes to the preservation of a youthful fame. In this he is only to be admired—it may lessen his gain at the box-office, but his gain as a man is immeasurable.

For years, of course, Mickey was the sole man in the family, and family support—so the role of independence is natural to him. He can scarcely be blamed then, for *feeling* grown-up, and for wanting to be accepted as such. Neither can his studio be blamed for hoping that he will stay just a boy for a little while longer. Still the studio knows that the transition is possible—and with excellent results—through the *Judge Hardy* series, for in this series *Andy* (Mickey Rooney) *Hardy* is growing older and more manly right before our eyes—and as present box-office figures report, growing even more popular because of it.

But now at last you can see that it is not only the boy who has growing pains, but the producers as well. A growing pain is one thing about which a producer may truthfully say, "Mickey, it hurts me worse than it does you!"

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 82]

he's off on a four-months world tour—and he won't sign any contract until he returns, he says. . . . He's been with RKO four years.

Another Hollywood Irony

■ Warner Baxter made his first great splash hit at Fox in *The Cisco Kid.* Now he's at the end of his 20th-Fox contract. And his last picture there will be—*The Return of the Cisco Kid.*

Mazuma

■ Somebody wrote, asking your old correspondent who's Hollywood's richest actor. Answer is supposed to be Harold Lloyd, with a personal fortune estimated at $12,000,000.

Speaking of Christmas

■ Biggest Xmas-card consignment among all Hollywood stars was Shirley Temple's. Australian fans sent a 10,000-name petition, asking a Christmas message. So Shirley sent a special order to the Motion Picture Relief Committee, which makes a practice of furnishing large-lot Xmas-card orders, and turns the profits to its charities among film-workers who need help. Each of Shirley's cards, which are addressed individually to the 10,000 signers of the Australian petition, carry Shirley's own picture of Santa Claus.

And talking of Xmas gags—one of Hollywood's cleverest was the Tony Martin-Alice Faye Christmas "card"—a record made by them as a duet, with a Yule carol and their own voices wishing recipients a merry Christmas.

Jitters

■ Feud-of-the-month on the sets is the one between Claudette Colbert and John Barrymore on *Midnight.* John, as usual, cannot learn his lines, and, as usual, reads them off a blackboard outside of camera range. This annoys Claudette no end, makes her jittery!

The Show Stops—Then Goes On

■ Richard Dix, heading valiantly for a come-back in *Twelve Crowded Hours* at RKO, is providing plenty of drama and talk for Hollywood—

On Christmas Day, according to production schedule, Dix and everybody else on the picture were to have been far from Hollywood, on location in Yosemite Park. But Dix would have none of it. He put his foot down and said he would NOT be away from Hollywood on Christmas.

"I'm going to spend Christmas with my wife and sons if it costs me everything!" he told the studio bigwigs.

His stand won. They changed schedule so that Dix—and the entire company thanked him!—would be home for the holiday.

Then came drama. Hardly had Dix won that point when he got word that his 83-year-old dad was at death's door, in Good Samaritan Hospital. Dix was working in some light comedy scenes. Doctors told him, when he asked, that his presence at the hospital would not help his father. So Dix, true to the "show must go on" tradition, did his comedy stuff while he worried over his father.

The Better to See Her With

■ Bring your binoculars, boys! Hedy Lamarr's new house includes an outdoor swimming-pool. Remember *Ecstasy* . . . ?

Still Wants To Be Alone

■ Hollywood is wondering why Garbo is Garbo in Hollywood only . . .

After reading and hearing about her friendliness and frankness and graciousness to others, on her European and Eastern trips, and even about how she busts wide open and gives verbose newspaper interviews away from Hollywood, movietown suddenly finds itself chilled anew as soon as Garbo reaches Hollywood.

M-G-M, itself, has been trying to break down the Garbo ice front. They even got so far, this time, as to get Garbo's tentative promise to break her hitherto unbroken Hollywood silence, and give out interviews. They even went to the point of arranging a mass-interview to launch the new "talking Garbo."

Just when it was almost set, someone told Garbo that some scribe had been overheard to remark about what a swell gal Hedy Lamarr is.

The mass interview has been called off. Garbo once again is an oyster. She's gone into a one-gal retreat 'way off in Victorville, on the Mojave desert, 100 miles from Hollywood, and only comes in for studio and business conferences, preferably at night.

Alone, she's been driving about the San Fernando Valley, looking at the new "ranches" and houses of movie stars there. Including George Brent's. It's reported that she has also gotten a complete set of pictures of the villa on that Italian island, where she and Stokowski kept that world-tongue-wagging rendezvous last summer. The report is that Garbo is going to duplicate the villa on a San Fernando piece of property. Hmmmmmmm. . . .

Give Joan Blondell a playsuit and she'll give you a good display of gams. She enjoys her garden swing

Add a Pinch of Salt

[*Continued from page* 54]

5. To vegetables, *when they are almost cooked*, in proportion of 1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart water. (Boil potatoes in well salted water; new potatoes require more salt than old ones.)

6. In cake batters and similar flour mixtures, add salt *to the liquids used*, so that it may become most uniformly distributed throughout the whole mass.

7. To egg whites, *while beating*, as it increases the bulk and makes it "stand up" stiffly.

8. To coffee, a few grains *while pot is brewing*; to cocoa and chocolate, also add few grains to bring out inherent flavors.

9. To sweet deserts—a few grains to remove curse of over-cloying sweetness.

10. To salad dressings *in themselves*—never on the lettuce or other salad ingredients. (Salt in tomatoes stops flow of juices; with celery and cress, salt adds zest, with cucumbers and eggplant, it crisps and firms their pulp.)

11. To nuts—where it is especially essential.

12. To eggs—which always require salt; add salt to water in which they are poached or boiled.

Thus we see that salt is a fundamental, a "must" in the fine art of seasoning all foods, "from soup to nuts." "What? Salt in coffee or in chocolate?" you exclaim. Yes, because those *few grains of salt bring out true food flavor*. The more delicate the natural taste of the food, the more it generally requires that tiniest gram of salt to release its own hidden perfume or fragrance. Thus with mushrooms, loved of the epicure, a few grains of salt added *after* cooking makes them still more mushroomy!

ON THE other hand, such bland, flat materials as noodles, macaroni and other floury or starchy foods must have plenty of salt added, not to bring out their own flavor (since they have practically none!) but *to give them any flavor or savor* whatsoever! You always cook these nourishing paste foods in "well salted water," as indicated in the following recipe which will be found a tempting, economical Lenten entree:

NOODLE SALMON RING

8-ounce package flat noodles
3 egg yolks, well beaten
½ cup milk
½ cup cream
¼ cup grated cheese
½ teaspoon salt
Grains pepper
3 egg whites, stiffly whipped
Creamed canned salmon

Cook noodles in large quantity of rapidly boiling salted water, using 2 teaspoons salt to each 2 quarts water, until tender. Drain. To egg yolks, add milk, cream noodles, cheese, salt and pepper, and mix thoroughly. Fold in egg whites. Turn into buttered 8-inch ring mold set in pan of water, and bake 50 minutes, moderate oven (350°F). Unmold on heated, round serving platter and fill center with well seasoned creamed canned salmon, creamed tuna fish, chicken or mushrooms. (Serves 6)

TOPS in Lenten fare is, of course, fish of every variety, now most abundant and cheapest. Some homemakers find cooking fish so that it is deliciously seasoned a difficult task. But often the only difference between savory appetizing fish which would tempt an epicure, and flat unspeakable stuff, is salt, and salt alone. In meat cookery, the salt must be added *after* the meat is done; but in fish cookery, the very opposite is the best practice, and salt should be added *first*. It's the unsalted insipid fish which makes so many say, "Oh, we don't like fish."

In the following recipe, an excellent fish cookery method is submitted. This was secured from a famous chef, once the head of the kitchen of the Russian Czar—and do the Russians know their fish from caviar to . . .! This method is however so simple that it can be followed in every home kitchen. Its basis is salt—plenty of salt added to milk into which the fish is dipped. And a hot, a very hot oven! Try your next Lenten or Friday fish day with this technique:

BAKED FISH FILLETS

Fish fillets
Sweet milk
Salt
Finely sifted bread crumbs
Cooking oil

Use any seasonable fish, allowing ⅓ pound to each person. Place milk in bowl and salt it heavily, allowing 1 tablespoon salt to each cup milk. Have ready a well oiled shallow glass or tin baking platter. Place fish fillets in bowl of salted milk, then toss into pan of dry crumbs. When covered with crumbs, lay on baking platter. Arrange crumbed fillets side by side, and sprinkle each with very little cooking oil. Heat oven to 500°F., lay in fish, and bake 10 minutes. (Don't be afraid of burning it, and never add water.) This cooking time is for thin true fillets; increase for thicker slices or whole fish. To bake whole fish, fill cavity with stuffing, gash sides 3 times to prevent

[*Continued on page* 88]

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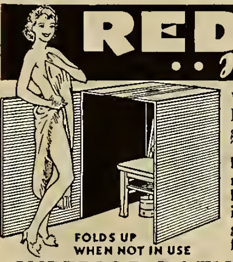
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New Hope for Wives

[*Continued from page 69*]

though, that my worst fault is that I'm a putter-offer. I postpone. I'm very guilty of that. Then I get spurts of furious energy and get everything done in a week or a day, letters written, visits made, all that.

"I'm lazy. I like nothing better than just 'getting away' from it all and sitting on a rock in the sun. I often walk in the hills, climb to a peak and just sit there, not thinking, just sitting.

"I'm extravagant, very. Oh, terribly. About everything. I'm not thrifty. I don't save boxes or little pieces of ribbon. I don't say 'let's use the left-overs.' I don't know whether there are any left-overs.

"Between pictures I go on orgies of buying clothes. All kinds of clothes. Dinner things, formals, sweaters, lingerie, slacks. I love all kinds of clothes. I don't wear *just* sports things or just any one type of thing. I like variety."

I asked, loving all this (don't you?): "Do you knit?" . . . I was picturing Joan Crawford, Maureen O'Sullivan, Dorothy Lamour, Kay Francis, all the girls whose knitting needles, on the sound stages, whirr faster than do the cameras. . . .

"NO!" exclaimed Myrna, "no, I do NOT! A few years ago, when I was feeling rather run down and nervous, my doctor advised me to learn to knit 'for my nerves.' I tried, I bought wool. By the end of the first day the wool *and* my nerves were so hopelessly snarled that I threw the little wad I had created across the room and that was the last of that. I don't sew, either.

"It is so silly to expect me to give advice to wives because I don't do any of the things most wives do, should do. I don't do them because I'm working at something else and don't have to. If I did have to, I would. At least, I certainly like to think that I would.

"Then you are not among those who say 'at the end of five years I shall retire and grow parsnips or something?'"

"I certainly am not," said Myrna, crisply, "I'd be a little terrified at the idea of giving up my work. I don't *know* anything else. I would be lost if I were not in pictures. I wouldn't fit into—well, into any other picture. I can't see myself as constantly playing Bridge . . . no, I'm happy doing what I'm doing. It's all I know. I love the business of acting for itself. I am a realist, I'll say that for myself. I do face facts.

"I know, of course, that people can't make decisions in this changing world. Rather, they can't expect their decisions to stand pat. How do any of us know what will happen? But I'm horribly optimistic, as a rule. I have my dark moments but I usually look on the bright side of everything. It's prettier," laughed Myrna. . . .

And by this time luncheon with Loy had come to its end . . . and the station-wagon was at the door . . . and Myrna hopped in, took the wheel and, hatless, drove us out of Hidden Valley and to the M-G-M studios where she had an appointment and so did I.

And later I came home, happy in the anticipation of writing this story. For I thought how happy all women would be now that their husbands, made aware of the Loy lapses, can no longer hold the name of Loy as a whip over the heads of their imperfect wives. But now, as I read it over, I don't know . . . *I don't know* . . . I am afraid that men would much prefer their wives to be imperfect. Like Loy they would be more human.

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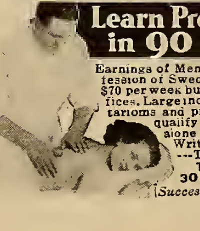

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1 L	A	2 M	3 A	4 R	R		5	6	7	8 D		9
O	■	10 A	C	E				11 A	N	D	■	
12 V	13 A	■	14 T	E	15 D		16 W			■	17 D	E
18 I	L	19 L	■	20 L	O	21 L	A	S	■	22 C	A	L
23 S	P	A	24 R	■	25 G	U	Y	■	26 J	U	D	Y
A		27 W	A	28 D	■		■	29 P	A	T		
			30 M	O				A				
31 A		32 N	O	N	■		■	33 R		34		35
36 M	37 O	O	N	■	38		39	■	40		41 V	
42 E	N	D	■	43				44 S	■	45	A	
46 G	E	■	47 M	A	X		48 L	E	49 L	■	50 N	O
H	■	51 M	A	N				52 A	Y	53 E	■	
54 E			Y				55 S	T	E	E	L	E

ACROSS

1. A star of *Algiers*
5. Nancy Larkin in *Give Me a Sailor*
10. Name of canine actor in *Blind Alibi*
11. *You —— Me*
12. United Artists (abbr.)
14. Joe in *Test Pilot*
16. Her last name is Cahoon
17. Cecil B. —— Mille
18. —— *Give a Million*
20. Whose sisters are Rosemary and Priscilla Lane?
22. Many movies are made here (abbr.)
23. What fighters do in boxing scenes
25. *Little Tough* ——
26. Mickey's girl friend in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*
27. *The Girl —— Young*
29. Short for Mr. Knowles
30. A star of *Rose of the Rio Grande* (poss.)
32. —— *Stop New York*
33. Vilma's husband
36. *Garden of the* ——
38. Frances Langford's native state (abbr.)
40. ——*Blue and Gold*
42. *West of Rainbow's* ——
43. First name of the blonde Miss Francis (poss.)
45. Conflict in *Blockade*
46. Initials of a comedian who plays the ukulele
47. Short for Mr. Rosenbloom, Butch in *Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*
48. Actress married to Bing Crosby
50. *The Girl Said* ——
51. *Border G* ——
52. An affirmative in nautical films
54. Boy actor in *A Trip to Paris*
55. A star of westerns

DOWN

1. Princess de Lamballe in *Marie Antoinette*
2. Miss Astor's initials
3. To play a part in a motion picture
4. Strip of film
6. Leah's last name (poss.)
7. Becky in *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*
8. Bette's initials
9. Rena Terry in *Tip-Off Girls*
13. *Hideout in the* —— (sing.)
15. Asta of *Thin Man* films
16. *This —— Please*
17. Dick Powell lately became one
19. George O'Brien starred in *Gun* ——
21. Salina in *Joy of Living*
22. What director calls when scene is over
24. First name of star born in Mexico
26. Sybil's surname
28. Relation of Russell Gleason to James and Lucille
29. Martha Raye works at this studio (abbr.)
31. 20th Century-Fox star
32. Make a motion to register consent
34. Remember Marjorie ——?
35. Norma's co-star in *Marie Antoinette*
37. Date in April on which Wallace Beery was born
38. Her first name is Sidney
39. —— *American Sweetheart*
41. W. S. —— Dyke directed *Marie Antoinette*
43. First name of feminine lead in *Danger on the Air* (poss.)
44. You may reserve this in some movie theatres
47. First name of Miss Marsh, star of silent films
49. Arliss often wears a monocle here
51. Initials of actress wed to Director Seiter
53. Edward Earle's initials

Last Month's Solution

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U	■	W	I	L	L	■	A	L	A	N	■	I
G	B	■	V	L	■	F	R	E	D	■	O	R
H	O	P	E	■	F	I	R	E	■	A	L	L
	R	A	■	S	A	V	O	■	E	N	G	
C	G	■	N	O	S	E	■	L	Y	D	A	S
A	■	P	A	N	T	■	C	A	R	Y	■	U
R	O	O	M	S	■	W	A	D	E	■	D	L
L	A	N	E	■	N	A	V	Y	■	H	A	L
I	T	S	■	H	A	L	E	■	T	A	L	A
S	S	■	M	A	I	L	■	L	A	■	E	V
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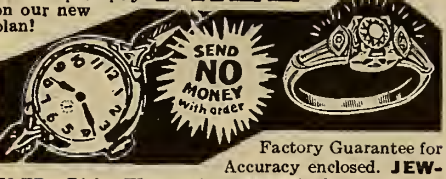
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Add a Pinch of Salt

[*Continued from page* 85]

skin splitting, brush with oil, sprinkle with crumbs; put in very hot oven (500°F.) for first 10 minutes; reduce heat to 350°F. and bake 35-40 minutes longer. Above method seasons fish most thoroughly.

THE Story of Salt is so interesting that fascinating salt suggestions would fill the pages of an Encyclopedia. But here are a few of the best to remember and use:

1. Salt sprinkled in the pan before putting in fat will prevent splashing when frying meat.
2. Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.
3. Salt sprinkled on parsley will make it chop finer.
4. Salt added to water in which a boiling egg is beginning to crack may prevent egg from running out of shell.
5. Salt made into a hot brine solution and poured down drains will prevent clogging.
6. Salt combined with turpentine will restore whiteness to bathtubs and similar enamel.
7. Salt mixed with equal parts cornmeal and moistened with turpentine makes an excellent dry cleaner to restore freshness to faded rugs and carpets.
8. Salt added to fresh milk will in hot weather make it keep longer.

Salt, the Spice of Life! If you wish to secure an entire set of tasty, inexpensive dishes to replace meat during the Lenten season, write for the free leaflet on MEAT SUBSTITUTES.

Can William Powell Come Back

[*Continued from page* 77]

just been good-fellowship and camaraderie.

So, sum it up, and you see there isn't any driving force left in Bill's scheme of life. Unless it happens that someone—maybe Myrna Loy, maybe his friends, maybe his own conscience—can awaken in him a deeper sense of responsibility to his loyal fans. If Bill can realize how much they love him, how much they expect of him, how much they want to help him, he may find in that realization a new incentive to be once again the irreplaceable Bill Powell of yore.

And of course, despite his present attitude, a new love MAY enter his life. He'd be the last to believe that, now. But Bill's been in love before he met Jean Harlow. There was Eileen Wilson, whom he married when he believed he'd never love anybody else. But they divorced. And then there was Carole Lombard, and when he married Carole, he was quite positive that there never, never, never could be anyone in the world as wonderful as she, and that this time, it was forever. And poof—in a twinkling of time, they went blooey and Carole divorced him, and Bill survived it.

So there he stands today. A man about whom his life has crashed—according to his own analysis of that life. A man who has within him the potentialities of again being and long remaining one of the greatest stars of the screen. And at the same time a man who can't find within himself any incentive to fulfill those potentialities.

Or can he?—on the answer to that depends the answer to the other question: Can Bill Powell Come Back?

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Frontier Asthma Co. 74-D, Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

Girl from the Five and Ten

[*Continued from page 75*]

The girl who had actually snubbed Hollywood was now in the movies and wonder of wonders, getting paid in good cold, hard cash for learning how to act!

The following six months Paramount gave her the works in the ABC's of dramatic schooling. Ten hours a day, six days a week was the usual routine, but the gal from Kansas City literally ate it up and long before her first year was over she was taking on 'bit' parts in such pictures as *Lady Be Careful, Rose Bowl, Yours for the Asking, Wives Never Know,* and others.

In all likelihood she'd still be doing bits in the B's and C's, with the stock girl's usual slim chance of ever getting the break that means "discovery," but for Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles. Now Ruggles has the reputation of being able to see talent with his bare eyes easier and quicker than most producers can with a telescope. So the day he dropped into the studio's dramatic school to see the play that the students were putting on, he started a one-man riot when Ellen appeared to speak her lines. Ruggles was looking for a "new and refreshing" character for the role opposite Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray in *Sing You Sinners* and he immediately tagged Ellen as "it" and asked that she take a test.

"Three days later I signed for the role," she says.

As simple as that!

Before *Sing You Sinners* had reached the third reel of shooting Frank Lloyd, about ready to cast for *If I Were King,* was invited to look at some of the *Sing You Sinners* rushes and, like Ruggles, the moment he saw Ellen he was as nervous as a cat with nine kittens until he had given her a test for the second feminine lead. He was happier than a hard-shelled Republican after the election when the test won a unanimous okay.

The studio must think well of her by now because it couldn't wait until she had been removed from the hospital before telling her that she was to play opposite George Raft in *The Lady's from Kentucky.* Which must be okay by George, too, because if George doesn't think his leading lady can deliver the screen goods he comes right out in class and says so.

ELLEN (her real name is Terry Ray, the studio switching to Ellen Drew because it thought the new name suited her better) is twenty-three years old and looks less than nineteen. She's happily married to Fred Wallace, make-up artist at 20th Century-Fox. They have a three-year old son whom they have nick-named Skipper.

Ellen is 5 feet, 3 inches in her bare feet and, minus her appendix, weighs 110 pounds. She's good-looking enough to blossom out into a glamor girl if she'd consent to submit to the "dolling up" process that goes with it. She's an old-fashioned house-wife when she isn't working in front of the cameras and can sew a fancy seam and cook a tasty meal with the best of 'em.

"I'm just lucky," she readily confesses. "And I'm not an actress yet—but I'm learning a little each day, a lot in each picture and maybe, sometime, I'll have a feeling that I'm not fooling either myself or my bosses."

Well, that's her story and we hope you're struck with it . . . as for us, we'd be glad to trade our appendectomy for even a thin slice of the career our little immigrant from the wide open spaces of Kansas has already built up in her three exciting years in Hollywood.

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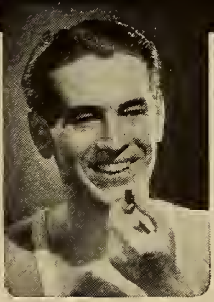

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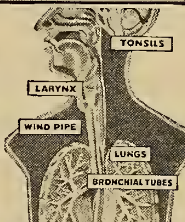
2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.
3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—
1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.
2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.
3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.
QUICK AND EFFECTIVE, AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED
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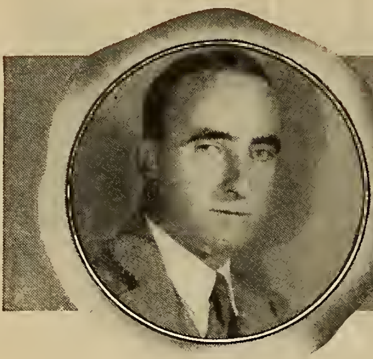
PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS



BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

NOW is the time for all good men (and women) to be picked for something labeled All-American. Immediately after the football season closes (beg pahdon—even before the season closes) so-called experts are busy picking the All-American team. It becomes epidemic—this All-American fever, so much so that hardly a day goes by that the label "All-American" isn't applied to a group of star athletes performing at something or other—even to such pastimes as quoits and quilting. You'll be a-hearing from Hollywood, too.

It has become a steady practise around the first of the year for a widely-read columnist to pick an All-American team of Hollywood. They don't have a freshman rule out there so a player, if he has the ability, can be chosen indefinitely. Still if he is chosen year after year the cash customer in our movie stadia begins to wonder if he isn't watching a "ringer." And "ringers" somehow destroy spectator-interest. You feel that they are not giving their all with the old "college try." Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe the "ringers," like the boys on the "pro" teams, have become so perfect in their signals and formations that they gladly "die for dear old Warners" and "hold that Metro line" without seeming to put any effort in the dying and holding. That's why "ringers" carry on so successfully year after year.

So while the band, led by a mascot-Ferdinand the Bull, forms a big H (for Hollywood—not Harvard) on the playing field, I'll go out on a limb and pick the Perfect Eleven of the past season. It comprises Skippy (formerly known as Mr. Asta)—a great broken-field runner, Dopey, Donald Duck (who can surely bark the signals and "fight! fight! fight!" for dear old Disney), Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Bette Davis, Paul Muni, Deanna Durbin, Shirley Temple and Mickey Rooney. And when Hedy Lamarr as chief cheer-leader tells 'em to "go! go! go!"—who are we to stop her and them? Now for every First Team, there are Second and Third Teams. But we won't go into that seeing as how they include a Power, a Taylor, a Rogers, a Beery and so on. This First Team has a flock of new faces — and is balanced with enough "ringers" or seniors to give it poise and confidence.

It's a team that can block and tackle (block any attempt to run poor plays, tackle any situation and conquer it); it can kick well (and how they can kick when given poor stories. Are you listenin', Bette?) they can run interference for their rights—well, right out of the conference room; they can run off a flock of plays you never saw on a gridiron such as picking up options, making headlines, signing contracts to make only one or two pictures a year. A few of the girls even refuse to huddle on a particular pet play, one now as old as the Statue of Liberty—that of *Scarlett O'Hara*. They refuse to be thrown for a loss on that one. If there's a weakness in their defense, it's on passes. Yessiree, yessiree, you and you and you (me, too) have to pay to see 'em—passes not being honored at their showings. Mickey Rooney could skirt the ends and end all "skirts" who would gang up on him shouting the mother-call: "Isn't he darling—he makes me think so much of our Willie!" The coach, naturally, is Walt Disney. He knows all the plays including the Warner system—Harry M. and Jack's—not "Pop's."

Wasn't Cricket

DROPPING football with a long yell for "Team! Team! Team!" and taking up cricket all I can say is it's not "cricket" the way Hollywood has neglected Bernard Shaw all these years. Maybe Hollywood was scared to make him an offer to come over, remembering how a producer or three cabled Shakespeare some years ago to sign on the dotted line. Maybe they thought him a myth, a legend, a wraith, a spook. Well, he's very much alive and 80 years young. And cables would be in order. But wise Mr. Shaw prefers to stay away from Ameddica.

Someone with an axe to grind (or maybe Shaw even reads our press dispatches) may have told him that if he was brought to Hollywood as a scenario writer and given an office, months, even years might go by before a producer knew the British Oracle was working for him a few steps down the corridor—and turn to the left and enter door marked G. B. Shaw. Surely Shaw must have heard of P. G. Wodehouse's experience. P. G. was out there for months drawing a salary — and apparently it never entered the heads of the Big-Wigs in their daily conferences that he was on the payroll. Gad, he never even got an inter-office memo on a "See Me, *Re*—Work." This may be all legendary now, but it makes a good story.

But Hollywood is famous for doing strange things. And Shaw on a studio payroll, turning out a "treatment" for a western, say, would indeed make a strange picture. It would even be more so if his cowhand epic was turned over to some pip-squeak of a writer for improvement. Can you imagine the blast that Shaw would make as he dipped his pen in vitriol and let Hollywood have it?

But all kidding to one side or the other, Hollywood has CAUGHT up with Shaw—for since the critics acclaimed his *Pygmalion* (and here is a picture which should be on your MUST list because of its freshness and novelty and sparkle) five Shaw plays will be produced in Metro's London studios. (But note that Hollywood caught up with him in London—not Hollywood.) These five are his satire on war, *Major Barbara, Doctor's Dilemma, St. Joan, Cleopatra* and *The Devil's Disciple*. M-G-M surely stole a march on its rival studios. These plays and others of Shaw's should have been made years ago. We might be further advanced in our movie A. B. C.'s. But maybe Shaw didn't look favorably in seeing them translated into celluloid. Maybe he took our ancient wheeze—The Movies Are Still In Their Infancy — literally. Maybe they tied his hands, tho' he's not one to stand any shackling of hands or brain.

Prophet for Hollywood Profits

G. B. S. has shown Hollywood how to do it. If we could have a flock of *Pygmalions*, pictures would be looking up. Producers should send their scenarists to see *Pygmalion* a dozen times a day. Teacher Shaw could instruct them how to write intelligent dialogue that sparkles. And if you happen to notice any better acting than that turned in by Wendy Hiller as the cockney "guttersnipe made into a 'lydy'," I wish you'd write and tell me where you found it. I can think of no Hollywood actress who could have caught the spirit, character and humor as projected by Miss Hiller.

PARADE OF PROGRESS

Nationally Known Grocery Products

A Message of Great Importance To Every Woman In America

BEGINNING February 1st, and continuing to May 1st, the women of America will have an unusual opportunity to become better acquainted with their grocers and the hundreds of guaranteed quality, nationally advertised foods they carry.

During this period the "Parade of Progress" will be in full swing and you will see many evidences of what nationally known food manufacturers have done for you...of the great strides made in food processing, packaging, ease of preparation and above all—the amazing extra values offered.

The manufacture of food products represents the greatest industry in the United States. The member-manufacturers of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers of America, Inc., sponsors of the "Parade of Progress," alone employ more than one million adults and do an annual business of over $4,000,000,000.

It is these manufacturers who have elevated the distribution of foods from the old unsanitary "cracker barrel" method to today's modern, clean packaging...from "horse cart" deliveries which allowed foods to become stale before the grocer even received them, to streamlined fast daily deliveries of always fresh food...who through their constant search for higher quality and better methods of preparation have relieved the housewives of America of much of the kitchen drudgery...all of which means that you who prepare the family meals now have more leisure time for recreation and entertainment.

QUALITY SERVICE
Nationally
KNOWN
GROCERY PRODUCTS
ECONOMY

During the "Parade of Progress" visit your grocer often. You will see and learn much of interest to every woman. From day to day your grocer will feature extra values of nationally advertised foods. Take advantage of the many opportunities to become better acquainted with nationally advertised brands and prove to yourself that nationally advertised brands cost no more than unknown brands—very often they cost less—and quality is always dependable.

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Hollywood
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Screen Book
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HOLLYWOOD'S UNSEEN HUSBANDS—WHO ARE THEY?
FIRST SCREEN MAGAZINE—FOUNDED 1911
Motion Picture
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True Confessions
10c
THE EVIL MEN DO—Confession of a Divorcee's Daughter
Romantic Story

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

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FIRST SCREEN MAGAZINE—FOUNDED 1911

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Motion Picture

APRIL

MOTION PICTURE 10¢

Priscilla Lane

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS · PERIODICAL DIVISION · OCT 19 1940

WARNING TO WOMEN STARS—

IT'S DANGEROUS TO FALL IN LOVE WITH TYRONE POWER

A GREAT CLASSIC COMES TO LIFE IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in THE

LITTLE PRINCESS

Shirley! . . . at last in TECHNICOLOR

with

RICHARD GREENE

ANITA LOUISE

IAN HUNTER · CESAR ROMERO
ARTHUR TREACHER · MARY NASH
SYBIL JASON · MILES MANDER
MARCIA MAE JONES

Directed by Walter Lang · Associate Producer Gene Markey · Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Walter Ferris
Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

"Imagine...at 22 *finding that warning tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush!"*

***Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling with* IPANA and MASSAGE**

WELL—why not? What made you believe you might be immune? That warning tinge of "pink" can happen to anyone. Subway guard or debutante, factory hand or millionaire, schoolgirl or athlete—"pink tooth brush" is no respecter of persons.

True, it's usually only a warning of lazy, tender, ailing gums—but a warning no sensible woman should ignore. Try it, and you're likely to find yourself headed for trouble—serious trouble for that sparkling smile.

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Remember—"pink tooth brush" is only a warning. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will tell you yours is a case of lazy, tender gums—gums deprived of work by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest more exercise for your gums—and, often "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Motion Picture

Incorporating

Movie Classic

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVII. No. 3 APRIL, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

GORDON FAWCETT
Hollywood Manager

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

WHO SAID SEX ISN'T IMPORTANT?

There's a flock of glamor girls in Hollywood who attract attention chiefly because of their physical appeal. Any actress blessed with glamor is certain to be noticed. But it took Hedy Lamarr to awaken Hollywood to the quality known as sex appeal. And now every studio is exploiting its glamor personalities. Hedy has fine company in Isa Miranda, Virginia Grey, Ann Sheridan, Vivien Leigh and others. One of the scintillating articles in May MOTION PICTURE will feature these top-ranking glamor girls. There will also be new interviews and profiles on such favorites as Alice Faye, Leslie Howard, Melvyn Douglas, Paul Muni, Ray Milland and Basil Rathbone. To say nothing of the newest candid art and gossip of Hollywood and its headliners. Be sure to order your May copy now from your newsdealer.

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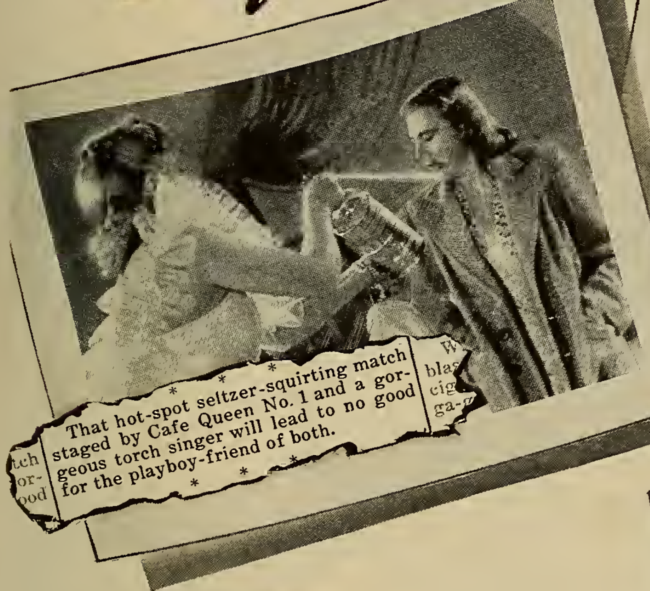
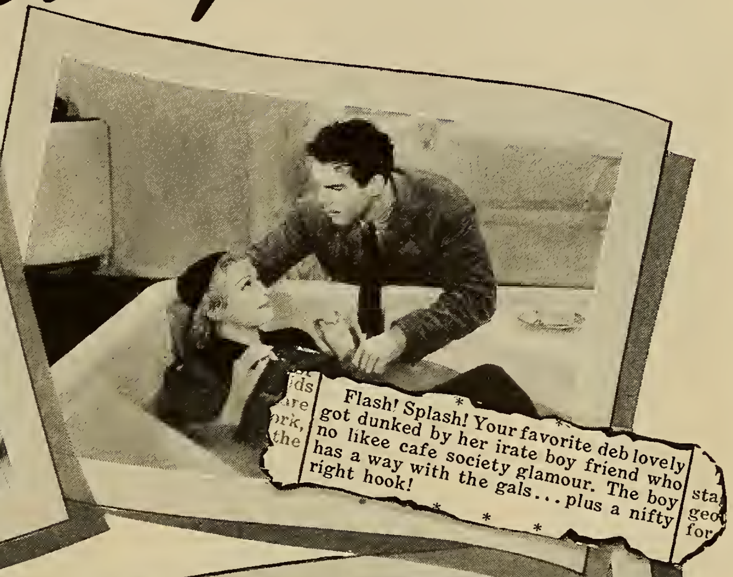
GLAMOROUS SOCIAL CIRCLE IN THE WORLD...

Cafe Society



That hot-spot seltzer-squirting match staged by Cafe Queen No. 1 and a gorgeous torch singer will lead to no good for the playboy-friend of both.



Flash! Splash! Your favorite deb lovely got dunked by her irate boy friend who no likee cafe society glamour. The boy has a way with the gals... plus a nifty right hook!

Those two too-nice-to-be-apart kids who've been feuding all over town are giving love another chance. Might work, too, if the handsome husband uses the back of the hairbrush.. diligently.

Ship news reporter Chick O'Bannon (Fred MacMurray) . . . just a plain guy—and glamour's his poison!

Paramount Presents

"CAFE SOCIETY"

Starring

MADELEINE CARROLL
FRED MacMURRAY
SHIRLEY ROSS

A Paramount Picture with CLAUDE GILLINGWATER · Directed by Edward H. Griffith · Original Story and Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp

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Send my *free* trial package to

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Address..
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(This offer is not good in Canada)

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

By HARRY LANG

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

Gene Foley, Hal Roach bathing beauty, shows us what a sunny disposition she has. The sun will always shine for a gal like Gene, even during California's dampness

HANDSOME Wayne Morris
  Is finally wed—
Which, of corris,
  Makes many girls sed!

■

UH HUH—Wayne, who had the world's best start for the title of Hollywood's Champion Bachelor, finally eliminates himself from the running—falls like a ton of brick for li'l Danny Cupid's bow'n'arrow trick—and marries honeyish "Bubbles" Schinasi, for which you can hardly blame the guy!

True, "Bubbles" is no Hollywood momma. She's a back-east gal, but she's got a way with her. More than one Hollywood hero envied Wayne his catch, when "Bubbles" drifted into town.

And besides, she's an heiress to all those Schinasi cigarette millions. Everytime you smoke a cigarette of a certain kind or two, you're helping swell "Bubbles'" bankroll.

■

TO ALL THOSE GALS WHO HATED TO SEE WAYNE WED:
There, there, little gal,
  Don't you cry!
You gotta remember:
  "SMOKE gets in your eye . . . !"

■

ODDS in the Hollywood matrimonial "future" handbook have leveled off to about even money, that Barbara Stanwyck will be Mrs. Robert Taylor, pretty soon, now . . .

Barbara, pretty well smashed when her romance with Frank Fay went blop like a busted twopenny balloon, swore for a long, long time that she'd be triple-blasted-blanked before she'd ever,

[*Continued on page* 10]

EIGHT YEARS SHE HAS WAITED TO PLAY THIS ROLE!

Deep in the heart of every actress lives the ideal role she longs to play—a role that embodies every talent she possesses. Now such a role has come to Bette Davis in "Dark Victory." Not a "character" part, but a natural, normal woman who faces all that fate can offer—all the sweet and bitter of life—all the joy and pain of love—and comes through the dark with colors gloriously flying. Eight years she has waited to play this role. We sincerely believe it's her greatest screen performance.

Warner Bros.

BETTE DAVIS in
"DARK VICTORY"
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play by
George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch
Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.

MILLIONS used by women everywhere . . . this Modern Method of Feminine Hygiene

Zonitors Are Greaseless Easy to Use . . . Dainty Snow-White • Antiseptic

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Zonitors are made with a *unique* GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

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Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12 *individual* glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3417, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.

Zonitors FOR FEMININE HYGIENE *A Zonite Product*

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Can't you see why Annabella would *figure* in the headlines? Here she is taking a brief vacation in Miami where she paused en route to N. Y. from Rio de Janeiro

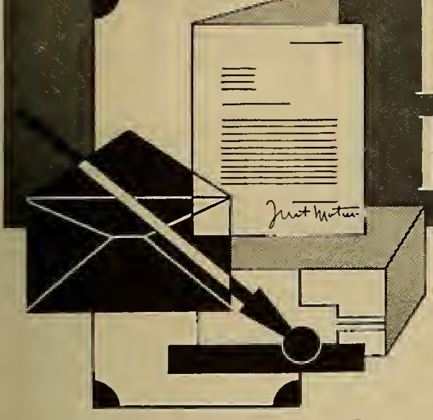
ever, ever even THINK of marrying, again! Once burned, once warned, was her motto. Truth is that Barbara is one of the whole-heartedest gals in Hollywood. She utterly despises the flip attitude most of Hollywood has toward marriage. To her, marriage has always remained sacred, and if that be bucolic, make the most of it. A phew for your phony sophistication, anyway! That's Barbara's stand.

And so, as your ol' Tattler started to tell you, Barbara was smashed when she could no longer make a go of her marriage to Fay.

Then, Bob Taylor came along. And Barbara liked him, and vice-versa.

[*Continued on page* 14]

Ann Morriss may be a starlet to M-G-M but she's a ray of sunshine to us. Either way you look at it she's a bit of heaven. Let her chase your blues away in *The Chaser*



PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

FIGURES DON'T LIE

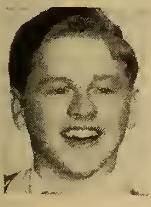
$15 Prize Letter

THE whole matter of a picture's pull boils down to a simple problem in arithmetic—to please most of the people most of the time. Am I right? Take a hypothetical family of five—all movie lovers but with different tastes. At supper when a movie is suggested Sister Sue votes for sweet romance, preferably with Robert Taylor starred, while Brother Bill snorts "Aw gee, mush." Sue turns thumbs down on fight-stuff, while Junior cries for a comedy, dad thinks something with a political tinge would be okay and mother agrees to see anything if only the family will quit quarreling—though, really, she hopes Shirley Temple is on somewhere. Finally they reach a compromise somehow and go to see a new picture called *Four Daughters*. And everybody's happy because this is the type of entertainment that's got something for everybody. It may have been design or just a happy accident but it clicked like a pair of handcuffs. Let Hollywood cater to special tastes if it must but if the seers out there are really wise they'll counsel closer attention to family trade and give sophistication a miss.—*Georgia E. Rayne, 1131 Barclay St., Vancouver, Canada.*

REAL VS. REEL

$10 Prize Letter

IT PROBABLY is considered heresy to criticize Mickey Rooney but maybe I can withstand the brickbats of Mickey's fans. The pictures in which he appears are of the down-to-earth variety dealing with real people. But the directors simply refuse to let us believe that Mickey is a real boy. *In Love Finds Andy Hardy* we have only one short sequence in which the incorrigible adolescent has a normal moment; that of a heart-to-heart talk with his father about the purchase of an automobile. But for this little gem of realism, Mickey blusters, smirks, swaggers, sneers and acts so vociferously that before the picture ends one is slightly bored with him. And in *Boys Town* he is again the badly overdrawn braggadocio which threw an otherwise perfect picture out of balance. Pipe down, Mickey, you're too highly inflated to last long—even with your most rabid fans. —*Corinne Childers, 113 Wright St., Winder, Ga.*



Mickey Rooney

BEG PA'DON

$5 Prize Letter

I AM having no end of trouble with my son's table manners since the movie stars have taken up "burping" in public. My son "burps" and belches and picks his teeth and when I reprimand him he calmly says, "Well, it's funny, Mom, when Lionel Barrymore burps he gets the Academy Award and when Charles Laughton eats with his fingers, covering himself with grease from ear to ear, it's genius, but when I do it, I get nothing but a scolding." So do you blame me for hoping that we have a cycle of "burpless" pictures with improved table manners? Why I even saw a glamor girl lick her fingers—daintily of course—but lick 'em she did. All of these things make child training very difficult for mothers you must admit.—*Mrs. Bessie Toles, 514 N. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.*

WAITING FOR DAY OF ATONEMENT

$1 Prize Letter

TIME was when sinister Orientals, dastardly Mexicans and other racially representative reprobates were permitted to contribute their quota of wickedness to the films. Now, however, concern for foreign markets necessitates the 100% Americanism of all cinema cads. The recent *Bulldog Drummond* opus in which an English rotter was changed to an American scamp furnishes a case in point. A bit thick, what? Undoubtedly we have our share of crime. But that we have a corner on skullduggery I venture to doubt. And this excessive Hollywood tenderness towards foreigners is to me absurd and irritating. Indeed my feeling is such that only by featuring foreign scoundrels exclusively for the next five years can Hollywood atone to me for this monstruous affront to American manhood.—*Art Long, 107-48 88th St., Ozone Park, N. Y.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

FACE VALUE

$1 Prize Letter

IS HEDY LAMARR to be killed off with a surfeit of publicity before she has a chance to make good on her own? Hedy's chief claim to fame is that of a half-nude siren in a highly controversial foreign film, *Ecstasy*. Her role in *Algiers* was a "natural" for her drugged, sensuous beauty and required no particular tax on her histrionics. Hedy will have to prove that she has something more than that over-publicized thing called glamor. Danielle Darrieux, Anna Sten, Lilian Harvey and Simone Simon all have glamor but little else. Americans are a bit leary of these foreign importations who storm Hollywood with a barrage of publicity, but with little to back it up. Not a single one can compare with those sturdy Hollywood graduates, Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford and Irene Dunne. We'll accept Hedy on "face value" when she exhibits real acting ability!—*Mrs. H. D. Cooksey, 2338 East 7th St., Charlotte, N. C.*

Hedy Lamarr

MIS-CASTING

$1 Prize Letter

DARRYL ZANUCK reminds of the White Knight who "madly thrust a right-hand foot into a left-hand shoe." Zanuck evidently thinks it too easy and obvious to cast to type. He is never happier than when casting young actors in old characters, or very modern boys and girls in very difficult historical characters. He bought *Kidnapped* only to give swarthy, heavy-featured Warner Baxter the role of *Alan Breck*, who was small and lively, with dancing, light eyes. He attributed the Suez Canal to Tyrone Power, who scarcely suggests the *de Lesseps* of history, an elderly man with five children. Now Tyrone is being forced into the ill-fitting boots of *David Livingstone*, grave Scottish missionary and doctor, who was short, homely, and the father of a large family. Naturally that calls up a vision of Tyrone Power to the mind of Darryl Zanuck. It would.—*Elizabeth Fletcher, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs., England.*

LEARN FROM A BARBARIAN BEAU

and get tough with your teeth

His strong flashing teeth were a surefire attraction. And he kept them trim with tough, rough foods. Today's soft foods give our teeth too little to do. But here's a way to exercise them.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

YOUR TEETH NEED DENTYNE

So many dentists say "Chew Dentyne" because its special firmness offers tough chewing—fine exercise for teeth. Dentyne also stimulates circulation of blood in the gums, improving their resistance to disease. And helps cleanse and brighten your teeth.

ITS TANGY FLAVOR TEMPTS YOUR TASTE

Spice, sugar... delicious. It tantalizes, satisfies. Like a whiff of mince pie in the making —or the luscious crumbs from a frosting kettle. Buy and try Dentyne. Its handy flat package is extra easy to slip into your purse or pocket.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

CALIFORNIA, HERE

This magnificent panorama of the Rockies is one of many breath-taking views to be seen on these Movieland Tours

A cocktail party, left, at the beautiful home of Warren William, was among the highlights of the 1938 Movieland Tours

FIRST CALL FOR MOTION PICTURE'S MOVIELAND TOURS! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GO HOLLYWOOD, TO MINGLE WITH THE STARS AT PLAY AND WATCH THEM AT WORK. DON'T MISS IT!

HOW many times during the past year have you said to yourself, "Next summer I'd like to spend my two weeks' vacation by taking a transcontinental trip to Hollywood?"

Sitting in the neighborhood theatre watching your favorite actors and actresses on the screen, how many times have you thought how thrilling it would be to meet those same glamorous stars in their own homes, to talk with them, to watch them at work and at play in the world-famous movie capital?

And how many times have you discarded the idea as an impractical daydream, ruefully telling yourself it would cost too much money or that even if you could afford it you—an outsider—wouldn't get so much as a fleeting glimpse of the real "inside" activities in movieland?

Well, forget all those doubts and misgivings. Because MOTION PICTURE has completed all arrangements necessary to make your cherished dream come true. You can take that glorious trip to Southern California, traveling in luxurious air-conditioned trains through the most magnificent scenery this country can offer. You can see the intimate life of Hollywood, spend two wonderful days visiting the $50,000,000 Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco, cram a thousand sparkling memories into a grand two weeks' vacation—all for the price of a round trip ticket!

All you need to do is sign up for one of the two Movieland Tours (sponsored by Fawcett Publications) which will take place in midsummer, and your favorite magazine, MOTION PICTURE, will attend to everything. The first Tour leaves Chicago via special train on Saturday, July 15, returning exactly two weeks later on July 29. The second Tour, which also begins and ends on a Saturday, will run from August 5, until August 19.

Hundreds of testimonial letters from those who have taken the Movieland Tours in previous years paint glowing pictures of the beautiful scenery en route, of the thrills experienced from the mo-

WE COME

Grauman's Chinese theatre, lower left, on L. A.'s famed Hollywood Boulevard will attract many Movieland Tourists

ment the tourists stepped aboard the special train to begin the vacation of a lifetime. This year's trips have been planned to bring you even greater enjoyment.

LEAVING Chicago your train will whisk you west through country whose dazzling beauty is climaxed by magnificent Mount Rainier, monarch of the Cascades, decked in ermine snow and jeweled with diamond glaciers. Frequently the train will halt at a siding while we motor through the eye-filling countryside of the great Northwest. We will explore the Pacific Coast cities of Seattle and Portland, then travel south into California, through the fabulously fertile Sacramento Valley and into Los Angeles. And then, thrill of thrills—HOLLYWOOD!

For three glorious days you will be royally entertained in the movie city. Typical Western hospitality will greet you. You will be taken through the studios where celebrated stars are going through parts [*Continued on page* 88]

USE THIS COUPON
MOVIELAND TOURS
360 North Michigan Boulevard
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

State ....

MP-1

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!
Cashmere Bouquet
THIS MIGHT BE YOUR NIGHT! SO, BEFORE THAT DATE, BE SURE TO BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
MEN FIND FRAGRANT SKIN SO ALLURING! THAT'S WHY I BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP. FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR... AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH IT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
YOU'RE THE LOVELIEST THING THAT EVER CAME INTO MY LIFE! SO SWEET, SO COMPLETELY ADORABLE! SHALL WE MAKE IT A WEDDING, DARLING?
IT'S TOO BAD ALL GIRLS DON'T KNOW ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP—THE LOVELIER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOR!
I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!
Cashmere Bouquet
10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores
THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

Whether You're a

...**DARLING WIFE** to adoring Jim, and do your own dishes...

...**A DEBUTANTE** pounding out a novel on a typewriter...

...**OR A DUCHESS** who never even lifts a pampered finger...

Remember ... it's **GLAZO**
nail polish for longer wear!

The nail polish miracle of 1939—that's Glazo! A new secret formula gives you all the perfections of a 60-cent polish...yet Glazo costs *only 25 cents.*

This polish covers nails smoothly, easily; hardens to jewel-like beauty; and wears amazingly—like part of the nail.

Glazo's new shades—TARA, EMBER and RUMBA—add delightful harmony to this season's fuchsias, magentas, reds, violet, pinks, blues, new greens, and golden yellows ...or accent to black, beige and navy. Also see CONGO, TROPIC, CABAÑA, and other flattering Glazo shades.

Guaranteed!

Buy Glazo, not on our say-so, but on your own! Glazo is GUARANTEED to give you longer wear —or else you can return the bottle to The Glazo Co., Inc., East Rutherford, N. J., and back will come your money!

Guard Nails WITH NAIL-COTE

Ask your dealer, too, for Glazo's **NAIL-COTE,** a marvelous new polish foundation that contains wax. Nail-Cote guards nails against splitting, cracking and breaking; gives your manicure *super* wear and brilliance!

GLAZO
Polish Wears Longer

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

The Bennett sisters—Connie and Joan—with their escorts, Walter Wanger and Gilbert Roland, make up a gay foursome at Earl Carroll's nite club opening

Do you suppose Robert Benchley is laughing at his own funny features? His latest one is *How To Sub-Let*

Most of Hollywood thought it was just one of those "rebound" situations. BUT—the attachment between Barbara and Bob has not only lasted, it has deepened, too. It's thanks to Barbara's level head that Bob, young and inexperienced, managed to sail so comparatively serene through the trials of sudden fame. She was the balance-wheel that kept him from going too Hollywood. She knows her stuff.

And now that Bob is over the danger-spots, Barbara has had time to tote up the situation herself. She's finally admitting even to herself that she's in love with Bob—that it's not just a "rebound" manifestation. And at last, at long last, Barbara is at the point where she is ready, once again, to take a chance on matrimony, despite her dread, despite the burned fingers!

And so, don't be surprised when you get the news that they've set the wedding date. And don't be surprised, either, if Barbara gives up her screen work entirely, and quits, also, that hoss-raising venture she's in with the Zeppo Marxes. The Stanwyck philosophy of marriage is that marriage is a full-time job. And she's not going to try to mix it with anything else.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
"Big Boy" Williams and Mary Brian—
You gotta admit, Cupid's still tryin'.

[*Continued on page* 66]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

THE latest craze in Hollywood is ice skating. So, naturally, the best place to see the gals dressed up, is at the rink. Trust your palsie-walsie Chic to go *all* the way when she is style snooping; and be content to know I *tried* to skate. But did you ever try to typewrite standing up? . . . I finally gave up and sat down with Rosemary and Priscilla Lane. Priscilla's feet were attracting a lot of attention. She was wearing brown alligator shoes with *red* platform soles which matched the red of her scarf and hat. The contrasting colors took away the clumsy look most platform soles have. . . . Rosemary, the other lovely Lane, was looking awfully pert in a red plaid babushka. Remember the babushka's popularity during the summer when all the gals wore them with their play suits to keep their hair in place? Rosemary says they're far more practical made of wool in the winter, 'cause they keep the frost from nipping your ears. . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald was sitting a couple of rows ahead of us, dressed in a smart-looking golf outfit. She explained her costume to me by saying she had been out on the links all afternoon and hadn't changed. But of course I didn't blame her—not with that outfit. . . . Her brown and red plaid wool skirt, cut with extreme swing fullness, was topped by a brown suede jacket. And the jacket was buttoned all the way down the front with little flame-colored wooden tees. A larger tee of the same wood decorated her brown suede beret. Her oxfords, of brown suede, and gloves with brown perforated suede backs and flame colored palms, looked capable of knocking four or five strokes off anyone's game. . . . The best-dressed skater that night was little Bonita Granville who has finally reached the age where she is allowed dates with her high school friends—well chaperoned! . . . Bonita's grey flannel skating-skirt was divided and worn over matching grey skating breeches. With it she wore a grey, black and yellow plaid wool-voile blouse and a canary yellow wool bolero.

MARGARET LINDSAY promised me a glimpse of her brightly embroidered Tyrolean skating-jacket if I would go to the Cocoanut Grove that night. And I did see it—tho' not in the role it was intended for. Margaret was wearing it as an evening jacket with her black jersey formal! . . . Hollywood mamas were certainly on the gold standard that night. I have never seen more dresses and accessories trimmed with gold at one gathering. . . . Gloria Dickson was one of the first people I saw when I entered the Grove—and believe me the place was packed. Rudy Vallee and his orchestra were playing, and all Hollywood turns out when Rudy's in town. . . . Gloria was beautifully reserved in her brown dinner dress of heavy crepe. Made with a draped bodice and high neckline, the only trimming was a choker of gold seashells and a gold kid bow buckle on her waistline belt. . . . And just a tip to you, honey: If you want to follow the clothes career of one of the smartest groomed women in Hollywood, you'll keep your eyes on Gloria. Her simplicity and smartness have it all over some of the gals who can't resist gags in their dress. . . . Ann Sheridan sat a couple of tables away, a dream in white chiffon trimmed with gold. The softly shirred jacket, of the same white material, was cut along lumber-jack lines. The waist and waist bands were knitted of gold thread. . . . Livvy de Havilland passed by on her way to join the party at Ann's table. Livvy wore a full length princess type evening coat. Of green wool, the coat was embroidered in an all-over design of heavy *gold* leaves.

THIS business of wool for evening wraps—and even dresses—is definitely becoming popular. I saw at least two other girls that evening wearing wool wraps. . . . The glamorous Hedy made an entrance wearing a floor-length cape of wool. (I'd be almost willing to give two months salary to have people gasp like that when *I* entered a room!) Hedy's cape, of a luscious petunia shade, was made with a hood bordered with sable-dyed Baum Marten. The dress she wore with this was of a lighter shade and cut in the Grecian mode. A heavy gold necklace and bracelet, a bouquet of crinkled gold flowers at her waist, were Hedy's only jewelry. In direct contrast to Hedy's softly draped, glamorous costume, was Rita Hayworth's full length wrap of vivid red wool. . . . Rita's coat with its ermine collar and jabot, was worn over a grey taffeta gown. The gown cut with a tight bodice and full skirt, was embroidered around the square neck with rubies. Ruby-colored crepe sandals completed the costume.

AND while we're on the subject of shoes, when you're feeling completely giddy, you might try the trick Marie Wilson did that night. But only if you can take the ribbing Marie can. Thru' the instep band of her toeless evening pumps, Marie had run a chiffon handkerchief and tied it around her ankles! Said the chiffon made her feet feel lighter when she was dancing! . . . The more I saw of the gold and jeweled trimming the more I realized it was time for Chic to quit the night life and get home where the contrast wasn't so great. . . . And the glimpse I caught of Myrna Loy as I left, was the most refreshing thing I had seen all evening. . . . Myrna was dressed simply in a white lace dinner gown. Made with a tailored waist, full skirt and long tight sleeves, the plainness of the dress was unrelieved. . . . And then people wonder why Myrna can portray, and continues to be privately, a happily married wife. . . . You might try being simple and different, darlin', the next time that heart-quickener of yours starts losing interest. And if a Myrna Loy act won't wake *him* up—it will wake up a lot of your gal friends' boy friends. And you'll have plenty of trouble.

Mlle. Chic

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY

"To look your Loveliest you must have Lovely Skin!"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Any girl looks her loveliest when her skin is fresh and appealing. Camay's the beauty care I recommend because its gentle cleansing has helped my *skin to look so radiantly fresh."*

(*Signed*) PATRICIA RYAN

January 3, 1939 (*Mrs. Joseph J. Ryan, Jr.*)

THERE'S a special charm in a lovely complexion—a charm *you* ought to have! And Mrs. Ryan, like so *many* happy brides, says, "Use Camay!"

You'll soon see why! So many girls who use it say they've never found another soap with quite the same rich, fragrant lather. Camay cleanses *thoroughly,* and yet it's wonderfully *mild!*

Thousands of girls rely on Camay for complexion *and* bath. It's so refreshing to the skin—helps bring out *all-over* loveliness—yet costs so little! Get three cakes today!

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Appear
SLIMMER
instantly!
TEST Thynmold for 10 DAYS at our expense!

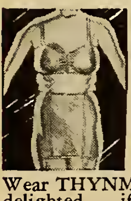
WOULD you like to wear dresses sizes smaller? That is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself! That is why we want you to test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear, it won't cost you a penny!

MADE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

Your comfort is assured because Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, perforated to help body moisture evaporate. The soft, silky inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear. The special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size while the overlapping Brassiere gives firm support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

MAKE THE AMAZING SILHOUETTE TEST!

Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat... the rib rolls... the thickness of waist... the width of hips.



Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! The outline of your new figure is not only smaller but all the bumps and bulges have been smoothed out instantly.

Wear THYNMOLD for 10 days . . . if you are not delighted . . . if it does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing!

Send today for FREE Folder!

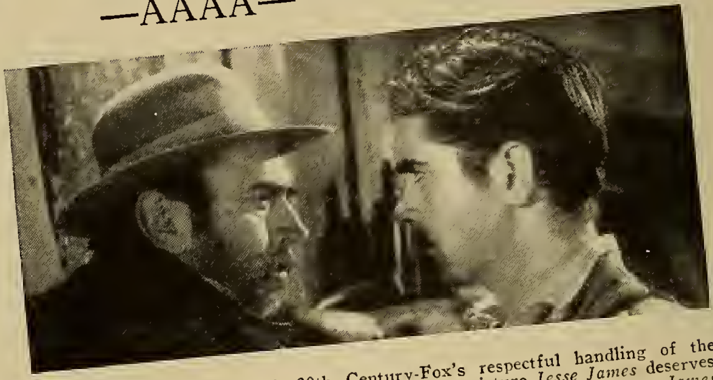
DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 134, 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Send, in plain envelope, illustrated folder describing Thynmold Girdle and Brassiere, sample of material and details of 10-day Trial.

Name..
Address..

PICTURE PARADE

JESSE JAMES

—AAAA—



You may not agree with 20th Century-Fox's respectful handling of the notorious *Jesse James*, but you will agree that the picture *Jesse James* deserves your respect. Made in Technicolor, beautifully acted and directed, *Jesse James* starts off with a bang, both literally and figuratively, and doesn't let up until you have had your fill of thrills, suspense and comedy. This isn't just another saga of the West but a meaty, dramatic story that will appeal to all audiences. The story starts with the *James* boys' initiation in crime when their mother is killed by a railroad representative out to swindle the farmers of their land. There was much speculation as to whether Tyrone Power could play the Missouri outlaw who terrorized the country in the sixties so let us tell you that Tyrone can and did, superlatively. Henry Fonda as brother *Frank* is magnificent and Nancy Kelly as the young *Mrs. Jesse James* lives up to the expectations of her exacting role. In fact the entire cast is superb—Randolph Scott, Henry Hull, Slim Summerville, J. Edward Bromberg, Brian Donlevy, John Carradine, Donald Meek, Jane Darwell, Charles Tannen.—*20th Century-Fox.*

THE GREAT MAN VOTES

—AAA½—

Garson Kanin who is remembered for *A Man to Remember* directed this, too, and it looks like Mr. Kanin should be voted the great man of Hollywood after *The Great Man Votes*. He has brought a quality to the screen that has been sadly lacking—the human touch. Mr. Kanin's gift is giving reality to reels. In his films, as in life itself, you find that the little man is often the great man. Here he happens to be *Gregory Vance* an ex-Harvard professor who acquired the prefix when his children were left motherless and in despair he found a new love—the bottle. John Barrymore makes a perfect *Vance* and Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden as the little *Vances* follow the master. They always believed their father was a great man but not until Election Day could they prove it. You've heard "As goes Maine, so goes the nation." Well, this slogan, although now obsolete, has been borrowed and scaled down. Here it is "how goes the 13th precinct, so goes the district." And as there is only one voter in the precinct—*Vance*—his vote is important. So is *The Great Man Votes*.—*RKO-Radio.*

[*Continued on page* 81]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

NEW PARLOR GAME of the month, in Hollywood—was introduced by an English cousin, at Warren William's party at his home in Encino. Warren's cousin showed them how. The idea is to grab hubby's shirts, just back from the laundry, and yank out those big, flat pieces of cardboard inside 'em (Of course, any big pieces of cardboard'll do, but it's fun to mess up poppa's shirts, too!). . . . Anyway, they took scissors and cut the cardboard into the rough shape of turtles. Then they passed long strings through holes in the neck of the cardboard turtles, and tied one end of the strings to chair legs. Then the other ends were handed contestants at the other side of the room. The idea was to race the turtles—by manipulating the string, to induce the cardboard turtles to crawl to the chair and back. Naturally, first to do the trick wins. . . . It sounds silly. It sounds difficult. It's neither, however. Rarely has a Hollywood party gone daffier over a new game—and now they're trying racing turtles all over town. . . . Try it on your own laundered shirts, sometimes. . . . TALKING ABOUT PARTY GAMES, there's no place like Hollywood for them. These blase, sophisticated movie celebs are like kids when it comes to party games. . . . The Gene Raymond—Jeanette MacDonald house is full of closets stuffed with parlor games. Whenever they give a shindig, they drag out the props and let the guests go to it. . . . Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are parlor-game enthusiasts, too. They have a favorite game. It's called "World Power." Everybody has to be a dictator or president or king or premier or queen or lady-behind-the-throne. There are rules, but they're complicated. Maybe we shouldn't have mentioned it, because trying to explain how to play it is too hard. Just drop in on Dick and Joan some party night; they'll show you. . . . Anita Louise starts her guests blowing up rubber balloons, and the first one to pop a balloon by over-inflating it wins a prize. More fun. . . .!! It's parchesi at Dolores Del Rio's. Gilbert Roland has his guests tell ghost stories, and then turns out the lights. Guessing games click with Irene Dunne. "Guggenheim" is still a pet game in Hollywood. Anagrams and these childish pick-up-sticks are Joan Crawford's favorites. . . . Whee, ain't we got fun?

ELECTION DAY IS 'WAY, 'WAY PAST—but the Jimmy Ellisons had an election-party at their house the other nite. . . . "VOTE HERE" read huge signs over the Ellison doorway, when guests arrived. As the guests entered, they were handed big ballots, numbered. They discovered that the numbers indicated their dinner places, numbered correspondingly. In the center of the table was a big ballot box . . . And what do you imagine was in it? Surprise—surprise! Gertrude Ellison unlocked it, and revealed a huge cake. . . . Entertainment? — why, can't you guess? — they talked politics.

PARTY DINNER MENU of the month—was the spread served when Director Mitchell Leisen gave a birthday party for his wife Sandra, inviting most of the biggie names of Hollywood. Here's what there was on the dinner table: . . . Boiled spareribs. Sauerkraut, cooked in champagne! Lamb stew. Turkey. Cold ham. Bowls of chili beans. Five kinds of salad. More vegetables than you can find in one market. And, to top it all, a birthday cake that was so big it had to be wheeled in on a camera-dolly, and contained a music box that played "Happy Birthday to You!" . . . FEATURE OF THE SAME PARTY, besides the dinner, was the unveiling of Leisen's gift to wife—a completely newly decorated and furnished bedroom. Was it something!!! French blue and rose. Velvet-ribboned Venetian blinds. Chiffon drapes. A sleigh for a day-bed! Hand-embroidered linens and blankets. Blue baby grand piano. Lalique glass light fixtures. Six new hats in a newly-built clothes cabinet. Trick book-ends, cast from Sandra's own hands! And a third hand—with finger outstretched—and on the finger, a birthday present—a ruby-and-diamond ring! A bowl of tropical fish on the mantel. Cream-colored, deep easy chairs. A blue-lined silver dressing-gown. Concealed lights in a mirror-lined dressing-booth. Gallons of perfume. An oversized bathtub with a handy-to-reach make-up rack over it, complete even to a cake of soap, heart-shaped! A rubber sit-down cushion and a rubber headrest cushion in the bathtub. Twelve tooth brushes in a crystal holder. . . . AND (pardon me if I'm still at the same party, but how can one help it?) THE FEATURE OF THE PARTY was this: all the male guests, who, like males the world over have been kidding women about the hats they're wearing nowadays, were given scissors, needles, pins and thread, and led to a table, piled with hats and hat trimmings of every imaginable kind—and were ordered to get busy and make hats for the ladies present. Each man drew a name and made a hat for the gal whose name he got. Jack Benny won the game—he hung a pair of rubber gloves on each side of a bouquet of flowers on a hat for Gladys Swarthout.

TABLE-TURNING SURPRISE PARTY was the occasion when Ann Rutherford's sister gathered a bunch of guests and decorated Ann's house and waited for her to come home, on her birthday. And then Ann called up and reported she couldn't come home on account of she had to work late at the studio. . . . The guests were surprised no end. Ann was surprised, too—not to mention disappointed—when she found out that they were waiting to surprise her. But she couldn't get away from the studio, and the "surprise" party was postponed a week. . . . But all the same, there was still a surprise for Ann. Because late that night, her co-workers on the set, having learned that it was her birthday, rolled in a birthday cake for Ann . . . REMINISCENCE PARTY was what you might call the foursome of Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh, who gathered at Chasen's eatery one night, for the specific purpose of having an "I Remember When" party. . . . All four could hark back to the days when they were struggling newcomers on Broadway. And they had plenty of experiences. And nothing else was discussed during the dinner and the hours that followed.

AND JUST TO ROUND OUT THIS MONTH'S "what-they-do-at-Hollywood-parties" report, here's a list your faithful correspondent made, during the month, of things that Hollywood biggies do to entertain guests. . . . Victor McLaglen offers to wrestle with any guest in the house! Stu Erwin imitates a Scottish bagpipe band. Wally Ford borrows his hostess' best dinner plates, and juggles them. Perc Westmore, the make-up wizard, gets a burnt cork, some chalk, and some kitchen materials, and transforms guests into famous men and women of history. Rudy Vallee imitates somebody imitating Rudy Vallee! Don Ameche tells dialect stories. Lupe Velez imitates Garbo, Hepburn, Bankhead, Swanson — but vicious! Dorothy Lamour tears sheets of paper into dolls and doilies. Ken Murray does tricks with cigar smoke. Ann Sothern does a take-off on a glamor girl's entrance at a party. Now, are you satisfied?

Why there's Sue, the wallflower of our old office
Wallflower nothing! She hasn't bought her own lunch in over a year . . .

A girl that men forgot, suddenly became one they remembered. How come?

The answer is easy: She recognized in herself the handicap of many girls, and determined to overcome it.

Nothing scares people away like halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. Moreover, you are almost certain to have it at some time or other, because of modern habits.

How's *your* breath?

Why run the needless risk of offending? It's so easy to guard against halitosis when you use Listerine Antiseptic, the deodorant that is the standby of millions for correcting bad breath.

Listerine Antiseptic attacks food fermentation, the major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. The mouth feels delightfully fresh, and the breath is sweet, pure, and wholesome.

Never be without Listerine Antiseptic. Use it morning and night and before appointments.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri

BEFORE ANY DATE I ALWAYS USE LISTERINE

LET FREEDOM RING

FLINGING DOWN A DRAMATIC CHALLENGE TO THE TYRANNY OF NAZI GERMANY, FIFTY-SIX OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST PROMINENT PERSONALITIES URGE A NEW DECLARATION OF DEMOCRATIC INDEPENDENCE

Looking over the shoulders of Melvyn Douglas, James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson as they study the petition to President Roosevelt are Gale Sondergaard, Mrs. (Helen Gahagan) Douglas, Henry Fonda and Gloria Stuart. Below is the text of the Declaration of Democratic Independence and the fifty-six names

DECLARATION OF DEMOCRATIC INDEPENDENCE
to the
PRESIDENT AND THE CONGRESS
of the
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

On July 4, 1776, the people of our country threw off the yoke of tyranny and called upon the world to witness their Declaration of Independence. Men of free spirit, they proclaimed their belief in man's unalienable right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. Since that time those rights have been the measure of man's dignity in the civilized world. And since that time, whenever challenged, we have re-affirmed our faith in those rights.

Today a new tyranny has arisen to challenge democracy's heritage. We accuse the leaders of Nazi Germany, as a ruler was accused in 1776, of "a design to reduce the world under absolute despotism."

> They deny the rights of man. They destroy Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Worship, Freedom of the Press, and the Right to Peaceful Assembly.
>
> They wantonly persecute defenseless minorities; they imprison ministers of all religions; they enslave labor; they victimize their own citizenry, throwing them upon the charity of the world, and brazenly proclaim that this victimization has only begun; in the name of the State they loot, pillage, inflict torture and commit murder.
>
> They defy International Law; violate treaties, repudiate Covenants of Peace; they bring chaos and disunity into sovereign nations and then seize and dismember them.
>
> They send their agents to spy upon us. They organize Bunds to spread their vicious doctrines in strident contempt of our Democracy and its institutions. They exalt Error above Truth, Superstition above Science, Oppression above Justice, and War above Peace.

And today, as in 1776—"A Government whose character is thus marked by every act which may define Tyranny, is unfit to be the friend of a free people. . . ."

Yet we, a free people, have continued to support by our trade and our commerce this enemy of our liberty and our peace. This, our conscience will permit no longer.

THEREFORE, WE, the undersigned, respectfully petition the President and the Congress of the United States, to make such executive orders, adopt such legislative measures and alter such existing laws as may be necessary to the end that all economic connections between the peoples of the United States of America and Germany be totally severed, until such time as Germany is willing to re-enter the family of nations in accordance with humane principles of international law and universal freedom.

Signed:

Don Ameche
Fay Bainter
Lucille Ball
Joan Bennett
George Brent
Bruce Cabot
James Cagney
Claudette Colbert
Joan Crawford
Donald Crisp
John Cromwell
George Cukor
Bette Davis
Melvyn Douglas
Philip Dunne
Alice Faye
John Ford
Henry Fonda
Bryan Foy
Helen Gahagan
Ben Hecht
Jean Hersholt
Miriam Hopkins
Arthur Hornblow, Jr.
Nunnally Johnson
Victor Jory
William Keighley
Carl Laemmle
Priscilla Lane
Rosemary Lane
Myrna Loy
Charles MacArthur
Charles MacGowan
Aline MacMahon
Tony Martin
Groucho Marx
Burgess Meredith
Paul Muni
Elliott Nugent
Pat O'Brien
Dennis O'Keefe
George O'Neil
Dick Powell
Claude Rains
Edward G. Robinson
Rosalind Russell
Ann Sheridan
Gale Sondergaard
Lawrence Stallings
Donald Ogden Stewart
Gloria Stuart
Harlan Thompson
Walter Wanger
Harry M. Warner
Jack L. Warner
Roland Young

Here's La Lamarr the woman you've been waiting for ever since she made Boyer swoon in *Algiers*. In giving Tracy the old allure in *I Take This Woman* we hope he can keep his mind on his work. Just imagine, Mr. T. that she's two other girls, else she'll steal the picture. You can't? Well, best of luck

SPENCER TRACY AND HEDY LAMARR

LORETTA YOUNG

Whether she plays a Wife or a Friend Loretta Young, with her ever-loving ways, always makes Mr. Husband glad that she came into his life. You can't blame Warner Baxter for falling in love with Loretta whose next picture with Mr. B. is *Wife, Husband and Friend*

Back together again after a fairly long separation are Norma Shearer and that Gable man—this time in *Idiot's Delight*, adapted from the prize play. Norma plays an acrobat who becomes a phoney Russian countess, and Gable, a song-and-dance man. He's no Astaire as yet, but he can really step

NORMA SHEARER AND CLARK GABLE

TYRONE LOVES

By WILSON BROWN

HOLLYWOOD'S LOVELIES MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THAT TY POWER IS NOT THE MARRYING KIND. HE HAS HIS CRUSHES BUT SOME DAY SOME GIRL WILL HOOK HIM. UNTIL SHE APPEARS—WHO'S NEXT?

"How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour!
He sips his honey merrilee—
And flits from flow'r to flow'r . . . !"

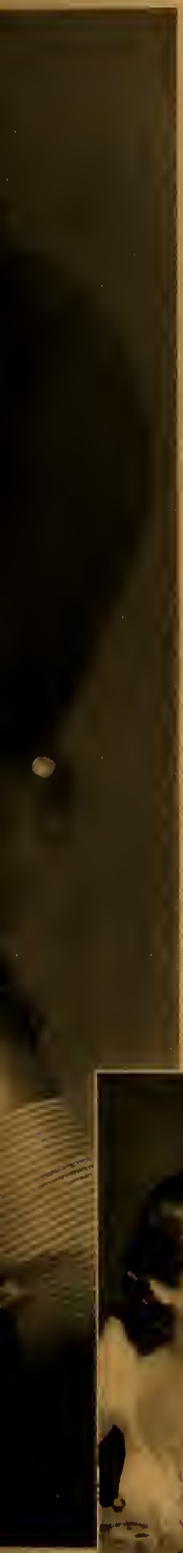
SO THIS is a story about handsome, busy, young Tyrone Power, and all those lovely girls he has NOT married. Despite their fondest hopes. . . . It's also a story about all the other girls he's not going to marry. Despite their fondest hopes, whoever they may turn out to be.

You see, I can name those he hasn't married. But I can't name those he's not going to, in the future. (And if this sounds like Stoopnagle and Budd, I can't help it. On account of Ty's love-life is like that.)

I mean, Ty's flitted from Sonja to Loretta to Janet to Alice to Annabella,

The newest crush in Ty's life is Annabella. They were together in South America, N. Y. C. and Newark airport

'EM and LEAVES 'EM



with a few flits in between, named Irma and Jane, and a few preliminary practice flits, named "Michael" (no, not a man, good heaven) and Helen. We all know about those past flits.. But his future flits depend on time, circumstance, and the willingness of the flittee. No gal in Hollywood is safe. May heaven even help Shirley . . . ! For this Ty Power lad is the love-'em-leave-'em-est guy in Hollywood today . . . ! ! !

And the most interesting part of it is this: that he didn't just get that way AFTER Hollywood fame draped itself on his nice young shoulders. Ty was all set for it, before Lady Luck even kissed him, among other girls.

I remember, nearly three years ago (I may have my old interview notes right here before me, in black-and-white, as I write this. I save 'em, because I like to see what asses rising young stars usually make of themselves, after they've said things on the way up, and then forgotten all about what they said, after they're UP). But Ty stuck to what he said.

He said: "Marriage? Certainly NOT. No, NO!! I'm the kind of guy who almost always has a heavy crush, on some girl or other. First one girl, then another. I'm like that. It's stimulating, and very pleasant. I like to love 'em. But marry 'em?—no, I have no intentions of getting married. Not for a long, long, long, long time . . . !"

That was nearly three years ago, before Sonja; before Loretta; before Janet; before Annabella. If those girls had read MOTION PICTURE magazine, they might have been forewarned. Because I wrote Ty's warning (you can call it that, girls!) and it was printed right here.

Maybe they read it, and didn't believe it. Or maybe they just didn't care. It doesn't matter, and it's aside from the point. The point is this: Ty Power has certainly stuck to his word. Ty said he was going to "love 'em and leave 'em," and that's what he's been doing ever since. And if they feel hurt because they've been left, why, they can at least salve their grief with the memory that they've been loved . . . ! ! !

AND now, in the words of Al Smith, "let's take a look at the record—"

Let's even go 'way back to the time before Ty popped his head before a movie camera, in a big way. Let's go back to the days when he was just trying to get a job in the theatre, and reminding people he was Tyrone Power's son. He wasn't making much headway. In fact, he was as broke as Papa is after Christmas. But he had to eat and sleep. So what. So right off, this faculty of his for impressing strange ladies came to the rescue.

A woman by the name of "Michael Strange" took pity on him, and gave him shelter and board. Now the interesting part of this—is this: Michael Strange is the name of the actress-writer who was once married to John Barrymore. Any woman who has been married to John Barrymore

[*Continued on page* 56]

Ty took romance with Sonja Henie seriously enough. Some say she still loves him. But Ty?

Ty just missed being hooked in marriage when he went around with Gaynor

After Sonja came Loretta Young, and Sonja, she no likee. But Ty managed to escape matrimony

HERE'S SCARLETT—AT LONG LAST

By JAMES REID

THE LONG SUSPENSE IS OVER. AND THE GIRL WHO'LL PLAY SCARLETT O'HARA IN *GONE WITH THE WIND* IS VIVIEN LEIGH. SHE HAILS FROM ENGLAND AND APPEARED WITH BOB TAYLOR IN *A YANK AT OXFORD*. ACCORDING TO MARGARET MITCHELL, THE AUTHOR WHO CREATED THE MOST VIVID HEROINE IN AMERICAN FICTION, SHE IS SCARLETT TO THE LIFE

WELL, one thing can be said for David Selznick. In a town full of superstitions, he isn't superstitious. He ended his long search for *Scarlett O'Hara* on a Friday, the 13th.

Whether or not his choice was unfortunate, only time can tell.

Meanwhile, one thing can be said for his choice—Vivien Leigh: She may be as English as crumpets, but at least she looks like the author's description of the most vivid heroine in American fiction.

That's more than can be said for Norma Shearer, Paulette Goddard, Miriam Hopkins, Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Jean Arthur, Arleen Whelan or any other famous American face considered even briefly for the role.

Vivien is virtually unknown. Far from being a handicap, that is definitely in her favor. The public won't be remembering her as anyone else while she's trying to be *Scarlett*.

Another thing: She can act. That's more than can be said for all the other likely-looking unknowns who were tested.

According to Margaret Mitchell, who created her, *Scarlett O'Hara* was "not beautiful," but had "an arresting face." A face that suggested sweetness, only to be betrayed by pale green eyes that were "turbulent, willful, lusty with life." Her mother was French, her father Irish, and she was a composite of both. Her dark hair had glints of auburn. Her chin was pointed, her jaw square. She was small, but physically well-matured. She had a 17-inch waist.

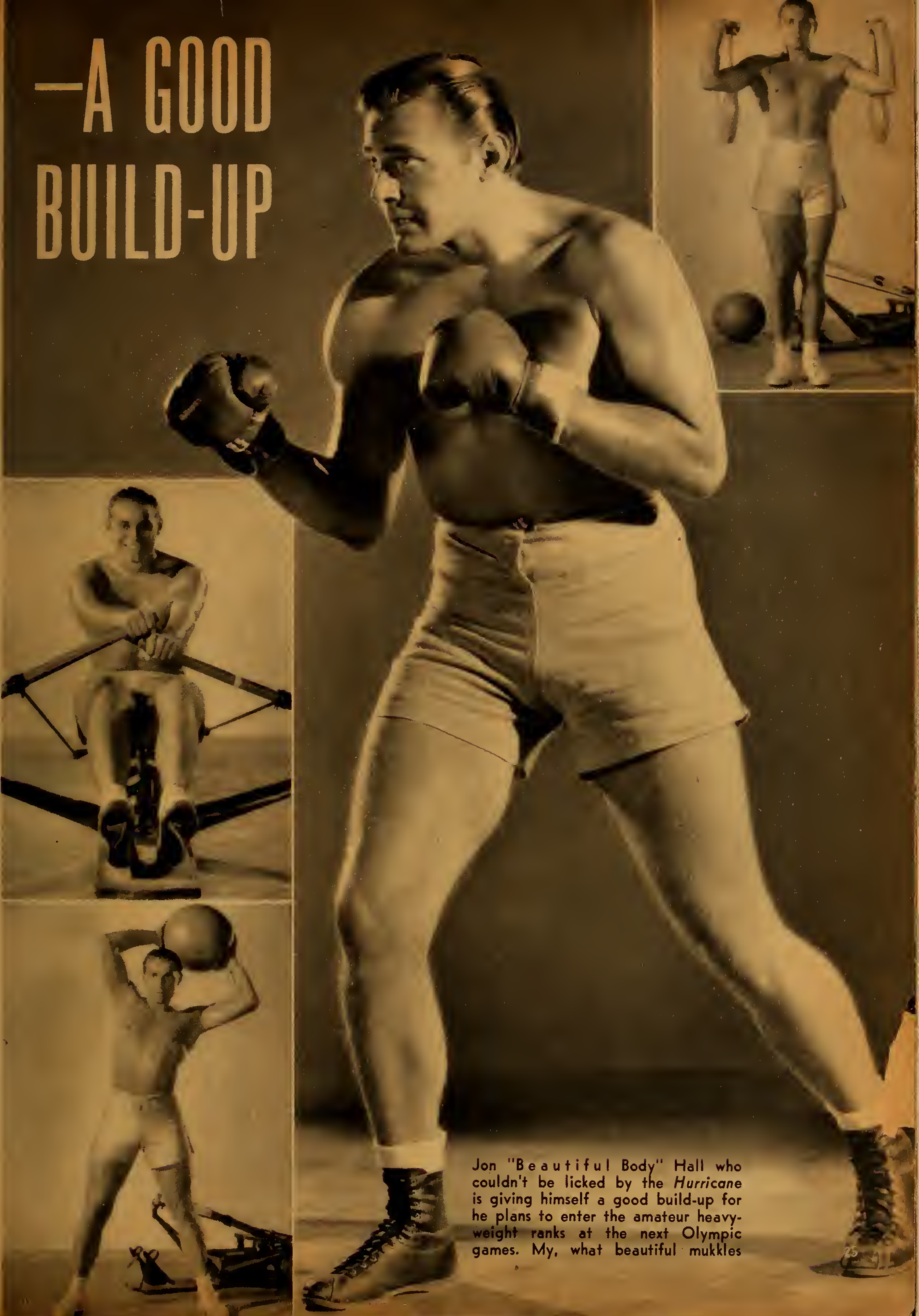
Up to this point, Vivien fits the description to the well-known T. Even to the French-Irish ancestry. Even to the "turbulent" eyes. Even to the 17-inch waist.

Scarlett was sixteen at the beginning of *Gone With the Wind*, barely twenty-one at its close. But, though she was a girl in years, she was a woman emotionally. No teen-age actress could possibly portray her. She wouldn't have either the emotional or the dramatic background.

There can be no serious objection, then, to the fact that Vivien is 25. At that, she is considerably younger than most of the other actresses considered. She is thirteen years younger than Norma Shearer, who was once "announced" for

[*Continued on page* 73]

—A GOOD BUILD-UP



Jon "Beautiful Body" Hall who couldn't be licked by the *Hurricane* is giving himself a good build-up for he plans to enter the amateur heavyweight ranks at the next Olympic games. My, what beautiful mukkles

The CANARIES SING THEIR "SWAN SONGS"

"Met" claims Lily Pons after film fling

Grace Moore was best liked opera star of all. Good stories failed her

Marion Talley made one film then was thru

Gladys Swarthout returns to "Met." Didn't sing in latest film

Helen Jepson sang in *The Goldwyn Follies*. Is now back at "Met"

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy never made the "Met." Their voices and acting talent, plus personalities are popular the world over

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

WHERE GARBO IS *Alone*

HOLLYWOOD'S UP TO ITS OLD TRICKS TRYING TO TRAIL GARBO WHO HAS A NEW HIDE-OUT IN THE DESERT. THEY STILL WON'T BELIEVE THAT SHE WANTS TO BE ALONE. AND SH-H-H, SHE'S NOT MARRIED TO STOKOWSKI

HOLLYWOOD hears of Garbo's mysterious trips to the desert! What desert? Miles upon miles of desert simmer under the California sun.

Newspapers carry headlines that Garbo and the symphony orchestra conductor, Stokowski are married! Where and when did the ceremony take place?

Radio flashes the news that the Swedish star is the guest of Stokowski on his ranch near Santa Barbara. Where is this ranch?

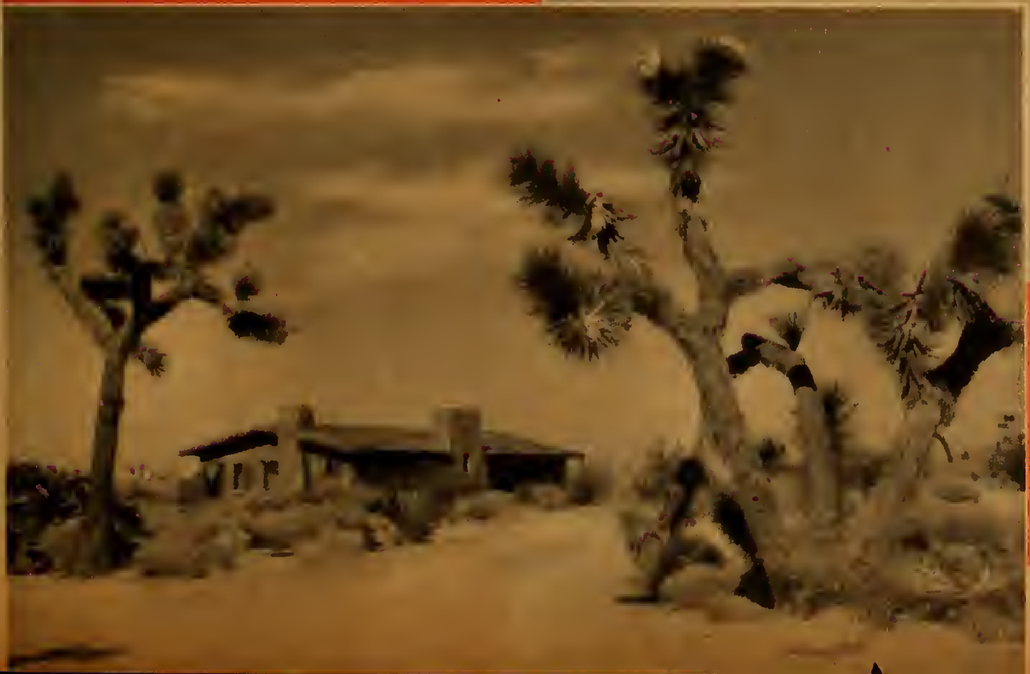
Hollywood whispers that Metro's star is spending considerable time at the home of her friend, director George Cukor!

Radio flashes! Reports! Rumors! Whispers!

Where *is* Garbo? What is she doing while waiting for her next picture *Madame Curie* to start?

Garbo dropped in at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer soon after her return from Europe. So brief was her call at the Front Office, that she did not take time to look at the beautifully appointed new dressing-room that had been prepared for her.

It seems incredible that a motion picture star can return to Hollywood year after year and completely drop from sight. But that is what Garbo does until some enterprising [*Continued on page* 69]



Garbo's bungalow at "Yucca Loma" is built of adobe brick made on desert ranch. Sagebrush — joshua trees comprise only vegetation for miles

Photo by Arthur H. Walker

OUR OWN NE

CANDID SHOTS OF THESE

Above, top, right and down finds Pat O'Brien playing a mean game of badminton at his Bel Air home . . . while at his right Sally Eilers brushes up on her skating with "Red" McCarthy, world-famous barrel-jumper. The setting is the Tropical Ice Gardens, one of the largest skating rinks in the world . . . Olivia de Havilland enjoys a workout at tennis 'tween pictures . . . And the same can be said for Carole Lombard—who has just followed through with an overhead smash. She is one of the best tennis players among the femmes . . . All set to punch a time-clock and go to work for RKO is beauty contest winner, Claire James. How do you like that fur jacket—or are you looking at it? . . . Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll have their cake and eat it, too, on the set of *Cafe Society* . . . Rosemary Lane has named her kittens after Cagney's picture. That's "Angel" in her hands, "Dirty Face" on floor

WS CAMERA

HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Above, top, left and down finds John Garfield about to dunk Gloria Dickson in a Palm Springs hotel pool . . . Ronald Reagan puts on "monkey" suit to practice with Cubs and Pirates who train in California. A former sports writer, he won movie contract when he accompanied ball players to Coast a few years ago. Don't bite your tongue, Ronnie. Only stick it out when you sass an umpire . . . Next to skeet-shooting Clark Gable likes trout-fishing . . . So does Bob Taylor, who caught four "rainbows" for Barbara . . . RKO newcomer, Peggy Carroll, cuts a neat figure on the ice. Skating, at which she is quite a Henie, keeps her fit for dancing . . . Kitten on the keys has nothing on "Daisy" seen lately in *Blondie*. She bangs out her piano lesson for Trainer Weatherwax . . . Penny Singleton, Anita Louise, Glenda Farrell, Joy Hodges lift Jimmy Ellison with one finger from each hand. It always works. Try it

YOUNGER SET

Warner's new starlet, Ila Rhodes, gets in some last-minute reading before keeping her date to play tennis with Jeffrey Lynn

Now that Jeff has arrived at Ila's home they're on their way to the tennis court. How do you like Ila's print play-suit?

Jeff takes his racquet out of the press and they're ready to begin. Most of Hollywood's Younger Set play a snappy game

My, my, look how the girl keeps balance as she whips back a snappy backhand

This close-up of the court shows Jeff and Ila volleying the ball back and forth. On days when studios are not calling, all of Hollywood's youngsters (oldsters, too) play tennis

It's Set Point and judging from tenseness of expression Ila is determined to win advantage

PLAYS TENNIS

Ila, whom you'll see in *Secret Service In The Air*, wins the spin, elects to receive from Jeff of *Yes, My Darling Daughter*

Not even Budge serves with more abandon than Jeff who gives it his all. Hold your spot, Ila, he may send it a mile

Well, look at Ila. Look at that footwork as she advances to shoot a vicious volley back at Jeff! Some poise—what?

Jeff must have lost judging from the way he sails over the net to congratulate Ila

Hand in hand they walk off court to cool spot where they can sit down for cool drinks

And to wind up the game what could be sweeter than Jeff paying off with the drinks. Since he lost he'd have to buy anyway. Next time Ila will lose and buy

• • • • AND ALL THE

Biking has become a big fad in Hollywood. Sometimes they ride a bicycle built for two—like Jeffrey Lynn and Priscilla

When stars go biking they usually dress in sports clothes. Anita Louise in slacks, sweater and sneaks is all set for a whirl

After you master the trick of pedaling a bike then you take up the tricks. Deanna Durbin rides backwards on handlebars

Trimmed for action like a 6-day rider, Whitney Bourne takes short cut through the park as she pedals home with eatables

Phil Regan has a quartette of kids. And here he takes one of them, daughter Joan, for a ride "up front" near Pasadena home

A passel of weight was spilled over the roadside when Andy Devine took up biking. He learned how to tame the critter

STARS RIDE BIKES

Joy Hodges dons a playsuit to ride the byways and highways of Hollywood. The bike, like Joy, is a sturdy affair

Most studios ban autos because "mikes" pick up motor noises. Joel McCrea rides to the studio on his new streamlined bike

It's another bike built for two when Walter Pidgeon takes Freddie Bartholomew cruising. Note basket for shopping

Even the fruit tries to match Marian Martin when she decks out in a snappy playsuit an' pedals her bike to market

Joy Hodges changes her costume and boards a motor-cycle which she uses to ride on desert roads at Palm Springs

June Lang's figure, which experts call THE BEST, shapes up well on a bike. Go easy June, bikes build leg muscles

HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST
PARTY RAGE

HOLLYWOOD'S newest party rage is the Signal Game, first introduced to the young set at the home of Anita Louise, and which since has taken the film colony by storm. The game is played with any number of people, with a certain one being designated 'It,' and another as 'Signal man.' The former leaves the room while the others go into a huddle on the plot which consists of a series of actions which the person who is 'It' must complete with only the aid of the signal man. The latter designates the direction of action by tapping with a spoon on a kettle-top, or any similar combination of props to produce the same effect. When the signaler taps loudly the person who is 'It' is informed he is off the track, or 'cold.' Light tapping designates close to the answer, or 'hot.' The action and errors in the complete solution of the plot result in an amusing and good time had by all. . . . The Signal Game in action, as pictured here at a recent get-together of players, was EXCLUSIVELY PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES RHODES, Fawcett Publications' ace candid cameraman. Our only regret is that it couldn't have been photographed in sound. The spontaneity of speech as well as gestures are half the fun.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS BY CHARLES RHODES

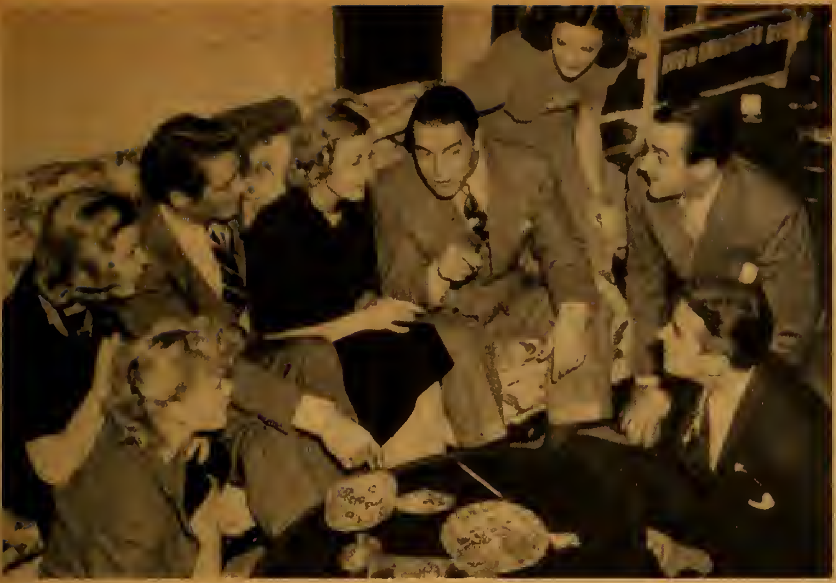
1. Joy Hodges is "It" in Signal Games and hides in a room apart from players plotting "action"

4. Gertrude Durkin as "Signal Man" raps directions. Loud taps mean 'cold', light taps, 'hot'

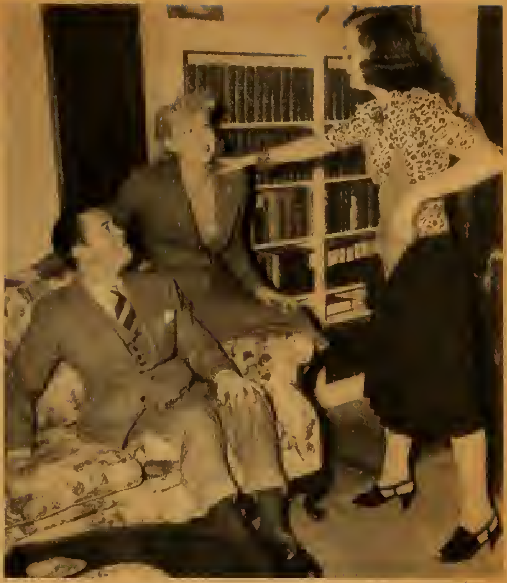
5. Joy, to the rat-tat-tatting of Gertrude Durkin's signals, solves another point of action in the Signal Game by kissing Lee Bowman. How he enjoys it!

9. So keen is their enthusiasm for Hollywood's newest party game that Penny, Glenda and Ellison pass up a dish of candy

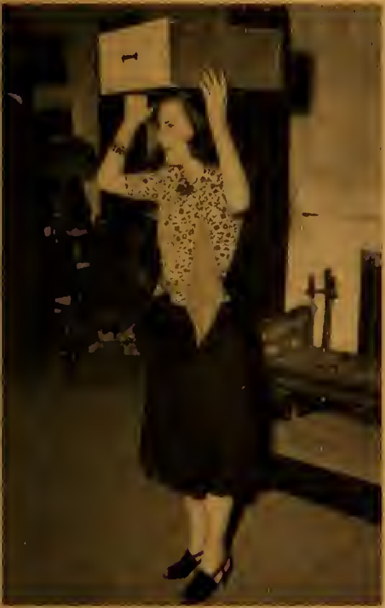
10. Joy has grown so "warm" that Chester Morris in a tense moment of excitement yells "Got it!" Anita is having fun, too



2. Players plotting "action" are Penny Singleton, Glenda Farrell, James Ellison, Anita Louise, Chester Morris, Gertrude Durkin, Lee Bowman, Buddy Adler

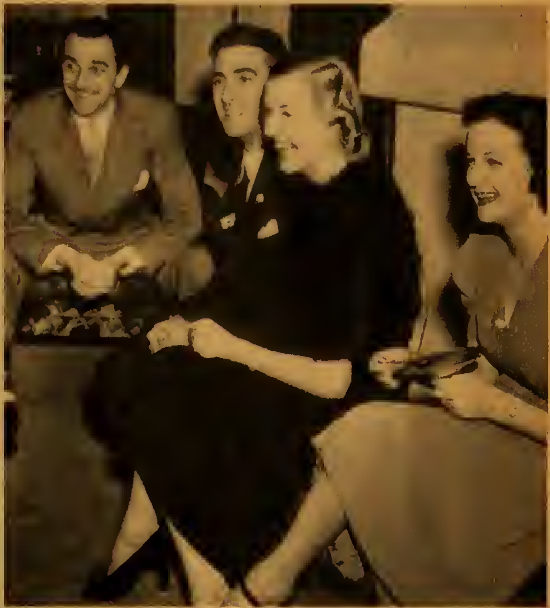


3. Joy grows "warmer" approaching Penny and Chester. She is supposed to pick book

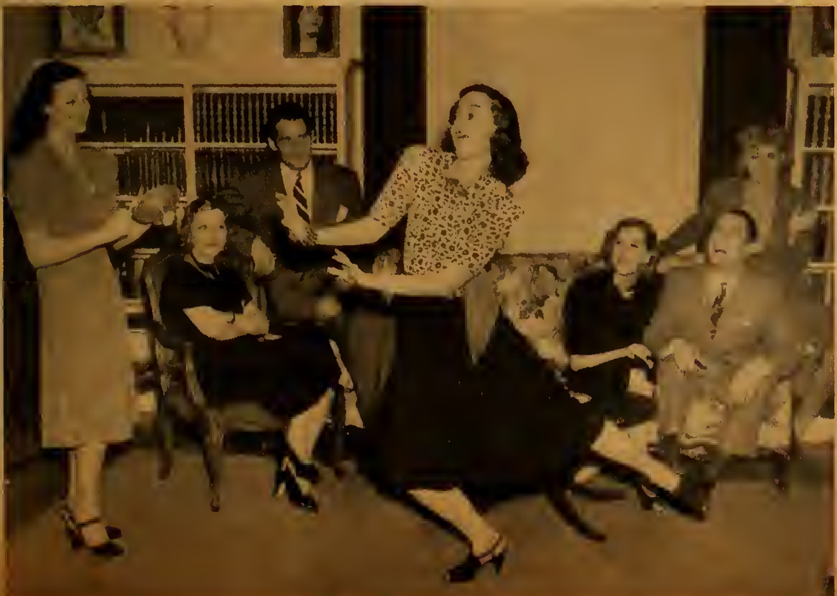


6. As part of action Joy has to remove drawer—balance it on head

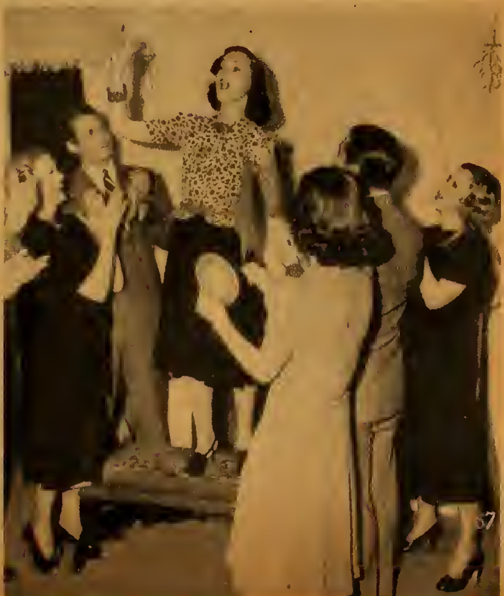
7. Penny Singleton as Signal Game participant gets excited watching fun



8. Lee, Buddy, Anita and Gertrude, the "Signal Man," look on amused as Joy carries out action



11. There's action-plus as a jitterbug actress goes to town. Joy solved another point in the series of action of "Signals"—while others join in the fun



12. Joy, still "It," acquits herself with a soapbox and a song—to generous applause of others

WHAT THEY'LL DO FOR PUBLICITY

HOLLYWOOD ACTORS AND ACTRESSES WILL TELL YOU THAT PUBLICITY IS SPINACH BUT WHEN THEIR PRESS-AGENTS COOK IT UP FOR THEM THEY NOT ONLY TAKE IT AND LIKE IT, THEY DISH IT OUT, TOO

CHARLES BOYER once said, "Actors aren't normal people. If we were normal, we wouldn't be actors." Charles intended the remark as a mild wisecrack. Actually, he said a profound mouthful.

Actors—and actresses—*are* different from other people. They have a stronger taste for publicity. They'll do practically anything to get it.

Not that they ever would admit that this is the principal point of difference. The Great Hollywood Legend wouldn't let them. The Great Hollywood Legend that stars are stars only because they are extraordinary people, who have attributes that other people lack. Outer attributes, or inner attributes, or both.

It's a lovely legend. But a very fanciful one.

Hollywood's prettiest girls, and handsomest boys, are not stars. They are extras. Just as some of Hollywood's supreme hams are stars, while some of its geniuses of make-believe have a hard time getting bit parts.

The day she arrived in Hollywood, Hedy Lamarr had the same exciting attributes that she has today. She was ignored for months. She was ignored till the press-agents went to work.

Hollywood success stories never give any credit to press-agents. But publicity is as necessary to acting success as oxygen is to successful breathing. At least, actors and actresses think so—whether they admit it or not. Otherwise, they wouldn't do some of the things they do.

Consider some of the things they do. Consider, for example, what Martha Raye did when she married a second time.

It was in San Francisco last September that Martha revealed that she would be marrying David Rose, the music arranger, in October. She said that they would have a formal wedding, in Hollywood, but not a large one. She added, "I don't want publicity. I just want to get married."

That sounded like a dig at stars whose weddings rivaled premieres. It sounded, too, like a promise that hers would have no movie touches.

Came October, and it still looked as if Martha meant all she said. She even changed the site of the [*Continued on page 60*]

Errol Flynn talks about his adventures. Talk costs nothing

While Carole Lombard played screwball heroines, she encouraged the public to believe she was a screwball, herself. The phase passed and Carole changed, too, to a serious-minded gal

By
RICHARD
McKENZIE

Low and tight dresses are always good for publicity, as Norma Shearer, above, well knows

June Lang had seven different escorts in as many nights for the sake of publicity

Publicity doesn't inspire stars to have babies, but sometimes inspires them to announce blessed events. Dorothy Lamour got away with it

Invitations not likely to be accepted are inexpensive publicity. George Raft taught tango to Duke of Windsor invited him to Hollywood

For publicity Marlene Dietrich sheathed her famous figure in mannish attire

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Pidgeon, The Pash

■ This Walter Pidgeon's love-making is fast getting a reputation as Hollywood's hottest. Latest endorsement comes from sultry Mona Barrie, who was introduced to Pidgeon on a sound-stage for the first time, and then immediately went into a test scene in which Pidgeon made violent love to her.

Coming out of the take, Mona asked: "Mr. Pidgeon, what happens to a woman when you've known her for three or four hours, maybe?"

Bet Mickey Rooney sinks his teeth right into that *Huckleberry Finn* role and gives us another taste of fine acting. And now, howsabout a little bite, *Huck*?

Virginia Grey, Paula Stone, Joan Marsh, Virginia Dale, Lorraine Krueger, Barnadene Hayes get a kick following that Gable man around. It's *Idiot's Delight*

Shirley Temple's never been one to sit back on her heels while there's work to be done. For *The Little Princess* she's on her toes

Not only a great actress but a great beauty as well is Bette Davis. And in *Dark Victory* she has a great triumph. Viva Bette

Silly-Censor Snicker

■ The Hays office okehed a scene showing Ann Sheridan and John Garfield rolling on the floor, together.

BUT—they deleted a bystander's remark: "Maybe I'm in the way?"

Squelcher

■ Peter Lorre, who has the title of "ugliest man in Hollywood," also has a standard squelch for people who like to kid him about his rather grotesque appearance. . . . Says Peter, when they annoy him:

"I know I am not pretty. . . . BUT, this last week, I have given coffee-and-doughnuts-money to four of the handsomest beggars you've ever seen!"

No Sense of Humor

■ Another reason to be glad you're NOT living in Germany or Italy or Japan is this: Disney's *Ferdinand the Bull* will not be shown there.

All three of those countries have forbidden it. Reason: they think it's too pacifistic! ! ! !

Snicker-of-the-month

■ Margaret Lindsay, moving into her new home, was sure she had everything — furniture, kitchen equipment, dishes, clothes, linens, etc., etc., etc.

Not until she was completely moved in did she discover that she'd only forgotten to have the lights, gas and water turned on. . . ! ! !

[*Continued on page* 90]

***You Can't Cheat an Honest Man* so Charlie McCarthy will probably get that kiss he's asking for from Valerie Brooke, his new girl friend. Valerie's also known as Princess Baba and Mrs. Bob Gregory**

How they feel about each other off the screen isn't our affair. The important thing is that when Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland play opposite each other they make us feel it is their affair. Visit *Dodge City* and see for yourself

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND AND ERROL FLYNN

By
IDA
ZEITLIN

IT'S HAPPY ENDING (WE HOPE) FOR LUISE RAINER

The play Luise was to do in N. Y. hasn't materialized but she and playright, Clifford Odets, left, have a happy ending

LUISE RAINER'S CAREER VS. MARRIAGE CASE NEVER REACHED THE JUDGE. SHE AND CLIFFORD ODETS SETTLED AMICABLY OUT OF COURT

IT READS like fiction—like a serial in your favorite magazine. The heroine is attractive, talented, beloved. Things don't go smoothly with her, to be sure, else there wouldn't be a story. You follow her through the necessary complications and sigh with satisfaction as the last line deposits her in her lover's arms. Happy ending, of course. Only this is life, not a magazine story. You can't close the pages of a book on it. Life goes on, and people are unpredictable. So we'll venture no more than to say that this story, too, has a happy ending—thus far.

The heroine is Luise Rainer. Since this is primarily a love story, we'll skip the details of how she won recognition as an actress in her native Vienna before she was twenty. The movies brought her to Hollywood and put her into *Escapade*. The public saw a grave, dark-haired child with ardent eyes and a face where emotion played as naturally as shadows over water, and went wild about her.

To the acting profession generally—always noting such exceptions as Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes and George M. Cohan—success in Hollywood represents an ultimate goal of achievement. Rainer reached it in one picture. Her second won her the coveted Academy Award. So did her third. As a record, it was dazzling. It seemed she had only to hold out her hand and the plums dropped in. Meantime, she had met a brilliant young playwright—a man who talked her own language, who loved books and music as she did, whose mind was a whetstone for hers. They fell in love and married, and those who knew them best said that no two had ever been better mated.

To the outsider looking in—but not very far—it was a perfect set-up, and Luise Rainer the most enviable of women. She wasn't, though. For one thing, she was having a tough time, trying to adjust herself to Hollywood. Its lingo, its society, its standards were alien to her. She was called temperamental, that much-abused word that covers everything from common rudeness to sheer panic.

A person of intense mood, she fought against, instead of laughing off or resigning herself to what she didn't like. Despite all her professional triumphs, she was irked by the technique of the movies, for she'd been

[*Continued on page* 54]

IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE

THE RAIN BROUGHT THE BLUES AND JEFFREY LYNN HAD THE MISERIES AT OPTION TIME. BUT IT'S FAIR WEATHER AN' SMOOTH SAILING NOW. LIKE THE AUTO, AIRPLANE AND RADIO, HE HOPES HE'S IN HOLLYWOOD TO STAY

By

E. J. SMITHSON

WE MET Jeffrey Lynn for the first time about a year ago. It was raining and we found shelter in the doorway of a sound stage. Lynn was nervously chanting to himself the most doleful of all studio ballads: "When It's Option Lifting Time In Hollywood."

When the sad song ended, it developed that Warners were even then in a huddle to consider the disposition of Jeffrey's contract. "To lift or not to lift," the young man muttered in an off-stage voice and from the tone of it we could tell that he entertained no hope for a screen career. "I might just as well pack up and go back to school-teaching. Why did I ever think I could act? Why did Warners ever think so? Why . . . ?"

A prop boy in the cavernous depths of the sound-stage dropped a hammer and Jeffrey's head lifted like a race-horse at the sound of the bugle. "There it is," he cried out, "Hear that? It's my option falling!" And with that he pulled out a couple of fresh crying-towels and really went to it in earnest. Oh, yes, he said, he'd had a good part in *Four Daughters,* but so had Claude Rains, the Lane girls, and John Garfield. So what? Well, for one thing there was no question about the above-mentioned stars doing a bang-up job in front of the cameras. But as for himself *Four Daughters* had offered him his first leading role and if we wanted his honest, unbiased opinion he hadn't been so hot. The competition had been friendly, but fierce, all through the picture, and he had emerged pretty much the worse for wear and tear. So much so, that on this particular day with the rain falling we had found him doing a mental jitterbug dance on his option.

What we knew—and what we didn't tell him, believing that it would be better for him to find out for himself—was that Warners had already lifted his option. Not only that, but the new contract—which he was going to sign or break a finger trying—made provisions for a satisfactory increase in salary. And to top it all, there wasn't a front-office man or woman on the lot who wouldn't start raving about Jeffrey's work in the picture. When we saw the picture we were willing to agree that the studio hadn't side-stepped an inch from the truth.

There's little need, now, to tell you about *Four Daughters,* except that if it doesn't win a little "Oscar" this year when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences hands out its awards the members should be forced to eat a ton of celluloid picked up from the cutting-room floor. No fooling, it's that good!

With *Four Daughters* thus disposed of, let's return to One Son—of the Lynn family.

SO WE met up with Jeffrey a year later on a rainy day and when he chanted his option-time ballad like a blues singer in a night-club. He had, so he said, just finished a leading role in *Yes, My Darling Daughter,* and he'd looked at the rushes and was pretty disgusted with his performance. Option time was but a day or so away and if his option was to be lifted solely on the strength of what he did in the picture it wouldn't get an inch above an executive desk. He was that bad, so he said. As in *Four Daughters* the competition had been friendly, but fierce, and what chance did he have to shine against such players as Fay Bainter, Ian Hunter, Priscilla Lane, Genevieve Tobin and May Robson.

We added that it shouldn't disturb him because we had seen the rushes, too, and it was our opinion that he had even surpassed his *Four Daughters* performance—and that so far as options were lifted or dropped he could toss his worries over the back-lot fence. He was still on the Warner pay-roll and would be for a long time to come. We don't know whether or not he crawled back into his shell of pessimism after we left, but for an hour or so he was cheerful enough to tell us something about himself.

"My first job," he began, starting from scratch, "was that of salesman and agent for a telephone company. This was right after I graduated from Bates College in 1930—and if you remember that far back you'll recall that 1930 marked one of the worst years of the Great Depression—with jobs scarcer than icebergs in the Sahara.

"Somehow I managed to hang onto that job for two years and then I became convinced that business and Jeffrey Lynn could never get along. So when I got the

[*Continued on page 77*]

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARTHA RAYE?

MARTHA IS AT THE CROSSROADS TAKING A FRESH SLANT AT HERSELF. SHE WANTS THE PUBLIC TO ACCEPT HER IN A NEW LIGHT

By JACK HOLLAND

MARTHA RAYE is at the crossroads in her life—and her career. Everyone is wondering which road she will take!

The Paramount comedienne has long been a misunderstood person in Hollywood. She is an easy target for columnists and radio gossipers. Yet, Martha, herself, is bewildered by the memories that are clogging up in her mind. She's wondering what made her blunder into the set-up she now faces, and she's wondering, deep down inside of her, how to hold the happiness that is now offered her.

Martha got off on the wrong track with Hollywoodites and with many of the public by her night-clubbing. And her marriage to Buddy Westmore didn't help the situation much. She was immediately maligned on all sides, and she is still being criticized. But, here, for the first time is the real inside story of the Martha Raye no one seems to know—not even herself.

Since Martha's rise to screen fame was so sudden, she was naturally unprepared to meet the demands of a great success. It all confused her. But she determined that, now that she had the chance, she would get the most out of her life. She would enjoy it to the full. She wanted to grab this new chance for happiness that life had suddenly thrown her way. So she began her nightly visitings to the exclusive spots. It was the only way she [*Continued on page* 51]

Martha wants her new marriage to succeed. She wants to rise above the role of a hotcha, rowdy girl—one who sings loud songs

HE KEPT HOLLYWOOD WAITING FIVE YEARS

LAURENCE OLIVIER'S FIRST EXPERIENCE IN HOLLYWOOD, FIVE YEARS AGO, WAS DISHEARTENING, BUT IT WASN'T REVENGE THAT KEPT HIM FROM RETURNING THERE. READ HIS STORY

By FRANC DILLON

FIVE years ago Laurence Olivier packed his bags and, in a pardonable rage over what he considered a slight by the entire American film industry, left Hollywood for his native England, swearing he'd never return. Time, plus the added inducements of an unheard of salary and a coveted role, have lessened his antagonism to Hollywood and here he is, at the United Artist studio, putting his heart and soul as well as his talent as an actor, into the role of *Heathcliff*, the diabolically debonair hero of *Wuthering Heights*, for Samuel Goldwyn.

"Oh, I wasn't so angry," he disclaimed good-naturedly. "I didn't say I'd never come back, now did I really?"

The story is that in August, 1933, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, having combed the ranks of screen lovers for a romantic actor to woo Greta Garbo in *Queen Christina,* discovered Olivier, a rising young actor on the London stage. A point in his favor was that he resembled Ronald Colman, whom they would like to have had play the role. Olivier's tests turned out to be more than satisfactory, his contract was signed and then, in true Hollywood fashion, the company's executives could hardly wait for his arrival in California.

Cable after cable was sent him, urging haste, whereupon Olivier, in light-hearted fashion and apparently not realizing the importance of being cast in a Garbo film, cabled back: "Can't the little woman wait?" He did his best to get here in record time but having no magic carpet up his sleeve was forced to resort to ordinary methods of travel. When he arrived in Culver City ten days later—via fast boat and airplane—he learned that the executives had changed their minds and his job had been given to the late John Gilbert.

"I was fired," the young actor tells now with a grin, "unceremoniously fired from a job I never had."

What hurt more than the actual fact of losing a role was the tremendous fanfare of publicity that had preceded his appearance here. A mighty [*Continued on page 62*]

Wuthering Heights is one reason why Laurence Olivier gave Hollywood a second chance. Merle Oberon co-stars

They Always Star in CANDIDS

Airport—***Geraldine Spreckels,*** of noted California family, at Burbank Airport. Her skin care is simply—Pond's. "Its use helps keep skin wonderfully soft and smooth."

Races—At the running of the Futurity, ***Mrs. Victor du Pont, III*** (3rd from left). She says: "I've always used Pond's. It cleanses skin so thoroughly."

*SOCIETY WOMEN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN—THEY FOLLOW THE NEW SKIN CARE**

Ballet Russe Première—At the Metropolitan Opera House, ***Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes,*** grandniece of ***Mrs. James Roosevelt.*** Her skin gets extra care. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "That way my skin gets extra 'skin-vitamin' along with its daily cleansings."

Big Liner—***The Lady Mary Lygon,*** daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. I'm glad it's in Pond's."

Palm Beach—***Mrs. Wm. Rhinelander Stewart*** arriving at exclusive Colony Club. "The 'skin-vitamin' is an added reason for my devotion to Pond's."

Winter Resort—***H. R. H. Princess Maria de Bragança*** (Mrs. Ashley Chanler). "When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond's helps supply this vitamin."

New York World's Fair Terrace Club—Where Society dines and dances. ***Mrs. John R. Drexel, Jr.,*** looks enchanting in white ermine. Her vote goes to Pond's. "I prefer using Pond's Cold Cream to protect my skin during the day and to help give it glamorous smoothness in the evening."

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.*

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*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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AS YOU LIKE "IT"

By
LEON SURMELIAN

D'ANNUNZIO, THE GREAT POET-LOVER, CALLED ISA MIRANDA "THE MOST GLAMOROUS WOMAN IN THE WORLD". MOTION PICTURE GIVES YOU HER FORMULA FOR "IT"

HOLLYWOOD kidded love to death. And with love as you and I know it gone, people stopped going to the movies. The whole motion picture industry is based on the love between the sexes, and there is nothing comic in this profoundly serious emotion.

In the life of every man and woman love is a poetic experience. It raises even the most prosaic and matter-of-fact among them to unearthly heights, to a transcendant state beyond them, and if there is any comedy in love it is this strange metamorphosis.

It may be that my sense of humor is very deficient, but I always failed to appreciate the screwy plots of our literary gagmen trying to portray love on the screen. This sublime experience of mortal man and woman has been the main theme of the arts since the beginning of time, in all countries, among all races, but you will find nothing in its universal history to parallel the efforts of our scenario writers.

Recently, however, we've had some encouraging signs. Hollywood wants to restore love, real love, to the screen. It was there before we became so terribly sophisticated. Today we may laugh at some of those old-time theatrical antics in silent films, at the heaving and the sighing and the grandiloquent gestures, but on the whole the bucolic Hollywood of those ancient times was closer to the fundamentals. And those fundamentals built this industry to its present position of third or fourth largest in the country. Let's not forget that.

This return to real love explains the importation of such continental players as Danielle Darrieux, Hedy Lamarr, Miliza Korjus, Isa Miranda.

In the days of Shakespeare, frank, robust lovers of both sexes abounded in Merrie Old England. But later, love became something to be ashamed of in public for Anglo-Saxons, a restraint from which the continental nations remained happily free. And so Valentino and Garbo came to show us how to make love on the screen. They had fewer inhibitions.

I had the pleasure of drawing in the pages of this magazine the profiles of Darrieux, Lamarr and Korjus while they were still question marks. All three made good. Darrieux would have been a greater success if a typical Hollywood love story weren't imposed on her. To be sure, it was funny in spots, but it would have finished at one blow the [*Continued on page* 65]

That party put me on the front page!

"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "Grab a cab! Jump into your evening clothes! You're covering that Van Dyke blow-out tonight!" It was my big chance . . . but instead of being thrilled, I could have cried. Why—oh, why— I wailed inwardly, does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society *tonight!*

I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green evening dress. I've got to report a debutante party tonight! Wouldn't you know a break like this would come at a time like this? Honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could scream!"

"What would you do without me?"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed . . . velvet wrap brushed . . . and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Modess—and what a boon to womankind! I just discovered it myself this month . . . and it's a marvel."

I must have looked skeptical, for she flew to her sewing box—whipped out the scissors and cut a Modess pad in two! "Feel this," she commanded—thrusting a handful of soft, fluffy filler toward me. "That's what's in Modess! And that's why I swear by Modess for comfort!"

"And what's more," continued Elsie, "with Modess you can have an easy mind all evening—because it's *safer!* Watch . . ." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped some water on it. To my amazement, I saw that not a drop went through!

So—off I went, cheery as a cricket, to stalk debutantes and stags at play. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, fountains of champagne, and divine Paris dresses . . . with no worrisome fears of discomfort or embarrassment. And—wound up the evening with a story that even an old hand could be proud of!

"Whee! On the front page—with your name signed to it!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And think," she added, "soft, *'fluff-type'* Modess costs no more than those *layer-type* pads we used to buy!"

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD—ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)

Eye DO and DON'TS

By DENISE CAINE

PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR EYES IF YOU WANT THEM TO ATTRACT ATTENTION. THESE HOLLYWOOD STAR "EYE"-DEAS WILL PAY YOU DIVIDENDS

Priscilla Lane's eyes, above, are blue—contrary to her disposition

Arleen Whelan's star-ry eyes, top above, predict her bright future

Upper right, Nancy Kelly, whose dark eyes demand *your* attention

IT'S an "open season" for eyes! Off-the-face hats are all the rage—your Easter hat is a baby bonnet. Bangs, they do say, are coming back into style, and hair continues on the upsweep. All of which gives the eyes a prominent place in the Spring line-up.

I hope you don't think that just because your eyes are out in the open more than before they'll make everyone stop and remark on their brilliance, their size, and the length of their lashes. Because they won't—unless you give them special care. You've got to *pay* attention to your eyes if you want them to *attract* attention!

Recently, I talked with three of Hollywood's younger glamor girls—Priscilla Lane, Nancy Kelly and Arleen Whelan. Priscilla is blonde, rather the natural, college girl type; Nancy, brunette, sophisticated—like a very smart debutante; and red-headed Arleen, the typical Hollywood glamor girl. But different as they all were, they had one thing in common—attractive eyes!

Some people are born with beauteous eyes, others achieve them! Arleen belongs to the first group; her eyes are green and large—and sultry. She has to be careful not to use too much eye make-up, in order to avoid a stage-y appearance. And yet she has the light-tipped lashes, the reddish brows that go with her auburn hair! A touch of brown mascara sparingly applied to the upper lashes only, a bit of brown eye pencil stroked ever so lightly over her brows, the merest suspicion of eyeshadow—and her eyes are at their best. But let her use too thick a coating of mascara, too much eyeshadow or eye pencil beneath her eyes—and she wouldn't be the same attractive girl. Such eye make-up is for the stage and screen—not for the street!

Priscilla and Nancy have rather small eyes—but you and I don't notice that because they've both done such a good job of bringing out their fine points. Priscilla's blue eyes are rimmed with dark lashes—rather unusual in a blonde. She darkens them a bit with brown mascara for evening and screen wear, and lets a shadow of blue reflect their color, make them seem larger. Her picture tells you a little of how much they sparkle—but it can't tell you half of how attractive and smiling those blue eyes are on Priscilla in person!

Those dark eyes of Nancy's look languorous—and they are! The upper lids are deeply shadowed—and to this day your beauty editor (who should know about such things) can't tell whether this brown shadow was real or artificial. Nancy's eyelids gleamed—I'm sure that she at least used a bit of transparent, colorless "shadow" to give them that brilliance—and they were the perfect contrast to her smooth ungleaming face. Black mascara brings out all the length and [*Continued on page* 58]

Do you want to make your eyes look larger, your lashes longer? Do you know how to arch your brows to fit your face? Denise Caine has the answers to these and all your other beauty problems. Tell her your troubles, send her your description (or snapshot) and be sure to enclose a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage), self-addressed envelope for her reply. Address your letter to Denise Caine, c/o MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

What's Wrong with Martha Raye?

[*Continued from page* 45]

knew how to enjoy herself. However, she didn't understand what was expected of her. Immediately, because she expressed herself rather volubly, innocent caprices were construed in the wrong light. She was lambasted for her disregard of properties. And all the time Martha stood by, wondering why everyone began to talk about her as they did. She began to feel that she wasn't meant for happiness, that no one seemed to care for her. So, in defense, she went on her merry way, trying not to show that she was being hurt. Putting on an air of, "I don't care what people think of me. This is my life, and I'm going to live it!"

Then came her unfortunate marriage to Buddy Westmore. Martha, at last, felt that she had found happiness she had been looking for. But it didn't pan out that way. Buddy was young and idealistic and Martha had gone through too much to fondle any other ideals but reality.

Perhaps this marriage would have lasted were it not for the influence exerted on Martha by outside sources. Suffice to say that, what with one thing and another, this chapter of her life closed tragically—again. The aftermath was unpleasant, and it didn't help Martha any. She came out of it disillusioned and heartsick. She had only learned what marriage can mean.

Again she felt that life wasn't through with her. Again she withdrew into her defensive shell and became the belle of the night-clubs—with her one solace, her mother, always nearby. She had failed to wake up to the fact that her closeness to her mother, whom she loved, might warp her vision of happiness. Then she met David Rose again. You see, she had known him previously about four years ago when both were working in a Chicago night-club. The old interest was rekindled, and soon Hollywood was hearing that Martha Raye was to marry David Rose.

It didn't seem to care much. It figured that Martha is the kind of person who just can't stay married very long. Yet she wouldn't let the town know how she felt at its reaction to her marriage. She knew that she must make her life with Rose succeed, that this must be her turning-point.

Hollywood wouldn't be Hollywood if it didn't indulge in rumors. And the town is even rumoring that Martha and Dave are tiffing. They're rumoring that a baby is soon to join the household. Rumors . . . rumors . . . rumors. Their truth or their falsehood doesn't matter in the least, for whatever is the outcome of this phase of Martha's life, she's able to take it.

THAT Martha wanted her marriage to Rose to last is seen in her efforts to cooperate. She has tried to live within his means. He is a music-arranger and she has lived more moderately with him, more quietly. She has tried to curb her restlessness, to make her night-clubbing mean a pleasant evening together.

But the one thing that should bring about her happiness in this new marriage more than anything else is the fact that Martha is gaining a new perspective of life. And that she and her mother have decided to see each other at less frequent intervals, for both have learned that their great love for each other can bring about a certain measure of unhappiness.

Martha is, even now, an escapist. She's

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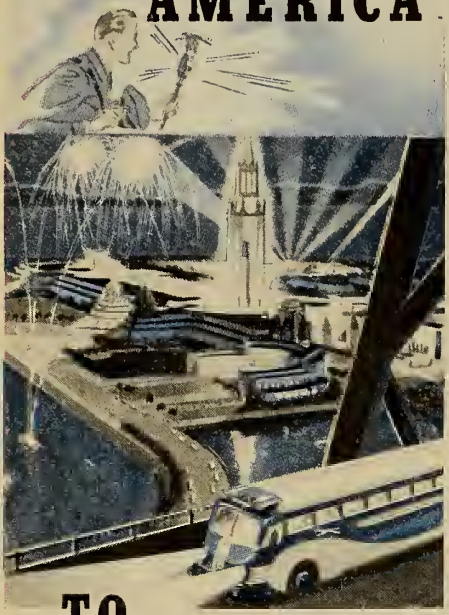

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trying to escape, desperately, the one single thing that has influenced her life—her memories of those days of poverty, etc. She's afraid to wake up to the fact that she's away from all that now. She's afraid that all her life now is only a dream, that she will soon fall back into the life that gave her so many heartaches. No wonder, she feels, that her life is based on the code: "Live today, for tomorrow *may* never come!"

The whole paradox of Martha Raye can be explained by a tragedy that she has never been able to escape—a tragedy Hollywood doesn't consider when it harpoons Martha with its knives. It's the chief reason for her desire for fun, frivolity, happiness in any shape or form.

MARTHA remembers, all too often, those days, long ago, when she and her family were vaudevillians. They didn't play big circuits. They were given jobs at third-rate houses, jobs that didn't bring much but a sordid living at its best. They lived in any old shack they could afford. It was not an uncommon sight for Martha, her mother and her father, to be crowded together in a one-room hovel, with a gas stove of ill-repute for cooking. Only they didn't have much to cook.

Yes, Martha remembers that poverty. She remembers, too, the humiliation she suffered. She remembers the crudeness and cheapness of this background. And she doesn't find it easy to forget.

Those tragic memories surged back on her some time ago. During one of her personal-appearance tours back East, she appeared in a town that was a former scene of her drab background. A strange feeling roared over her as she stood on the stage of the theatre where she was singing her own type of songs to the delight of the audience. Even when she was entertaining the crowd, putting on an exhibition of great fun and enthusiasm, she was thinking about the deal life had given her. Here she was, making a nice tidy sum each week, playing to a packed house, but in the same town where years ago, she and her family were forced to leave because they couldn't pay their bills.

Yes, if a person had been near Martha enough that night, he might have been surprised to find tears slowly falling down her face—tears of sorrow and memories. Tears of happiness, too, that she had left all *that*.

She was a success now! She could laugh, sardonically, at the memories of one of her tragedies. She'd make life give her a living. She'd be a show by herself at every chance she had! She'd make life show her a reason for her part in it!

Then there's Martha's mother. Between the two is a case of love that is so intense it brings only misfortune.

Hollywood has been very adept at kicking Martha and her mother rather handily. It has sneered at the companionship between the two. It has cast slurring remarks. But it is short-sighted. It has failed to analyze *why* Martha has always turned to her mother in her hours of need. Turned to her, because she felt she was the only person who would want to understand and help her.

THERE is probably no other girl anywhere who has been more kind to her mother than Martha has been to hers. Their closeness was a natural result of their having to face poverty and tragedy together. Their lives, their hopes, their interests, became interwoven. So much so, that neither remembered each was an individual. Therein lies the odd part of this great love.

Hollywood has laughed when it saw Martha and her mother out night-clubbing together. It called their "carryings-ons" bad taste. But it couldn't see into the hearts of those two lonely people. No one could. Only Martha and her mother knew what was in their hearts. That they had to draw closer together, they felt, to protect themselves from the barbs thrust at them. They were just two people trying to enjoy life and not knowing how to do it.

With the interest in her daughter's happiness that Martha's mother had, it was only natural that their devotion would soon meet its test. The test began when Martha married Buddy Westmore. It has reached its climax with her marriage to David Rose.

When Martha moved away from her mother, Hollywood said, "Ah! What's this? Is Raye coming to her senses?" Yes, she was, but not in the way the town suspected. The girl hadn't suddenly stopped loving her mother. She only realized finally that their devotion and their happiness could be much more lasting—and private—if they saw each other less frequently. They both realized that they were individuals with individual lives to lead. And they both knew that the separation was for their own good—for their own happiness. They knew, too, what Hollywood didn't—that nothing, certainly not a little separation, could break the common ties that bind them.

So, in final analysis, the tragedy of their love for each other has reached a happy beginning with a new conception of life on both their parts.

With all this behind her, Hollywood should be able to understand Martha Raye more, but it doesn't. Its cries are: "Why doesn't she try to overcome her mistakes? Why isn't she willing to take advice? Why doesn't she try to gain back the advantages she has lost as a result of her life? Why doesn't she stop trying to go Hollywood? After all, if other stars reared in similar circumstances can improve themselves, why can't she?

The answers are in Martha Raye. She *has* tried to improve herself, to overcome her background. She *has* wanted advice, but she was afraid no one would give it to her sincerely. Her road hasn't been easy. She feels, though, that her marriage to David Rose is a step forward, a chance for her to look at herself more closely and be the kind of a wife he knows her to be. And if her life with him fails, it'll be because in her effort to find herself, she has become confused and bewildered. Because she doesn't know where to turn. But whatever the outcome of this marriage, you can lay ten to one that she will fight tooth and nail to preserve her happiness.

SOME time ago, Martha sensed the public's reaction to her character. Consequently, she began to ask for less rowdy roles and more glamor parts. She was given the chance, and she proved she could be charming and intensely human. Much of her own yearning for betterment and happiness went into her characterization in *Give Me a Sailor*. She made her stab at improvement, but she found the public liked her better as the kind of a girl she would like to forget—the hotcha, rowdy girl who sings loud songs.

Martha doesn't mind being typed in pictures, but she's making every effort to see that her personal life is different, that it is the kind of life she has always wanted. Whether she wants to or not, she is waking up. And she admits it's a job, this personal betterment. After all, it takes time to change the characteristics embedded in one for a lifetime, and Hollywood mustn't forget it. It may not observe the change in Martha, because she won't talk about her efforts to improve herself. She won't even change suddenly. But she's trying—hard and sincerely!

Martha has another thing she is trying to overcome. That is the disregard she has had at times of studio obligations. (She isn't the only person in Hollywood who should try to be more considerate, however.)

Again she is confronted with a problem. Several times, she has forgotten appointments. Thus, she was pointed out as being indifferent and unconcerned over her duty.

Recently, to exemplify this angle of Martha, she had arrived late on the set rather often. The assistant director, whose job it is to see that stars arrive on time, had asked her cooperation in this matter. He had even told her he might lose his job.

After the picture was over, however, Martha presented him with a beautiful wristwatch. Inscribed on it was the following: "To the pest, from Martha Raye. I'm really sorry." She had realized her mistake, and she sincerely tried to apologize.

This story is an example of the turmoil and confusion that are constantly in Martha's character. The inability to see when she is making a mistake, and the desire to correct it when she knows what she has done. It is this type of story that makes me believe that Martha wants to cooperate and be dependable, and it is this that convinces me she is trying to improve herself in every way.

THERE is one other story that I feel shows clearly that Martha isn't all calloused and unconcerned over what people say about her. . . . For over fifteen years, Hollywood's celebrated Cocoanut Grove has reserved Tuesday night as guest-star night. The evening when a motion picture star is guest of honor, and when dolls in her image are placed around the table. The greats of filmdom have been honored during all the years.

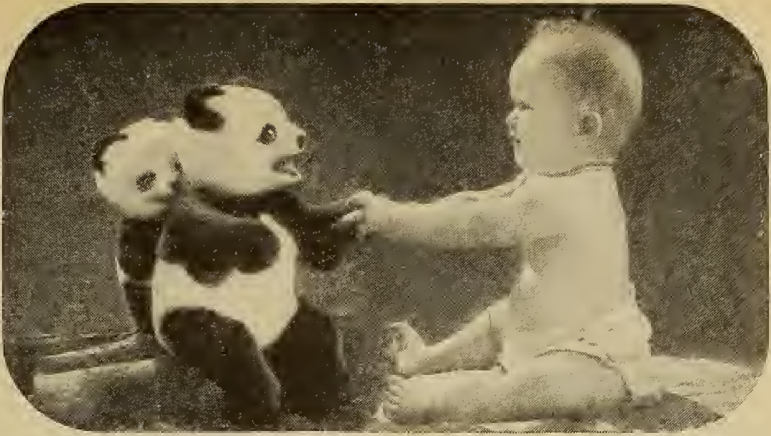
It was Martha's secret ambition to be so honored. She used to go about saying, "Well, so and so is surely lucky to be guest of honor at the Grove. I wish I could be given the chance, but I know I never shall."

A head of a large advertising company who had admired Martha's fight against almost overwhelming odds heard about this. He arranged for the biggest surprise of her life. A few weeks later, Martha was informed that she was to be guest of honor at the Cocoanut Grove. She'll never forget that evening as long as she lives. To Martha, she felt she had at last accomplished something worthwhile. And, to this day, she doesn't know who the man is who helped her attain her ambition.

Yes, Martha is still facing her crossroads, but unknown to Hollywood, she is trying to avoid the detours—the danger signs. She is taking a slant at herself. She is realizing she must make good publicity out of bad. She knows she must get the public to think of her in a new light. She knows she must not let her tragic memories influence her and destroy her chances at happiness. She is learning that if she meets life half-way, it'll be glad to shake her hand instead of kicking her.

Will she profit by her mistakes? Will she realize what her job is to this new life she is facing? Everyone is wondering and waiting—yet *hoping* she will. Will she stop trying to give the impression she doesn't care what people think about her? Will she admit frankly that she wants help and advice? That she wants to be respected? Will she drop her barrier of calloused indifference to things that matter and let out the humanness and kindness that are so much a part of her?

This writer thinks she will, for she remembers too well the long road to fame to want to go back to the oblivion she fears.



"I call that a shame, Mrs. Panda! Here you are, a stranger in a strange land—your baby comes down with a common ailment like prickly heat—and what has anyone done to help you? Absolutely nothing!...Well, I'll say this..."

"You've come to the right place at last. I've got a mother who can hop to the Johnson's Baby Powder can quicker than any woman you ever saw. Watch her come running when I whistle!"

"Is that powder good stuff? Say, I've been dusted with it every day since I was so long. Of course, my skin looks kind of monotonous compared to your baby's, but it's mighty comfortable. And Johnson's helps keep it that way!"

"Now—never mind the thanks, Mrs. Panda—it's a pleasure to tell people about my powder. The talc in it's so fine, and no orris-root, either. I wonder what else can make a baby so happy for so little money!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

MEN *turn and look...*

There's nothing like a youthful fragrance to lend you charm and attractiveness. That's why so many popular women everywhere, use April Showers Talc. It's the most inexpensive way to assure themselves of a lasting and provocative fragrance. For this fine, imported talc is scented with Cheramy's famous "perfume of youth".

Also, April Showers Dusting Powder — big box with de luxe fluffy puff 85c

It's Happy Ending (We Hope) for Luise Rainer

[*Continued from page 43*]

trained to the stage and, as with so many first loves, she couldn't get it out of her system. During the long periods of separation from her husband exacted by the demands of their work, she was desperately lonely.

Clifford Odets is a modern of the moderns—if anything, ahead of his time. Had you asked him, before his own marriage, how he stood on the career vs. marriage problem, he would probably have shrugged you off with, "There *is* no such problem. Reasonable people can always find a way."

That his theory didn't work for him proves only what has been proven often before—that humankind is inconsistent and emotions have a way of escaping the fetters of logic and taking their own turbulent course. Odets loved his wife. He wanted her with him all the time. Her work thwarted what was in itself a reasonable desire. So her work began to get on his nerves.

Their brief periods together were marred by conflict. Luise was aghast at her husband's attitude. It was the last thing she'd expected from him. He may have been aghast himself, yet stubbornly he persisted in it. He asked her if her idea of marriage included separation by the width of a continent. She reminded him that she'd been an actress when she married him, and he'd offered no objection. He told her that one career in a family was enough.

"But I can't throw mine away," she cried, "as if it were a piece of fancy work."

"Would you rather throw our marriage away?"

Then they'd look at each other, appalled at what they were doing, and she'd fly into his arms. The only trouble with that was that it didn't provide a lasting solution. They'd have to tear themselves apart again, because Clifford had a date with the Group Theatre in New York. Bitterness at the thought of returning alone would overwhelm him and before they knew it, they were right back where they'd started.

ABOUT a year ago I talked to Rainer. She was happy on two counts. Her husband was coming to visit her, and she'd arranged her Metro contract so that she was to spend six months a year in Hollywood and six in New York. She might do a play if a suitable one presented itself. In any case, she'd be with Clifford. The apartment adjoining the one he already occupied in a penthouse on University Place would be vacant in the fall. They were going to throw the two together, and maintain it as the permanent residence of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Odets. Apparently they'd found the compromise solution to their problem—not ideal, to be sure, but better than anything they'd known hitherto.

"It is all right with our marriage," Luise said, for already there were rumors. "Sure we have arguments. But so what? You are married? You have arguments with your husband? So you see," she concluded triumphantly.

Odets came on his visit. Luise was making *The Emperor's Candlesticks*. He spent most of his time on the set, so loath was he to lose sight of her. Their devotion seemed, if anything, deeper than ever, their parting more difficult. So far as even her closest friends could judge, there was no thought in her head at that time of a break with her husband.

When the picture was finished, she flew to New York. She was back in two days. "Rainer and Odets Part," Hollywood headlines were screaming a week or so later.

Rainer made one brief statement. "I had no idea I would leave him. I had flown to New York to spend with him this little time between pictures. We had a quarrel, a bitter one, and I flew back. I knew I must take this action, though it breaks my heart. Clifford is a brilliant boy, a genius perhaps, but as all people who are so intense and so absorbed in their work, he is difficult to live with."

Odets had apparently been unable to swallow the six months plan accepted in theory. He wanted a fulltime wife. Why this should have proved the crucial quarrel, they alone know. Maybe he issued an ultimatum. Maybe something snapped in her at the prospect of going round and round the same squirrel-cage of argument. "To a man," she once said in the soreness of her heart, "his wife's career is something to amuse the little woman. If she is clever at it, he smiles, like an indulgent papa whose daughter does nicely at school. If it interferes with his wishes, papa stops smiling and makes gr-r-r like a big, bad wolf."

HER subsequent suit for separation cited an ungovernable temper, a disposition to provoke quarrels over trivialities, a tendency to brood and to chide her on the subject of her career. Odets talked even less than she did. On the eve of his departure for Europe, he told importunate newspaper men that "in their relationships with women, all men have ungovernable tempers," and closed his mouth on further comment.

That their separation brought Rainer not peace, but misery, was obvious to her friends. Refusing to make herself an object of sympathy, she flew the flag of "business as usual." But her eyes seemed to grow larger and more wistful in her small face, and her work suffered. She winced at any mention of her husband's name. She wrenched her mind deliberately from the thought of him, on the theory that the more completely she banished him, the sooner would her hurt heal.

Odets, on the other hand, combed the newspapers for any trivial item concerning his wife. It may have been a difference in temperaments. Or it may have been that he was already hoping for the reconciliation which seemed impossible to her. Though he didn't talk for publication, those rumors that spring up from nowhere insisted there was nothing on earth he wanted less than his freedom from Rainer.

On June 10th she filed her divorce suit. Louis Nizer, the lawyer into whose hands she had placed her affairs, was her husband's lawyer, too. He flew to Hollywood and found her pretty low in her mind. Being an astute gentleman, he didn't say, "Lady, you're moping for your husband." He said, "You need a little childish fun. Let's go to Venice." They rode the roller-coaster till Luise was dizzy, a little hysterical and in no state to meet the ordered arguments of a legal mind. He didn't press his advantage too far lest he lose it. But he asked—and got—a promise that she wouldn't hurry matters. "It's never too late," he reminded her, "to get a divorce."

There the situation rested till November—that November which was to have marked the beginning of their life together in University Place. Odets, returned from abroad, was living in his penthouse alone. His new play, *Rocket to the Moon*, had just opened. Rainer traveled eastward for a twofold purpose—to receive her final citizenship papers and to confer with producers about a possible play. If her heart held a third purpose, she kept it a profound secret—perhaps even from herself.

SHE arrived on a Monday. At the information desk of the hotel she glimpsed a familiar back. The back turned to reveal the face of Mr. Odets' secretary, who turned green when he saw her, stammered incoherencies and scurried off.

Miss Rainer received the Press. She said: "The day I become a citizen is for me so happy that I register joy without acting." She said, "There are two-three producers who want me to do a play for them." One reporter was graceless enough to inquire whether, by some singular chance, any of these plays had been authored by a man named Odets. The name caused her to flush and break into what sounded like a jumble of double talk. "Mr. Odets? Oh, we should not talk about that. He is in New York. I have been in California. Soon I will be an American citizen and that day I will become hard-boiled, yes? I will put leather on my elbows and poosh—how you say?—in the theeck of it—I am here to talk to producers—" The reporter made amends by changing the subject.

On Wednesday Luise went with her lawyer to Sardi's, where they were to meet a friend of his named Billikoff. "A swell guy, you'll like him." The intention is to persuade you that she had no idea "who was this man with the funny name." Maybe she didn't. Stranger things have happened. In any case, Mr. Nizer opened the door of a private room at Sardi's, his guest entered, and he closed the door behind her. She found herself standing face to face with Odets. Next moment they were in each other's arms.

The news was given to the world when they attended *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* together that night. Whatever questions remain unanswered, of one thing there can be no doubt. Luise was gloriously happy—so happy she drew even the Press into the circle of her joy, so happy that she babbled.

Asked when she'd discovered that she couldn't live without Mr. Odets, she answered: "I always knew it. When I went for the divorce, I knew it. I said this and this, but I did not know what I am saying, only how unhappy I am.

"You see," she confided, "it was not that we are both sure we do not love each other. No. Mr. Odets was sure I do not love him, and I was sure he does not love me. Do you know why we have these fights? Because we both love the other too much.

"Mr. Odets is a very strong boy. He has wonderful strong ideas. I have strong ideas too. This is bad. One of us has to change. He is a man and a man should not change. I will be the one. Beginning now, I will do everything he wants."

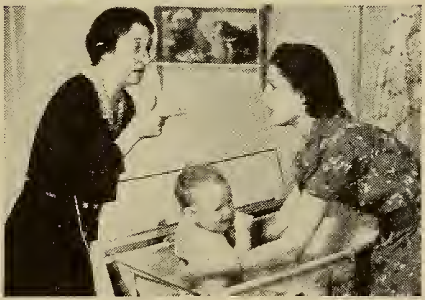
Odets, standing by, grinned broadly. "The only thing I want is for Luise to be happy," he said.

An objective comment came from the man who played Cupid. "When a person like Odets is unable after two-and-a-half-hours' cross-examination to give a single coherent or logical reason for divorce, I am forced to conclude there is no real reason. And when a great actress like Miss Rainer stages the greatest act of her career to convince me of her determination for divorce, yet fails to convince me, I must conclude it is my duty to attempt to effect a reconciliation."

[*Continued on page* 79]

"She made me BOIL... with her know-it-all air!"

How Helen raised her baby by up-to-date methods while living with an old-fashioned aunt!



AUNT: Now Helen, if *I* were you—

HELEN: But Aunty, we've been over that a million times already. I know exactly how to handle the baby . . . even if he is my first.

AUNT: Tush! You're mollycoddling the child, and you know it. Why in *our* time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.

HELEN: Times have changed, Aunty. Our doctor says that today children should get *special* care . . . *special* food, *special* clothes. Yes, even a *special* laxative!

AUNT: What! A special laxative for babies?

HELEN: Of course! Doesn't it stand to reason? After all, Bobby's only 7 months. His tiny system is still delicate. Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a mild, gentle laxative, one made especially for a baby's needs?

HELEN: That's why the doctor said to give him Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's the modern laxative made ONLY for children. It's on the SAFE side . . . has no harsh "adult" drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won't disturb his tummy.

AUNT: Well, he certainly takes it willingly enough. I'll say that much.

HELEN: He ought to. The doctor says Fletcher's Castoria has a *grand* taste . . . Isn't it wonderful to know we're giving Bobby a laxative that's so dependable?

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

Ty Loves 'em and Leaves 'em

[*Continued from page* 23]

certainly must know her way about, when it comes to being friendly to needy young men. No rank amateur could rate such a set-up from an ex-Mrs. Barrymore. But Ty made the grade.

What next? Next, he needed a job badly. And got one because another famous lady went to bat for him. Helen Mencken, no less, who's been made passes at by expert passers-atters, who got no place. But Ty, (whether he ever made a pass or not is beside the point again) got some place. He got Helen to go to a big-shot producer and talk so earnestly and furiously in his behalf that the producer gave Ty a job. Our hero scored again: two times at bat, two hits, no errors.

I'm skipping fast. I'm just hitting the high spots. So we come to Hollywood, and 20th Fox's need for somebody to take the spot in their team that would correspond to Clark Gable's place in the M-G-M batting order. They decided Ty might do; he was a promising young rookie.

BUT he needed a romantic build-up. That, for any modern studio press-department, is a push-over. Usually, they tie their boys up with a flock of pretties in the night clubs. But not for Ty. For Ty, they needed a big tie-up. Somebody with a name. That was swell—because on the same lot was a pretty little girl with the Big Name of Sonja Henie, Olympic Champion. Sonja didn't have romance, either. So they tied Sonja and Ty together, and hung them over the publicity line. It was just a stunt. But Sonja took it seriously. . . . !

Sonja, it seems, fell in love. The "phony romance" grew into the real thing. And whee-e-e—Ty was off on his Hollywood run-around! By this time, Ty had tasted the delights of this sort of thing, and was plenty willing. Who, in his spot, wouldn't be? He'd served fair warning. Hadn't he? He'd said, in open interview, that he wasn't going to marry 'em.

"Take me on at your own risk!" he might just as well have said. It was cricket. It was a sporting challenge. First, after Sonja, to take it up was Loretta Young, no piker when it comes to Hollywood romance. Loretta put on her shining armor, and sailed into the fray—and for weeks, 20th-Fox and all Hollywood sat on the sidelines and watched the battle of the year between two gals after one man—Loretta and Sonja. Remember? It was a classic! And nobody in all Hollywood got more fun out of it than Ty Power himself. Ty was the one person who knew the answer to "which one of them will he marry?"

The answer was "Neither!" And Ty knew it all the time, but nobody else did. Not even Sonja and Loretta.

It was around here that Alice Faye got into the proceedings. She began appearing in the picture. But Alice's spot was "family friend." Alice made much of Ty's Mama, Patia Power, the sagacious. Alice, being closest to Mama, learned pretty soon that not only Ty was agin marriage, but so was Ty's ma. And when both say no, any wise gal should know that it's no soap. Alice was and is a wise gal. Alice is Mrs. Tony Martin, now, but Loretta is still MISS Young, and Sonja is still MISS Henie. And Ty is still a bachelor. Despite Janet and Annabella, *et al.*

JANET got into the picture when the Loretta-Sonja feud was getting to be an old story. And Ty came as close to getting married as he ever has. Janet is no slouch when it comes to knocking off her men. She and Ty were so close to saying "I do" at each other, that the studio was scared silly, Mama Power was worried very much, and I think even Janet and Ty were worried! What made it more so was the fact that during the highest point of their incandescence, Patia Power was vacationing in Honolulu, and Ty was on his own.

Ty and Janet spent a five-days desert holiday during this romance, on a simple little hide-away dude ranch near Hollywood. Other guests at the ranch reported they were virtually inseparable. It was during this five-day stretch that the insiders in Hollywood waited breathlessly for the expected news that Ty and Janet had driven the few score miles between the ranch and the Nevada border, and taken the plunge into matrimony.

But they didn't. And from that spot on,

NOBODY MAKES A PASS AT ME!
I'M NOT FOOLING, AMY! IT'S NO JOKE TO BE A WALLFLOWER--AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I AM!
LINDA, READ THIS BAD BREATH AD! AND THEN--WELL, DO WHAT IT SAYS...SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW LISTEN, FELLOWS! I BROUGHT LINDA TO THIS PARTY--AND I'M TAKING HER HOME!
THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
Good Housekeeping Bureau 2273

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

the Ty-Janet romance waned. And into the scene came fluffy Annabella, the French charmer. Annabella began cutting in on Janet—even before Janet knew it. I'm quite sure that Janet never knew, until somebody told her afterward, that during the time Ty was supposed to be head-over-heels in love with her, he was taking an early-afternoon sneak now and then with Annabella—off the set, into Ty's car, and off to Riverside for dinner under the orange blossoms, or down the coast for dinner by the wild surf waves. Just little twosomes.

Finally, Janet learned about them. Naturally. Hollywood is full of people who like to tell on other people. They told Janet that Ty was going around with other girls. They'd been telling her before. They told her that Ty was seeing a great deal of a little extra girl, a honey named Irma something or other, for instance. But Janet either didn't believe them, or refused to concede that an extra girl was any competition. But when they told her about Annabella, and she learned for herself that it was true, Janet was off Ty like a ton of brick. Janet is no fool. Janet wasn't going to get herself talked about like she'd heard people talking about Sonja—feeling sorry for the way she'd been treated, and talking out loud about it. Janet didn't want people being sorry for her. So Janet cut her Ty romance out—bing, just like that!

Janet is definite, when she does things. Since that day, Janet and Ty have been friends—but romance? PHOOEY! After all, Janet has done her own share of loving-and-leaving, and she probably recognized a fellow-lover-and-leaver, and paid him the sportsman's compliment of calling it a draw.

BUT now Annabella, who, like Sonja, is a foreigner, was up to her neck. These foreign girls, even though they become world-famous in their own names, never seem to get over that ages-old theory of European training—that a woman's place is to be a wife.

That brings us to South America. Annabella left Hollywood for Paris, which left Ty, for the moment, without any great romance. He took Sonja out now and then, and he called up Janet once or twice. He found out that Janet was so, so busy about Adrian that Ty couldn't even get to the front door. But Sonja gave him a date or two, even now. But Ty was looking for fresh flowers, and he dated other Hollywood honeys. Jane Wyman and Ty were a nite-club twosome, several nights. But Jane wasn't confining herself to one guy; she made other dates, and Ty likes monopolies. So he stopped dating Jane.

And all of a sudden, he was off for South America, and darned if Annabella wasn't off for South America, too, from Paris. And it wasn't coincidence at all that they met in Rio de Janeiro, than which there is no more romantic place on the face of the earth.

Now as to what happened in Rio, I don't know. I can only guess. I can only guess that Annabella, with her European outlook, had an idea that maybe she and Ty could get married there. I can only guess that Ty, with the same outlook he has never changed since he voiced it to me nearly three years ago, had no such idea at all. However, any young guy like Ty wouldn't say no to a South American date with a lovely French girl, would he?

So once again, the studio jittered, and Ty's Mama jittered, and even Sonja jittered, 'tis said. They were all scared that Ty would marry Annabella (who was recently divorced in Paris from her French husband), whether he felt like it or not. But

[*Continued on page* 89]

LAST NIGHT HE WHISPERED...

"I LOVE YOU"

I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin...and here is what happened

I WAS A LONELY GIRL... and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

SUE KNEW MY SECRET... She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd *dramatize* yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes."

"You have!" said Sue. "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a *thing* for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl *instantly*. You need a brighter, more alluring shade . . . and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE. That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly *one* shade—one lucky, bewitching color—brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why, Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside... I want to talk to you... alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms... he kissed me... and he whispered, "Sweetheart . . . I love you . . ."

TRY ALL TEN SHADES, FREE. You, too, can find your one lucky color. Let Lady Esther send you, free and postpaid, her ten thrilling new shades of face powder. One of these shades will bring out the fresh natural color of your skin—win you sparkling "story book" charm. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your 10 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream. (44)

Name

Address

City *State*

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Eye Do and Don'ts

[*Continued from page* 50]

sweep of her lashes, and gives the final accent to eyes that are well worth looking at.

Notice anything else about these star-ry eyes pictured here? Every single pair has a set of naturally shaped brows above them. That's something you'll be seeing more and more. Hollywood is revolting against the over-plucked brows of yester-year. The normal brow, with stray hairs removed, is in vogue—and not only because it's more natural looking. Stars and make-up experts alike are discovering that a too-arched brow makes the eye appear smaller. If you want your eyes to seem larger than they really are, pluck your eyebrows as little as you can (and still have them look clean-cut and tidy) and let them follow their natural arch as much as possible.

Another *eye*-dea you might get from these three lovelies, and from almost every other glamor girl I've ever seen: Use eye cream and dark glasses to protect your eyes whenever you're going out into the sunlight; to prevent the crow's feet and tiny lines that come from squinting. Use a reliable eye lotion to soothe eyes that are bloodshot and tired from over-work, and too bright lights. Then your eyes will look and feel as bright and rested as you want them to!

Do the dark circles under your eyes belie their brightness? Do they tell the world, against your will, that you were out late the night before—and the night before that? Then by all means hide those circles with an extra layer of foundation cream blended right up to the lower lids. Then, when you apply your rouge, shade it off nearer the eyes. The color here draws more attention to your eyes, makes them seem whiter, and brighter by contrast, as well as completely disguising the dark circles.

A word to those of you who are wearing eyeshadow for the first time. Choose your shadow to harmonize or contrast with your coloring and with the shade of the dress or hat you're wearing. Blondes like Priscilla look best in a blue or violet shadow which will bring out all the pansy-depths of their eyes. Redheads who go in for yellows, browns and the new chartreuse greens in dresses will select brown or mahogany or green shadow, and the same shades are best on brown-eyed brunettes.

Enough generalizing about eye beauty! Now for some specific information on products that do their job so well your beaux will all swear your eyes have *it!*

I WISH I could count the number of you who have asked me how to make your lashes grow longer. If you're disgusted with *your* short lashes, do write me for the name of my number one item this month. It's a set of eye-twins—a tube of cream to help make your lashes grow longer and silkier, and a tricky gadget that curls the lashes so that they'll swoop most entrancingly. They're both absolutely harmless, as anything should be that goes anywhere near your eyes. I'll guarantee that the rubber edges of the lash curler can't and won't break off the lashes grown by the tonic cream! The pair costs $1.50—and it's worth every penny.

Made by the same reliable manufacturer is another product you must have if your eyes are to look well-groomed—a pair of tweezers. These are different, though. They have scissor shaped handles! The better to see with, my dear! Be sure, when you use these tweezers, that you pull the hair in the direction it grows. Then you'll be more likely to pull it out, root and all, instead of breaking it off above ground as it were. Much less painful, of course. The quicker you pull, the less pain, too. A mere quarter buys this handy bit of eye equipment. And P. S.—the handles are painted in boudoir colors, so be sure you get one that matches your vanity table!

If you've never used an eye lotion, you've a treat in store for you when you try a special soothing one—I'll be glad to send you its name. This particular lotion was originally compounded for an oculist's prescription, and today it is manufactured under the watchful eyes of an eye doctor, in hospital-clean laboratories. A few drops in each eye will wash away irritation from swimming, driving, tobacco smoke, dust or cinders. If you've a moment to spare, while getting ready for a party, saturate a couple of pieces of cotton with the lotion and place one over

THIS IS FOR ALWAYS, DARLING!
NAN HOPES SO, TOO! THAT'S WHY SHE GUARDS AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
I'VE SEEN TOO MANY WIVES LOSE ROMANCE BY LETTING THEIR SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING. I WANT TO KEEP MY COMPLEXION SMOOTH AND ALLURING! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!
BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG. THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, IF YOU OWE YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION TO PALMOLIVE, THAT'S RECOMMENDATION ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M GOING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF AND MAKE PALMOLIVE MY BEAUTY SOAP, TOO!
PALMOLIVE
IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

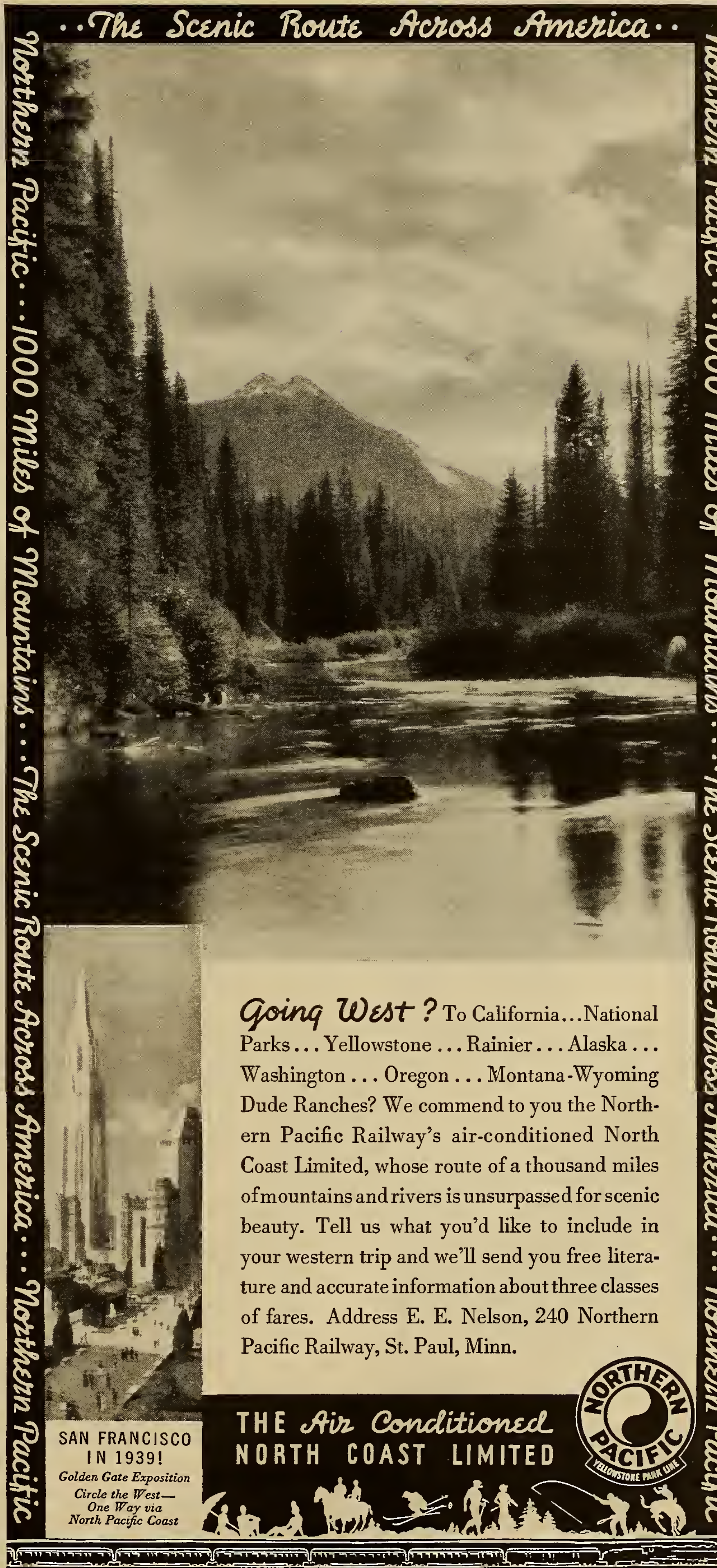
Eyes *right* under your new bonnet, with the aid of purse size mascara compact, eye lotion, rubber edged lash curler

each eye to rest and relax them. This lotion is practically indispensable when you want to conceal the effects of a good cry. Drop some in the eyes themselves, and then lie down with the saturated pads on so that the lotion can do away with red lids. The regular size of the lotion costs 60 cents, and there's an economy size, holding three times as much as this, for exactly one dollar. Interested in the name?

DO YOU want to find out how mascara will glamorize your eyes—and still not spend too much money? Then write me for the name of a clever little purse case, one that does not take up too much room in your over-crowded handbag, and sells for a dime. Inside this coral and black bakelite carrier is a tube of fine mascara, and a convenient, easy-to-handle brush. The mascara is creamy, so-o easy to apply. It gives your lashes a sheen that lasts even after they're dry. And of course it makes them look silky and long. Are you interested?

Looking for a creamy foundation that will hide those dark circles of yours? Looking for something that will hold your make-up in place, give you the velvety finish you love, for hours on end? Then I know you'll want the name of *this* product! It's a make-up base in stick form, looking rather like a lipstick in its cream and brown case—but ever so much larger! You'd think, wouldn't you, that any cream thick enough to stand up in a case all by itself would clog the pores, cake or smear when you applied it to the skin. Not so with this make-up foundation! It's light enough to blend smoothly, even on the tender skin around the eyes! I've found it's much smarter with all cream foundations to apply them sparingly—a dot on the nose, cheeks, chin and forehead—and then blend the cream evenly with the fingertips. That keeps them from giving you that oozy feeling. You have your choice of four shades—peach, rachelle, brunette and suntan—each priced at a dime.

Write me before April 15th if you'd like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, c/o MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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DRI-DEW is the new cream deodorant, tested and approved by the Am. Inst. of Laundering and the Nat. Assn. of Dyers and Cleaners as being harmless to fabrics.

WILL NOT DRY UP IN JAR
SAFE—An absolutely pure, unadulterated cream.
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Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula WASHES, soothes, CLEARS dull, tired eyes. Its special, EXCLUSIVE ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed from late hours, fatigue, etc.

Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is so quickly EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. Sold at drug, department, ten-cent stores.

BE SURE OF YOUR "LOOKS"
USE
EYE-GENE

What They'll Do for Publicity

[*Continued from page* 38]

wedding from Hollywood to Ensenada. She could be surer of a quiet wedding there. The illusion that Martha was running away from publicity was perfect—except for one thing.

The day before the elopement, the happy couple staged a "preview" of their nuptials for press photographers. There was a Mexican set on a Paramount sound-stage. Beside a door was tacked a sign that said, in Mexican, "Civil Marriages Performed Here." Out of the doorway came the happy couple, arm in arm, wearing "just-married" smiles, Martha carrying a huge bouquet of roses. The cameras clicked.

Martha didn't want publicity with her wedding; not much. She not only made sure that there would be pictures of this second elopement, as there hadn't been of her first (when she ran off to Las Vegas with Buddy Westmore). She made sure, too, that the photos would be glamorous, with good lighting.

NORMAL people elope just to get married—with as little fuss as possible. Actors and actresses elope to get publicity as well. Sudden weddings attract attention that the invitation kind don't get.

Henry Wilcoxon and Joan Woodbury recently discovered that. Dressed like a bride and groom, they were married before all their friends in a Los Angeles chapel. Next day, the local papers didn't give the wedding so much as one line. That wouldn't have happened if Henry and Joan had married in haste in Yuma.

As, for example, Jack Oakie and Venita Varden did. They exchanged marital vows aboard a train in Yuma during a 15-minute stopover. And got reams of publicity. Which slyly mentioned that Jack had just finished a picture that had a train for its setting—*Florida Limited.*

The most remarkable marriage of recent Hollywood times is that of Stan Laurel and his Illiana. If they aren't having a rift, they're having a reconciliation, or perhaps another wedding. (To date, they've had three weddings, after the last of which Stan made the immortal apology, "Well, it's one way to throw a party.")

What makes the Laurels' love-life most remarkable is that the Press is not only advised promptly of each rift, but invited to each reconciliation. The latest took place in the Beverly Hills bastille, where Illiana had to spend nine hours for breaking a traffic law. Press photographers attended. And the world was treated (?) to the sight of Stan and Illiana kissing anew. There was also a shot of Stan sitting starry-eyed on the jailhouse steps, waiting for his beloved.

The newspapers kid the marriage unmercifully. So what? So the comical Stan gets columns of comical publicity.

While Carole Lombard was playing screwball heroines, she encouraged a public impression that she was a bit of a screwball, herself. Copious were the stories of the weird menagerie she maintained in the swank of a Bel-Air estate. Many were the tales of her practical jokes on her best boy-friend, Clark Gable, her wisecracks, *et al.* But then the bottom dropped out of the screwball market. Carole switched to serious things.

And promptly in the papers appeared a story to indicate that Carole was one of the few serious thinkers in a town full of short-sighted people always griping about income taxes. According to the story, out of her 1937 income of $465,000, she had been able to keep only $20,000. Income taxes alone had taken $397,575. But was she kicking? Not Carole!

"Twenty thousand a year is plenty for me, and as for giving the government most of my income, I think that's fine. . . . I don't need $465,000 a year for myself, so why not give what I don't need to the government? There's no better place to spend it. . . . And if I didn't have to pay high taxes I wouldn't be earning so much. Salaries in the movies went up, keeping step with taxes, and if there were no income tax at all, I probably wouldn't even be getting $20,000."

Statements so unusual from a movie star that they stuck in the public mind, even after a tax official countered that her figure was lovely, but her figures (plural) bulged in the wrong places. (He estimated her Federal and State taxes as less than $330,000, even if she claimed no deductions.)

And what brought on Carole's statements at that precise time? Well—quite, quite incidentally, the story of how she and Uncle Sam were sharing wealth mentioned the title of her new picture: *Made for Each Other.*

Publicity isn't what inspires movie stars to have babies. But publicity sometimes inspires them to announce Blessed Event plans. Take, for example, Dorothy Lamour's "intentions."

It was quite a story. She gave her studio a year's warning. Her attorney served legal notice that, on her 24th birthday, she would quit films for a year in order to have a baby. Frantic executives tried to persuade her to adopt one, instead.

To quote one account: "Flatly vetoing the suggestion that she adopt a baby, Miss Lamour declared: 'I want a baby of my own—not someone else's. I believe it is the duty of every married woman to have a child of her own. I want to have my baby before I am 25. Then I'll still be young while my baby is growing up.'"

Dorothy's 24th birthday was last December 10. She still is very busily making pictures for Paramount, whose press-agents are very bright young men.

FOR Paramount and publicity, Marlene Dietrich once sheathed that super-feminine figure in mannish attire off-screen, even unto trousers. Marlene, fully aware of her shapely legs, objected to hiding them. But when the stunt riveted the world's eyes on her, as no stunt ever had riveted eyes on an actress before, she discovered that such attire was "the most comfortable," even "the most sensible."

When she eventually went back to skirts, Marlene didn't explain why.

Slacks weren't her piquant trade-mark any longer. Women with hideous shapes had taken to wearing them. And Marlene wanted to remind the world that *her* shape was a pleasurable sight to see.

William Powell, in his grief over the tragic death of Jean Harlow, established a fund to provide flowers for her crypt forever. The whole world was touched. . . . So much so that the other day a story appeared that Andrea Leeds was sending flowers daily to the crypt of Jack Dunn. The story might have rung a little truer if Andrea and Jack hadn't parted months before his death, and if she weren't to be seen now in a variety of night-clubs with a variety of escorts.

George Raft got a carload of publicity,

early in his screen career, revealing he had taught the Prince of Wales how to tango. When Edward became King, the publicity was revived a bit. When Edward abdicated, George invited him to California. Invitations not likely to be accepted are inexpensive publicity. Last year, George invited the orphaned son of an executed Ohio murderess to spend Christmas with him. The boy didn't come, but George got his name in the papers, anyway.

Errol Flynn uses the pipe-dream technique. When he first hit Hollywood, he wooed and won publicity with tales of his past adventures. Since running out of those, he has been talking about his future adventures. Talk costs nothing. And what if the public still is waiting for him to carry out some of his "plans"? They *like* to be kept in suspense. Otherwise, they wouldn't like movies.

Low dresses, and tight ones, are always good for publicity. Several of the girls—Carole Lombard, Merle Oberon, Ann Sheridan, among others—seem to be having a neck-and-neck (not to mention chest-and-chest) race in the lowest-dress class. In the tight-dress division, Norma Shearer staggers all competition in *Idiot's Delight*. As, by this time, you must have heard. The press-agents have been shouting it.

Even the most modest girl in Hollywood—namely, Olivia de Havilland—bares much for publicity.

When Roy Rogers became a singing cowboy star, the press-agents changed his birthplace. They made it Cody, Wyoming, in the heart of the cow country. That is, they did till a rival cowboy star produced a clipping from a Cody newspaper that said, in effect, "Who is Roy Rogers? We never heard of him before." Now Roy admits—reluctantly—that he's from Ohio. As Sigrid Gurie, who hoaxed the world into believing she was born in far-off Norway, now admits Brooklyn was her birthplace.

To make identification easier off-screen, Gene Autry never wears anything but cowboy clothes. That is, the kind of clothes cowboys ought to wear to be glamorous. They knock your eye out, a half-mile away. . . . When she first came to Hollywood, and Hollywood looked the other way, Sonja Henie got herself noticed by wearing only white and driving a white car.

Periodically, for the sake of publicity and American good-will, foreign players announce their desire to become citizens. Hollywood always takes them seriously. Yet when Luise Rainer, after actually becoming a citizen, wrapped herself in an American flag to show her joy for the photographers, Hollywood snickered at "Luise's attention-calling."

The rest of America would like to see a little more flag-wrapping from aliens who have waxed rich and famous here.

Fireflies, of all things, became a medium for publicity a while back when Joan Bennett announced a desire to stock her garden with some. Which reminds me: Whatever became of those two frogs that Bing Crosby and Bob Burns once pitted against each other in a frog-jumping and publicity-encouraging contest?

Danielle Darrieux, for the sake of publicity, pioneered the up-do coiffure. June Lang has gone out seven nights in a row with seven different escorts. Last year Jack Benny announced he was retiring from show business. Marion Davies gave a party so big, with a guest list so long, that the account of it filled nearly a page in the Hearst papers. Mary Pickford once gave an interview suggesting that Pickfair had ghosts.

Last autumn, Glenda Farrell not only ran for "mayor" of North Hollywood, but was photographed kissing a bald-headed man on his bald spot. And said, as *Torchy Blane* might, "Why kiss babies? They don't vote." Not too long ago, Merle Oberon posed in shorts for some exercise photos to prove that actresses, like athletes, have to train. One photo showed her "running" along a beach. On three-inch-high heels.

Early in his career, every sensational find has to go to New York for a "vacation." Or, if you prefer, a big dose of publicity. New Yorkers are supposed to be blasé. Actually, because they see so many new faces every day that they don't know, they are crazy to see new faces that they do know. Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power all had to take trips to New York early in the game. So that publicity could go around the world about how "even blasé New York" went for them.

For the sake of publicity, actors and actresses will deny romances that they are having (like Tyrone Power and Annabella), or pretend to romance that they aren't having (like Richard Greene and Anita Louise). They will let press-agents credit them with strange idiosyncrasies that normal people don't possess. (Such as Rosalind Russell's alleged cure for insomnia: Keeping a dozen bullfrogs in the lily pond.)

It would take a book to tell all that actors and actresses will do for publicity. They'll do practically anything. That's why they're actors and actresses.

Petal Smooth Skin

ALWAYS MAKES THE GRADE

NOW

CHOOSE THIS FAMOUS POWDER BASE FOR THE EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" IT BRINGS!*

Now when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you're giving it extra skin care.

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.. *In the Spring take*

S.S.S. TONIC

He Kept Hollywood Waiting Five Years

[*Continued from page* 46]

press department had done its work well, for Laurence Olivier's name was known the country over. Fans already whispered that he was "Garbo's new leading man."

As an amendatory gesture he was given a most unusual contract which pledged the film company to make one picture with him at *his* convenience, a stipulation in direct contrast to the usual one-picture agreements which require the player to be at the beck and call of the studio. Olivier never availed himself of the opportunity to make the one picture. He couldn't get home fast enough. Even when he was offered the role of *Romeo* to Norma Shearer's *Juliet*, he refused. Not because of pride or any remnant of ill-will held against the film company, he will assure you, but because he doesn't believe Shakespeare should be put on the screen.

This conviction springs from experience as well as observation, for he played *Orlando* to Elisabeth Bergner's *Rosalind* in the English screen version of *As You Like It*.

DURING the past five years, as his fame as an actor spread, he had many other Hollywood offers, all of which he refused because he was waiting for "the right one." And now he is glad he waited for what he considers one of the finest opportunities of his career. The Emily Bronte story, *Wuthering Heights*, has long been one of his favorites. He considers it a classic. He selects his roles carefully and gives a great deal of thought to the way each scene is to be played.

He was telling me this on the set where, with Flora Robson, English actress who was brought here for the picture, he was nervously waiting to be called to work. He had been required to age suddenly from a young man of eighteen to a gray-haired gentleman of sixty. His wig was coming loose "and these false wrinkles are weighing me down," he cracked. "I look just like my old Aunt Emma." His mind was on his job and he had difficulty in talking about himself. Reticent without being unsociable, he speaks little even when spoken to and he has a passion for monosyllables!

Five years ago he was a chattering magpie compared to the serious, quiet man he is today. "I have no theories to offer," he said diffidently. "They are always the backwash of success. I have had no screen success; my work in the studios has had no importance. Therefore I have nothing worth while to say."

He was objecting to an article which appeared in an English publication in which he was quoted as saying, "I'm a flop in pictures."

"I've made so few pictures I couldn't be considered a flop," he protested, "any more than I could be called a success." That is true, although when offered an opportunity for his talents his work has been outstanding. In *Fire Over England* and *The Divorce of Lady X*, for instance, two English pictures that were well received in America.

He insists he is not unwilling to talk but fears the interpretation that may be put on what he is apt to say. Admitting that reporters have a right to ask questions— "it's their job, you know," he says—he, in turn, reserves the right to answer them and he doesn't want to be misunderstood.

IN ENGLAND he has been alternating between the stage and screen, attaining dizzy heights of success in the theatre and plodding through a succession of what he terms "pig-nut" parts in pictures. Faced with a continuation of this diet, he accepted eagerly the Goldwyn picture.

"One picture I made was so bad that it had to be retaken before they could put it on the shelf," he told me solemnly, indicating a change of mood typical of his personality. In the midst of a strong dramatic scene he will suddenly clown. When he blew up in a scene he whirled around and began making faces at the company.

"My coming to Hollywood was a matter of dollars and cents, too," he admitted. "One gets good money in the films and one must live, you know," he added in his clipped British accent.

"In England an actor may gain fame; can become even the greatest in the country and still his audience is a limited one and, consequently his salary will be small compared to the salaries paid in Hollywood.

"The goal of every English actor is to appear at Old Vic's Theatre, located in the slums of London. The admission price is very low—about what you Americans pay to see a good film—and so, necessarily, the top salary paid a star appearing there is $100 a week."

Olivier has the true artist's disregard for money. His tastes are simple. At home in England he has a modest flat in town and for leisure weeks he has a small place in the country.

In Hollywood he is living at a hotel which is nice but not by any means a high-priced one or one ordinarily patronized by film stars. His one extravagance since his arrival was the purchase of a high-priced automobile. "I got the best because I'm taking it back to England with me and it has to hold up for a long time," he explained, very well satisfied at what he considered an economical move.

Another expense that he considered justified was for football tickets, which he had to buy from scalpers at exorbitant prices. He loves American football and never missed a game after his arrival in Hollywood.

ASIDE from these two "necessary expenses" as he calls them, he has shown Hollywood a fine example of how an English gentleman lives. It is the usual custom for a visiting star to rent a huge furnished house, hire a staff of servants and live—even for a short visit—as the Hollywood stars live, swimming-pools and all. Olivier's staff of servants consists of a man to care for his clothes at the studio, which is a necessity.

Every day he lunches with Miss Robson in her dressing-room. She was able to hire the chef who cooked for Charles Laughton when he was in Hollywood and who understands how to cook American food to suit the English taste. He prepares the food at Miss Robson's apartment and takes it to the studio. The two players share the expense.

"After all," Olivier observes, "it doesn't mean much to make a lot of money. When I made five quid (about $25) a week I lived as well as I do now. When your salary increases your standard of living goes up. I mean things cost more. The more money you make the more demands you have made on you. The more I make, the less I have."

For sentimental reasons and also as a business venture, he set his elder brother, Gerard, Jr., up as a literary agent in London. "At first I took quite a pasting," he said, "but now the thing has turned out very well."

And he is a good enough businessman not to be above accepting Hollywood gold when conditions are right. But regardless of the success or failure of *Wuthering Heights,* he has stage commitments that require his immediate return to England. "I might come back later," he compromised, "but now I must go home."

Realizing how popular he is in his own country, it is surprising that he could get away long enough to make a picture in Hollywood. Recognized as one of the great *Hamlets,* he produced a full-length version of the tragedy last summer in Denmark with detachments of the Danish Royal Guards acting as supers and men-at-arms in the play. He has been asked to appear in an out-door production of this play at the California World's Fair early this year.

SON of the Reverend Gerard Olivier and Mrs. Agnes Carr of Dorking, Surrey, England, Laurence, the baby of the family, wanted to be an actor since his earliest recollection although his youthful ardor at prayers was mistaken by his delighted parents as an unmistakable sign that he was destined for the ministry. In fact, he spent several years preparing to follow in his father's footsteps, although he wasn't above a daily skirmish with his schoolmates and evidence often pointed his way when a misdirected ball went through a neighbor's window-pane. It wasn't until he appeared as *Katherine* in a boys' production of *The Taming of the Shrew* that he realized preaching was not his life's work. He persuaded his parents to allow him to attend the Central School of Dramatic Art and from that time on has never ceased his efforts to become a thorough technician in his profession.

Reticent, pensive, super-sensitive, having English reserve to a great degree and wearing frequently what might be called a forbidding expression, he is really kindly and thoughtful. His overhanging brows belie a well-rounded sense of humor. Like Colman, he hesitates to talk freely of his own personal affairs not only because he considers it bad taste, but because what he says may involve some other person.

He confesses that Hollywood shocked him five years ago but he thinks it has improved greatly and he likes it very much now. "It seemed to me very artificial at the time," he remembers, "and I may be considered impertinent to suggest that it is the infusion of people from other places—foreign countries—that has brought about very beneficial changes here. I think the exchange of players between England and America has brought about a better understanding which has been a good thing for both sides."

WITH smoldering gray eyes the color of gun-powder smoke, dark hair and coloring, Olivier makes up in force of his personality what he lacks in size, being a bit under the Hollywood standard for its heroes. For *Wuthering Heights* he is wearing shoes that raise him three inches above his own five-feet-ten. "But in spite of that he's a rugged personality," one of his men friends said. "He's rugged in appearance, rugged in his acting and—rugged as a lover," he added. "There's menace in his every movement."

After seeing him kiss Merle Oberon for three minutes without pausing for breath, this reporter was willing to concede everything. What he lacks in size or appearance he more than makes up for in ardor. It is no longer necessary to say that he resembles Ronald Colman or any other hero in order to attract the attention of the public.

"That's all there was to say about me five years ago," he laughed, "that I resembled Colman." And despite his admiration for his fellow countryman, both as a person and an actor, he doesn't think it pays to be a second anybody. Also he has come to the realization that it is perhaps a good thing he did not play in the Garbo picture. Very few of Garbo's leading men follow an appearance in her pictures with a successful career, whether due to psychological reasons or the fact that, forever after, they try to live up to that one great adventure.

"But Robert Taylor is one exception," Olivier declared. "And he must be a very good actor. I'll tell you why I think so. He played *Armand,* the meanest role there is in stagecraft. You know, when we on the stage are assigned that role we know we're up against a wall. Yet, Taylor played it convincingly and sympathetically. Yes, he must be a very good actor."

Today Olivier, called "Larry" by every prop man and electrician on the stage, is a mature man, a more finished actor than the young novice who flounced out of the film capital five years ago. He has every chance now of achieving a success in the films equal to his stage triumphs. He has never played for riches or popularity but always to prove himself an actor of merit. In *Wuthering Heights* he is doing that and it appears he is well on his way to achieving the plaudits and money as well.

Five years ago he stepped aside for John Gilbert, the Great Lover. Today he is setting a pace that all the great lovers of Hollywood may find difficult to follow.

BUNK! IF I HAD "B.O." —I'D KNOW ABOUT IT!

AND EVEN IF YOU ARE MY BROTHER, I THINK YOU HAVE SOME NERVE!
BUT I MEAN IT FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, PEGGY....
WHY DON'T YOU BATHE WITH LIFEBUOY EVERY DAY, AS I DO? THEN YOU WON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT "B.O."
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Often the *Worst* offenders don't even suspect they're guilty

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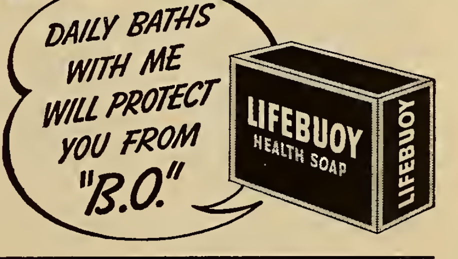
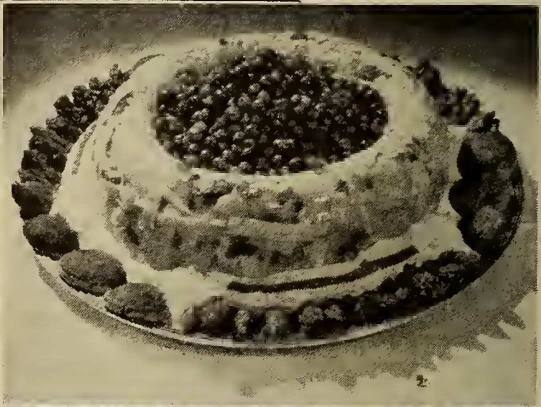
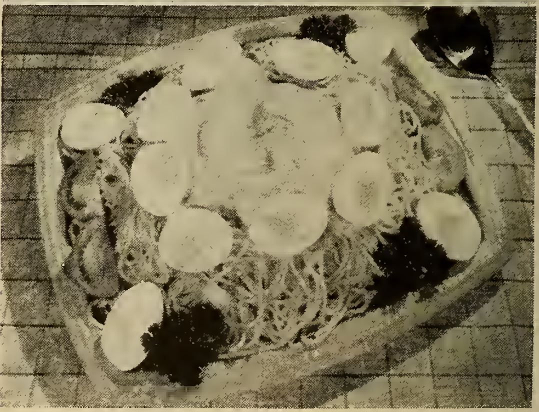


PASTES—TO YOUR TASTE

By
MRS.
CHRISTINE
FREDERICK



Perfect for the "Hurry-up Dinner" is canned spaghetti, above, with flavorful sauce. A noodle ring, right, filled with seafood and vegetables makes a Lenten treat. Below, a meal-in-one—spaghetti with eggs and savory cheese sauce



LET MACARONI, SPAGHETTI AND NOODLES—THE THREE MOST POPULAR PASTES—PLAY A STARRING ROLE IN YOUR LENTEN MENU. BESIDES APPEALING TO THE TASTE AND THE PURSE THESE MEAT SUBSTITUTES ARE AS SIMPLE AS ABC TO COOK

SOMEONE once suggested that macaroni, spaghetti and noodles be sold at the ribbon counter! For certainly they are "yard goods"—yards of nourishment and strings of taste satisfaction!

All of these excellent and nourishing foods are made of a special fine flour very high in gluten or protein value. Thus they can star in meat roles all during Lent when animal meats are crossed off the menu. One pound of macaroni, for example, rates twice as many calories as does a pound of steak, while noodles, being made with eggs, are another excellent choice as a meat-equivalent food. This point is stressed because it should be remembered that macaroni and spaghetti are not overly starchy, like either potatoes or rice, and hence offer no menace to those who think first of figure, second of appetite.

All of these food "ribbon goods" appeal to the busy home-maker first because they cook quickly, and thus reduce the usual meal preparation time. Their cooking is simple as ABC and the secret of keeping them pleasingly firm is to boil them rapidly and briefly. In most cases nine minutes is a sufficient cooking period, counted from the moment the tubes are lowered into the bubblingly boiling and generously salted water. Leave the lid off the pot so the floury tubes won't boil over; drain in a collander, and let cold water from the tap run over to firm the food and remove surplus flour. With this simple, short preliminary cooking, presto and the tubes are ready to be combined in a multitude of main or accessory dishes to the menu.

It would take a large encyclopedia to list all the recipes featuring macaroni as a main dish, but here is one which utilizes the convenient canned macaroni in tomato sauce. For that busy Monday, that late supper or quick luncheon, it is well-named—

HURRY-UP MACARONI CASSEROLE

3 tablespoons butter
¼ cup minced onions
¼ cup minced green pepper
½ cup chopped celery
2 cans macaroni in tomato sauce
¼ pound Parmesan or other sharp cheese, grated

[*Continued on page* 78]

As You Like "It"

[*Continued from page* 48]

American career of a European actress of less artistry than the youthful mademoiselle.

AND now meet the sexiest and most expert lover of all, Isa Miranda. She comes from sunny Italy, after being starred in several Italian, German and French pictures, and winning three prizes for acting in the international film exhibitions annually held in Venice. You'll see her in *Hotel Imperial,* originally scheduled for Marlene Dietrich. This is Paramount's famous jinx picture. After Marlene and her studio reached the parting of the ways, Margaret Sullavan replaced her in the cast of *Hotel Imperial,* but she broke her arm, and Paramount had to look for another star. The picture was temporarily shelved, and then resurrected for Isa Miranda, who was going to make her American debut in *Zaza.* But she suffered an automobile accident and Claudette Colbert had to replace her in *Zaza.*

Hotel Imperial was finally put into production, co-starring Isa Miranda and Ray Milland, whom Paramount hopes to develop into a love team to rival the projected Hedy Lamarr-Robert Taylor combination at Metro. This was the 13th picture on the 1938 schedule of the studio, most of its scenes were shot on the only stage 13 in Hollywood, and it was completed on December 13! However, the Front Office took a look at the rough cut, and immediately renewed Miranda's contract for a long term, at an increased salary.

At this writing, several important stories are being considered for her second picture, and Isa can breathe easier. For a while, when she left the cast of *Zaza,* her future in Hollywood seemed a bit uncertain.

The late great poet-lover of Italy, Gabriele d'Annunzio, called Miranda "the most glamorous woman in the world." Old Gabriele had a discerning eye. Isa is easy to look at. She is slender, tallish, statuesque, with blonde hair and brown eyes. An intensely emotional but sturdy girl, she is blessed with a personality that has all the warmth of Italian skies. There is a certain grace and dignity to her carriage, which may be due to her training as an artist's model. There is an aura of continental romances about her for when she talks with you you can tell she has loved and been loved, expertly. Yet she is charmingly naive, openhearted, child-like. Superior women are.

IT'S now more than a year that La Miranda has been in Hollywood, but believe it or not, she has not seen the inside of a single night-club, has not attended a single premier or party, and leads a Garboesque life, in fervid solitude. She lives in a large colonial house with her dog, secretary and maid, and when not working, spends most of her time in her garden. Paradoxical as it may seem, she led a similar life in Europe. She doesn't care for "society." She feels very lonely in crowds.

The day I interviewed her for MOTION PICTURE she was wearing a simple black dress, with a red rose pinned on her breast. I cracked an Italian greeting, but she raised her hand and said, "No Italian, please!" And so we spoke in English, with neither side experiencing the slightest difficulty. Her command of our vernacular is amazing. She didn't know a word of English when she sailed to New York from Genoa. You'll have no difficulty in following her speech on the screen.

We spoke of many things, and especially of love and related topics. I wanted to get the modern continental viewpoint on these eternal subjects.

What did she think of American men? "I don't know them," she said. "You see, I have no American boy friends." She smiled. "But I think they are the sweetest men in the world." Unquestionably American men are tops. But European women are a little puzzled by the behavior of the tender sex on this side of the Atlantic, if you know what I mean. The sexes are more sharply divided over there, more complementary. In other words, European women are more feminine, more truly the tender sex, and consequently, stronger in their dealings with men! Emancipation, equality, progress, and so forth are fine things, but you can't go against the laws of nature, every continental glamor girl I have interviewed has told me.

Very earnestly she described her "ideal man" and how she would hold him. "My

[*Continued on page* 67]

How one of America's
MOST BEAUTIFUL ART MODELS
reveals the sparkling loveliness of her hair

Illustrates Old Way... hair dulled by cloudy film

Illustrates New Way... no dull film; hair shining

MISS MARGARET McCONNELL
—so breath-takingly lovely, she commands extra fees for posing, says:

"I never know whether I'll be posing as a society leader, or a busy housewife and mother—but I do know photographers will want my hair sparkling and lustrous. So I was really thrilled when I discovered Drene Shampoo! It revealed the gorgeous highlights and natural brilliance I never knew my hair possessed! And it leaves my hair soft and manageable, too!"

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No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results! So sensationally popular, American women bought over 24 million bottles of Drene last year alone! Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble.

There are now two kinds of Drene. Use Regular Drene if your hair is oily. Otherwise, use the new Special Drene for Dry Hair (leaves even fine hair soft and manageable). Get Drene at drug, department or 10¢ stores. Or ask your professional beauty operator for a Drene Shampoo. Thrill to the new glory Drene reveals in your hair! Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 14]

Errol Flynn did get a bundle from heaven recently when Lili Damita—Mrs. Flynn—planed in from vacation abroad. They denied expecting any more heavenly gifts

MERLE OBERON, whose most distinctly British characteristic is keeping her affairs to herself, is keeping her affairs with Alexander Korda to herself. And so Hollywood, which likes to know everybody's business, simply does NOT know just where and how Merle and Korda are—like this?—or like that?

There's been a lot of chitter-chatter that Merle is really secretly Mrs. Alexander Korda—that, over the last Xmas holidays, while in London, she hush-hush-married the producer.

But Merle says that's a lot of applesauce. True, she giggles when she denies it. But nevertheless, she denies it. Alex, himself, wouldn't even discuss the report, much less deny or affirm it. And Hollywood, which never believes anything or anybody, doesn't know whether Merle is giving it the run-around or not.

All Hollywood DOES know is this: That Merle and Korda are inseparable companions, whenever Korda is in

[*Continued on page* 68]

Laurence Olivier gets in character for *Heathcliff* in Goldwyn's picturization of Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights*

As You Like "It"

[*Continued from page* 65]

ideal man must be above all *very* intelligent. And very, *very* strong. Strong in every way, physically, mentally, because, you see, I just *love* to be dominated." She lowered her voice as she added, "I want to be very little when I am in love. I would say always 'yes' to him, I would do anything, *anything* he would ask me to."

"How about his profession?" I asked her.

"His profession doesn't matter, as long as he is intelligent and strong. And yes, also kind. I want my husband to be very kind. I don't care if he isn't rich. I am interested in what a man is, and not in what he has. If he is intelligent and strong, he probably will have some money."

Here is what Isa Miranda understands by glamor. We discussed this famous "Hollywood," but I had to admit that I didn't know its real meaning and what elements enter into the composition of this mysterious charm, even though for years I have been making a living by writing about it!

"Listen," she said, in the tone of one who is going to reveal a great secret. "If I want to show myself as a glamorous woman it is very easy." She got up and stood in the middle of the room. "Look. I wear a big hat, like this, and I look at people like this." She assumed a typical glamor pose, did it beautifully, turning on her sex appeal. "But I don't want to be glamorous like that. It is theatrical. You can't go near her. She is distant, aloof. Would you like a woman who says, 'Don't touch my dress,' or would you prefer a woman who no matter how beautiful comes to you and touches you, with playful fingers, and makes you shiver?"

She smiled, and lit another cigarette. "In order to be glamorous, you must be *sensual,*" she declared. "Feel sensual. But that is not enough, for real glamor. You must also love people, love everybody. I will always try to keep my man with tenderness and kindness, to be like a child and like a mother with him—a man needs both—and above all, I will try to hold him with my *body.*" In other words, her formula for real glamor is sensuality, which should be understood in its wider and more poetic significance, plus humanity. The trouble with many of our glamoritas is that they lack the latter.

"I love everybody," she repeated. "I don't hate anyone. If somebody hurt me, did something mean or cruel to me, I will not get mad, but I will try to find out why. If you always think that everybody has his own troubles, you will never feel mean." To understand all is to forgive all, the French proverb says.

"I HAD a very poor life," La Miranda said. "I wasn't rich. I began to work when I was eleven years old. I know what it means to go to bed without eating. Every time I have to play a tragic scene, I have only to think of my past. It's enough. I am so grateful for everything I have, so very grateful. I had to fight my way from the bottom. No matter what I did, I had to be first. I will go through that wall!" You sense her tremendous will power. She is not one to be easily discouraged.

Her mother lives in Milan. Her father died when she made her stage debut in a play by Pirandello after graduating from the Academy of Dramatic Arts in Milan. "He died suddenly," she said, tears gathering in her eyes, and smiling, in order not to cry. "The next day I had to go and play on the stage." She learned early the great and heroic lesson of the theatre: The show must go on!

She is an expert stenographer. Can take rapid dictation and type 100 words a minute. Besides her native Italian and English, she speaks French and German. Herman Kosterlitz, or Henry Koster, as we know him now, the guy who gave us Deanna Durbin, invited her to Vienna after she had made two pictures in Italy to play the feminine lead in *Diary of a Women Who Is Loved.* The part required that she learn German in two months. She did.

Her last picture in Europe was *The Life of Nina Petrovna,* filmed in Paris, with Fernand Gravet playing opposite her. She began her screen career by winning a nationwide screen contest in Italy to find "Everybody's Wife," and playing the lead in a picture of that name. Now she is in Hollywood for her world's championship fight. "I hope," she said wistfully, "the American public will like me."

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You'll See—**KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!**

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 66*]

Hollywood fashions go doggy. Look at Smoky, Isa Miranda's Hungarian sheep dog, wearing his first pair of longies

Hollywood and whenever Merle is in London. Also, that she has admitted to intimate friends that she is in love with Alex. And, finally, that Korda is legally a free man, having been divorced from Maria Korda for years . . . And that's that.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jerry Wald and pretty Jane Wyman—
A coupla hearts in chorus chimin' . . . !

■

THAN Olivia de Havilland and Howard Hughes, there are no two people in Hollywood who are more unpredictable, romantically speaking. And so it's really funny that these two should have given Hollywood plenty to whisper about, with their imitation of romancing . . .

It even got to the stage where Howard, the lanky millionaire flyer, was giving Olivia flying lessons. The more romantically-minded observers in Hollywood immediately began wondering whether this might be the prelude to another matrimonial twosome to parallel the Lindbergh-Anne Morrow picture. But just when it began to look a little bit serious, the picture changed—and now Olivia is just another of the gals on that long, long list of honeys Howard once knew. Because No. 1 gal in the Hughes life, right now, seems to be the unconquerable Marlene Dietrich, who always comes up smiling. Or even laughing out loud.

[*Continued on page* 70]

After a two year absence, Helen Twelvetrees returns to Hollywood to be directed by Louis King in *Persons In Hiding*

Margaret Sullavan was recently rewarded for her fine emoting in *Three Comrades*. She won the N. Y. Screen Critics' Award

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Left: *"Over-Ture" long-line brassiere, $1.50; Girdle No. 1443, Satin front panel, $3.50. Right: *"Intimo" bandeau, $1.00; Girdle No. 1321 (pantie); No. 1301 (regulation)—each $2.00

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Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full, radiant loveliness of blonde hair—a special shampoo that washes it shades lighter and brings out the lustrous, glimmering sheen, the alluring highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Called New Blondex, this amazing new combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it helps keep hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. Fine for children's hair, too. Get Blondex today—sold at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

Where Garbo Is Alone

[*Continued from page* 29]

reporter trails her from the studio gates until she turns into her own driveway. Since Garbo is not coming to the studio yet, catching up with her has been difficult.

Announcement of Garbo's reported marriage to Stokowski somewhere in Europe has made her future more unpredictable than ever. Because the man in the case is the recently divorced, famous symphony conductor, the public is doubly curious.

Here is the truth of the matter. Garbo is going about her business, reading scripts, checking the story, carrying on the regular routine she always follows before starting a new picture. To do this she has retired to a quiet, secluded spot, far from Hollywood. You know, she always did want to be alone.

This quiet spot is a new hide-out. It is not exactly new to Garbo, as she has been making secret sojourns there for the past two years. But it is new in the sense that Garbo has been able to keep this retreat away from the ears of Hollywood.

Three years ago when colds, aggravated by a sinus condition, and anemia, said to have been brought on by a too rigid diet, threatened to undermine her health, Garbo commenced to make trips into the desert near Palm Springs. Avoiding the crowded spas, she took a bungalow at a quiet retreat a few miles beyond the fashionable desert center. When that naturally, drew too many notables to suit the seclusive star, she started her search for a new escape from Hollywood.

Alone, in the rear seat of her old sedan, Garbo instructed her chauffeur to head for the road that followed *the other side* of the San Bernardino mountains. This towering wall of mountains is the dividing line between the green life and fragrant orange groves surrounding Riverside and San Bernardino (through which the road to Palm Springs winds) and the sun-baked Mohave desert on the north that stretches on and on into Death Valley.

LIKE an oasis in the desert, Victorville, a typical "wild west" town, headquarters for the cattle men and cowboys who ride the range, offers rest and refreshment to the weary traveler. So foreign is this desert village to anything pretaining to Hollywood it might as well be five hundred miles instead of one hundred miles distant from the film capital.

Garbo was intrigued with this hustling, lively little town, the like of which she had never seen before. Tanned, lean cowboys with bright scarfs tied around their necks, broad sombreros shading keen eyes, high-heeled spurred boots clicking on the pavement, went about their business with scarcely a glance in the direction of the slender blonde girl with straight hair, dark glasses and low-heeled shoes.

Looking around for a hotel Garbo was advised, "Good place to spend the night, Miss, is a sort of dude ranch about six miles on."

There wasn't a soul in sight when Garbo's car turned into "Yucca Loma." While the chauffeur made inquiry at the main building sprawling in the center of the grounds, Garbo surveyed the ten bungalows, tennis-court and riding-stable in the distance. The bungalows, she noticed, were set far apart insuring quiet and seclusion. The desert stretched on and on as far as the eye could see, except to the right where it seemed to melt into the purple shadows of the distant mountain.

There are one thousand acres of sagebrush, joshua trees and sand in the "Yucca Loma" Ranch. Leaving Victorville, the floor of the desert rises gradually until "Yucca Loma," six miles further, reaches an elevation of 3,500 feet. Although in the desert this high altitude assures a comfortable coolness even in summer. In winter there are occasional flurries of snow, while the mountain tops are white with it. In spring the barren waste becomes a carpet of vivid desert flowers spiked with the waxy, candle-like Yucca bloom, often referred to as the Lord's candles.

There is a swimming-pool as well as a tennis court at "Yucca Loma." It is fed by water piped from an artesian pool located near the base of the mountains. Incidentally, the owners do not advertise their place. They have no desire to com-

[*Continued on page* 71]

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 68]

And while Howard and Marlene are giving Hollywood plenty to talk about, Olivia has switched her smile toward Phil Kellogg, who has just finished a prior romance with Jane Bryan. And the old Olivia-George Brent thing is colder and deader than last week's can of sardines. George is too busy these days, contemplating the utter desirability of Bette Davis.

(Note: My, how these Hollywood boys and gals DO get around . . .!)

Meet Jack Holt's new dotta-in-law, Mrs. Tim Holt. The former Virginia Mae Ashcraft and Tim eloped to Yuma, Arizona

Hollywood was treated to a real old-fashioned wedding ceremony when Joan Woodbury-Henry Wilcoxon said "I do"

In *Ice Follies* you'll see Joan Crawford cutting up with those blades as she does a Sonja Henie. Jimmy Stewart co-stars

CUPID'S COUPLET: Johnny Weissmuller and Beryl Scott—Will they wed? I'll be amazed if not.

■

TALKING about Olivia and her heart affairs (if any, really), it seems that her home town of Saratoga, California—just a little pretty foothill hamlet about 350 miles north of Hollywood—is all agog over whether or not its most famous daughter will marry—and whom . . . ?

The betting gentry of the town have even gone so far as to make a pool. They say there's $160 in the "kitty" now, and that it's growing every day. Seems you can chip in a dollar, and file the name of the guy you think Olivia will eventually marry. When she does marry, the pool will be divided up, so that all the right pickers will have an even split of the money. And the wrongs will be out a dollar apiece.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET: Richie Arlen and Virginia Grey—Latest report: Still that way.

[*Continued on page* 72]

Where Garbo Is Alone

[Continued from page 69]

mercialize it. Once there, a guest is completely cut off from the outside world. There isn't even a telephone. So those who anticipate getting Garbo on the phone are in for a disappointment if they call "Yucca Loma." Yes, she wants to be alone, secure in her privacy—away from intruders and phone calls.

WHEN Garbo found it was not necessary to take her meals at the long "family style" table in the dining-room; that there was a bungalow with a kitchenette should she wish to prepare her own food, she was ready to stay. Inside the bungalow a wide fireplace was piled with logs ready to light as soon as the chill of the desert night descended. After supper, Garbo stretched out in front of the fire. The only sound to break the silence was the crackle of the dancing flames. At last Garbo had found the seclusion and quiet she had been searching for.

"The country," Garbo said on her recent trip to her native land, "is the only place where I feel free. Cities smother me." Garbo found a freedom on the desert that neither Sweden or Hollywood had ever given her.

Today when vague rumors circulate that Garbo and Stokowski are sojourning on his ranch or that Garbo has left for her ranch near Victorville, she is in all probability studying the script of *Madame Curie* at "Yucca Loma." It is doubtful if Stokowski or anyone else is with her.

Garbo, who is a law unto herself, breaking Hollywood precedents whenever it suits her convenience, would not hesitate to tell the world if she and Stokowski were married. She was speaking the truth when she announced to the Press upon her arrival in New York, "I am afraid you would all know it if I was married."

What has she to gain or lose by deception? Married or single Garbo will continue to live as she always has, aloof and secluded. A husband would not be permitted to interfere with her mode of life. Any man who married Garbo would certainly realize that.

If Garbo were looking for publicity, as is often claimed, an announcement of her marriage to Leopold Stokowski would bring flash headlines across newspaper fronts all over the world. That wouldn't bother Garbo, if she were married.

GARBO is a rare individual. Self means little to her. That is because her nature demands so little. Extremely simple in her tastes, with the habits of an ascetic, Garbo has proven time and time again that she does not want evidence of her success thrust upon her. Unlike the average successful person, Garbo does not need a mate to share her success in order to make it seem real and gratifying. To Garbo success is not the most important thing. Living her life as she sees fit is the most important thing to her. She can do that only when she stands alone. She always has. She always will.

Madame Curie will not be Garbo's last picture. In fact she expects to make two pictures before she returns to Sweden for her annual vacation. One will be a comedy, which she hopes her friend George Cukor will be free to direct.

Garbo will return to Hollywood as long as the demand for her is great enough to warrant the $300,000 she is said to receive for each picture. That is unless her health should prevent it. That Garbo is not robust is generally known.

The star will continue to act before the camera as long as she is popular because she knows there is no other way for her to have an active life apart from doing that. Unlike the average woman whose life is carried along on the crest of gay dinners, the excitement of crowds, the duties of a home, Garbo pours out her emotions and energy in front of the camera.

When Garbo's picture starts she will take up residence in a house within driving distance of Metro. She is in no great hurry to find that house. Her friends, Mrs. Viertel and Miss d'Acosta, are only too glad to have her spend as much time with them, as she will.

It is safe to predict that whenever Garbo is free, her car will head for her escape from Hollywood. Her favorite time is late afternoon when the misty veils of lilac and purple begin to settle down at the base of the mountains that tower in the distance. It is also safe to predict that Garbo will be alone.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 70]

Like father, like son, or vice versa. Mickey Rooney's old man, Joe Yule, does his part clowning in *Idiot's Delight.* Straight man, is your own favorite, Clark Gable

GAIL "Tiger Gal" PATRICK celebrated her second wedding anniversary, the other day. She and hubby Bob Cobb gave a dinner party for twenty palsy-walsies in his Vine Street Brown Derby, to let the world know that here's one Hollywood marriage that's lasted two years.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Al Newman and Mary Lou Dix—
That's one of Cupid's very best trix.

■

P. S.—and don't be surprised if it's Mr. and Mrs. Newman, any time, now.

[*Continued on page* 74]

You may be sure there's no more wrong way flying for Douglas Corrigan. Everything has to be done right for the camera. Joyce Compton knows so she repairs make-up

Here's Scarlett—at Long Last

[*Continued from page 24*]

the role. Vivien looks younger than she is.

However, *Scarlett* spoke with a Southern accent. How is Vivien, brought up on broad British A's, going to get around that? Well, George Brent, also British-born, managed a soft Southern slur in *Jezebel*. And if George could do it, why can't Vivien?

But how can she possibly get "inside" so American a character as *Scarlett,* when she has thought British all her life? Maybe her would-be detractors are right; maybe she can't. But no American was ever more American than Lincoln. And one of the best Lincoln biographies is by an Englishman, Lord Charnwood. One of the best Lincoln plays is by another Briton, John Drinkwater—who also wrote a pretty good play about Robert E. Lee. And one of the best Lincolns on the stage (*Abe Lincoln in Illinois*) is played by a Canadian, trained on the English stage—Raymond Massey.

The people who are objecting now to an English girl's playing a fictional American heroine haven't been so insistent before, that famous characters be played only by people of like racial background.

Otherwise, we never would have seen Paul Muni as *Zola* or *Pasteur* or *Juarez,* Norma Shearer as *Marie Antoinette* or *Elizabeth Barrett,* Tyrone Power as *Ferdinand de Lesseps,* Clark Gable as *Fletcher Christian* or *Parnell,* Katharine Hepburn as *Mary of Scotland,* Wallace Beery as *Pancho Villa,* Gary Cooper as *Marco Polo,* Claudette Colbert as *Cleopatra,* Marlene Dietrich as *Catherine the Great*—or, to bring the list up short, George Arliss as *Alexander Hamilton.*

Mention something like this, and the all-American zealots still cry: "But why give so American a role to an English girl? Isn't there one American girl who could play it?"

THE only answer is: David Selznick spent two years and a fortune to find one who could not only play it, but also look the part. There is no questioning the sincerity of his search. If he had been less sincere, *Gone With the Wind* would have been made, seen and forgotten long ago.

Oddly enough, there is no resentment about Leslie Howard's getting the role of *Ashley Wilkes, Scarlett's* haunting first love. *Ashley* is just as American, just as Deep-South as *Scarlett;* and Leslie is just as British as Vivien.

Get to the bottom of what antagonism there is against Vivien, and you come up with an ironic explanation. She pulled a *Scarlett O'Hara.* She did in Hollywood exactly what *Scarlett* did in Atlanta. A stranger in town, she walked off with the prize catch of the season, right under the noses of all the local charmers.

And, to make the comparison complete: She didn't foresee what would happen during her visit. When it did happen, she was excited, but not deliriously thrilled. Her catch complicated life.

There's a good deal of *Scarlett O'Hara* in Vivien Leigh besides the "arresting face," the devilish eyes. She is emotional, willful, unpredictable. She has the same fierce, fateful intention of living her own life.

Unexpected things happen to such people.

Like *Scarlett,* Vivien was born in a quiet, out-of-the-way place, among hills—a place that only people with money could afford. In Vivien's case, the place was Darjeeling, India. A resort town in the foothills of the Himalayas. Her parents had gone there to escape the heavy November heat of the lowlands around Calcutta, where her father was then a stock-broker.

The Event took place November 5, 1913.

SHE was born Vivien Hartley—the daughter of Ernest Richard and Gladys Robinson Hartley. With *Scarlett,* it was her father who was Irish, her mother French. With Vivien, the strains were reversed.

Scarlett's nurse was a coal-black mammy. Vivien's nurse was also dark-skinned—a Hindu *amah.* Except for that *amah,* she remembers little of India. She left it too young.

Her parents, like *Scarlett's,* were class-conscious. They wanted their daughter to grow up with her own kind, have the same advantages, the same education.

Vivien was five when her mother took her to England to start school. The first school was the Sacred Heart Convent in London. There at the same time was

[*Continued on page 85*]

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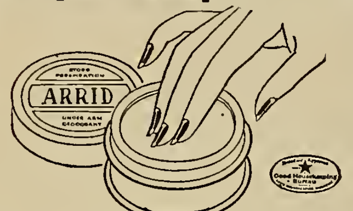

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 72*]

STILL keeping Hollywood in a dizzy spin, trying to figure out whose-who she is, at the moment, is June Lang, the lovely ex-wife of Vic Orsatti. . . .

Jitteriest moment she gave Hollywood in weeks was the other night, when she appeared at The Tropics with—of ALL people!—Orsatti himself!!! So bitterish was the parting between these two, a few months ago, that never did Hollywood expect to see them even recognize each other, much less go out together. But there they were, sharing a table! However, it was just a one-time flare-up, and whatever it was that caused it, it hasn't happened again.

Meantime, June has been out stepping with Junior Laemmle, who's one of the town's champion-getter-arounders. And also with Hal Roach, Jr.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Paul Douglas and Joan Valerie's
A twosome that's up in the higher calories!

■

OUT in the open at last, after lo, these many years, is Connie Bennett, with a frank admission to the world that this year, she's going to divorce the Marquis Henri de la Falaise et de la Coudraye—which is a mouthful in ANY language!

It'll be a Paris divorce. And then, Connie will come back and marry Gilbert Roland, who has been waiting for just that to happen for so long, now, that nobody can remember just how long. Except maybe Connie and Gilbert themselves, and they won't tell.

Hollywood believes that what brought the thing into the open has been the rumor that has been positively smoking, around the gossip-spots lately, that Connie and Gilbert were at the ice stage of their long-time romance, and that a handsome Hollywood agent had displaced Gilbert on the inside track in Connie's life.

Connie says that's all wrong. In fact, the word Connie uses is "ridiculous." Gilbert is still the hubby-to-be in her life.

■

LUCILLE won't have to spell her last name H-a-l-l instead of B-a-l-l for, anyway, two years more. She and Director Al Hall have decided to wait that long before they marry. Reason: "Too busy," they say.

STILL happily reunited, as your ol' Tattler types this, are the Edmund Lowes. And all their friends are happy. They have shoved off, at this moment, to Santa Barbara, for a sort of prolonged re-honeymoon. And the divorce lawyers seem to have lost some business. But not the moving men—on account of they're busy moving things back from the Hollywood Athletic Club to the Lowe home, after they'd just but barely finished moving Eddie's things in the vice-versa direction!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Eleanor Powell and Billy Seymour;
Is there fun?—there couldn't be more!

■

EVEN blasé Hollywood is a bit saddened at the spectacle of what's happened to the Jackie Coogans. As this is written, it looks like certain finis to their short wedded life—although Ol' Man Tattler wouldn't put any bets one way or the other.

But what burns Hollywood up is this: Finances, which have already made Jackie's life miserable, seems to be the break-up influence in the Coogan-Betty Grable life. Both Betty and Jackie insist that they're still in love—but that they can't make a go of double harness as long as Jackie hasn't a cent, and is not making a cent, while Betty herself continues in the money.

It sounds silly, doesn't it? But in Hollywood, the sillier things are, the truer they're likely to be. Hollywood does not—CAN not—live according to normal standards. Marriage between two cinema workers isn't as simple as ABC. There are so many factors that enter into the picture—money, a "front," friends, entertaining, and so on. And on what Jackie could (or, rather, couldn't) supply, Betty couldn't keep up to her professional requirements. And so, maybe, the kids are smart in agreeing to call it off—or, at least, call "time out" until Jackie's financial position is better.

And on the other hand, old man Tattler feels bound to report this, too—that even in Hollywood, there are still some who comment on the Coogan-Grable split by saying:

"Well, if they weren't any more in love than to let a few dollars get in the way, why, it's better that they admit it now and call quits."

Hollywood is like that.

■

AND it looks now as though you can discount all the Tone-Joan reconciliation dither 100 per-cent. Charles Martin means more, if you can judge from the fact that the Crawford-Martin combine is getting to be one of Hollywood's most usual sights.

As for Cesar Romero—that never was anything but a good-friend-good-dance-mate situation, with Joan. Cesar is Hollywood's gift to unescorted ladies who don't want to be taken seriously.

■

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It Ain't Gonna Rain No More

[*Continued from page* 44]

chance to teach English at the high-school in Lisbon, Me., I grabbed it. Along with the English classes I also coached the school dramatic productions and it was this sideline that eventually guided my footsteps toward the stage. Back in my own school days, and also while in college, I had fed my hankering for theatrical work by appearing in school-plays."

WHILE going to high-school in Worcester he became quite a track athlete and proves it by a handful of medals he won as a half-miler. At Bates he was a member of the cross-country team and the two-mile relay team which won the championship at the 1930 Penn Relays. We just mention this to show you that he could pick 'em up and lay 'em down when he wanted to go from here to there in a hurry. Maybe that's one reason why he's trying to run his career ragged by fretting himself into a dither over options.

"While at Bates," he says, "I joined the Bates 4-A Players and from then on I really had the itch for acting. Along with taking part in college dramatics I added more extra-curricular work to my heavy schedule by working on the Bates Student, the college weekly paper. I became editor in my senior year and was so proud of the appointment that for a while I thought I could make a name for myself as a writer. I gave up the idea, though, after graduation. And for a very good reason. I had to eat, and rejections, I soon discovered, didn't make a well-balanced diet for a guy who enjoyed three squares a day plus a few in-between snacks.

"During my work with the telephone company I managed to do some amateur theatricals in Providence, R. I., and Brockton, Mass., and what I learned through these little theatre groups not only came in good stead during my high-school teaching, but helped to bolster up the urge to barge some day into the professional theatre as an actor."

JEFFREY taught school one year and liked it—but he liked the theatre better and in order to prepare himself for a New York invasion he gave up teaching, went back to his home town, Auburn, hoping that he would get a job and save enough money for a financial back-log when he hit Broadway. Jobs in Auburn were so scarce that he finally went over to nearby Worcester and landed himself a clerkship in a department store.

"I didn't make much but I managed to save most of what I earned," he says, "and when I decided that I had enough to tide me over the 'lean and hungry' days I knew were coming, I headed for the Big Town. So far as jobs were concerned, New York was much like Auburn. There weren't any. I know because I walked so many times in and out of theatrical agencies that the men in charge would say 'No' without looking up to see if I was two other fellows!"

We'll say this for the ambitious youth from Auburn. He certainly kept on trying. Finally, much to his surprise and joy, he landed a night job as doorman at a newsreel theatre. And that was the closest he got to the footlights for months!

"It wasn't so bad at that," he admits now. "It was something, even, to be on the outside looking in. And it had this virtue. Working at night gave me lots of spare time during the day and I utilized it by entering the Theodore Irvine School of the Theatre—and that was the smartest move I ever made toward a theatrical career."

And he's not far wrong at that. For as a result of his work in this school's production he obtained his first real professional acting job—a summer stock engagement at the Barter Theatre of Abingdon, Virginia. Incidentally, this playhouse was established during the Depression by a far-sighted showman who initiated a new regime in show business. He accepted any salable or usable article of the same value in lieu of the nominal admission price of 75 cents.

"It was quite a sight," says Jeffrey indulging in a bit of reminiscence, "the first time I saw theatre patrons in that town come up to the show-window to exchange eggs and vegetables for admission tickets. Fortunately for us, the actors were paid in cash. We lived and staged our plays in what was once a women's college. The Depression had compelled the authorities to close the doors. That summer we used the auditorium to stage

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our productions, the dormitories for living quarters—and we lived mighty high on food we could purchase cheaply from the supplies taken in by the theatre manager."

After the season closed Jeffrey hitch-hiked back to Broadway—with Lady Luck perching right on his shoulder. In no time at all he got his first Broadway job in *A Slight Case of Murder.*

"I was understudy to the juvenile—a bit player and assistant stage manager," he explains. "From *A Slight Case of Murder* I managed to get a small part in Walter Hampden's *Cyrano de Bergerac.* We toured the country for a period of six months. I believe I learned more about acting during that tour than before or since and my two words of advice to aspiring young actors is to 'go trouping' even if they have to buy their way into a road show cast. The experience would be worth it."

The following summer Jeffrey went to Bar Harbor for another session in stock and when he returned to New York in the fall he became a clerk at Macy's. "There were no theatrical jobs in sight," he reveals, "and I had to eat those three squares a day. It wasn't long, however, before I was back of the footlights—this time doing bit parts in a road company of *Lady Precious Stream.* When the company returned to New York I was flat broke but I got a job with a wrecking outfit. The work paid better than 'bit' parts and after the first week I could handle a crowbar with the best of 'em.

"After there was nothing more to wreck with my crowbar I began shopping around for another theatrical job," he went on. "And I finally landed one—a leading role in the No. 1 road company of *Brother Rat.* We opened in Boston and finally reached Los Angeles. Before the show finished its playing dates here I made a test for M-G-M but nothing came of it. So I kept right on playing in *Brother Rat.*

"When the company reached Chicago a talent scout from Warners caught up with me and said that the studio had seen my M-G-M test, had liked it very much, and was considering me for a part in *Jezebel.* Well, it didn't take me long to stop, look, and listen. On Christmas day I signed a Warner contract and on January 1st I was in Hollywood. This was in 1937 and believe it or not, I'm still here—to stay, I hope, like the auto, the radio, and the airplane."

SINCE he's been with Warners, Jeffrey has played in *Cowboy from Brooklyn, Out Where the Stars Begin* and *Four Daughters.* No movie fan knew who he was and probably cared less for his performances in all these pictures save the last. But when *Four Daughters* was released people began to talk loud and long about him. And they've been talking ever since. They'll keep on talking when they see him in *Yes, My Darling Daughter.* Of course, you have to discount a lot of what Jeffrey says especially when he's staring that old bugaboo, Option Time, right in the face. The young man really isn't in his right mind when O. T. comes around.

Jeffrey is 28 years old, unmarried, shuns night-clubbing like the plague, chooses his friends carefully, plays golf, badminton, and tennis, eats like a harvest hand three times a day (with those in-between snacks he mentioned at the beginning), studies hard at the various tasks that will help to make him a good actor, likes Hollywood, hopes to take part in at least three good pictures in 1939 and then have time off to go trouping with a road show.

In other words, our ex-school-teacher is serious, ambitious, modest to a painful degree in comparison to other actors and, save for 24 hours before option time, as cool, calm, and collected as they come . . .

Pastes—to Your Taste

[*Continued from page* 64]

Melt butter, and *saute* onion, pepper and celery until softened and light brown. Combine with macaroni, and arrange in well-greased baking dish. Bake 10 minutes, hot oven (425° F.); remove cover top with grated cheese, and bake 10 minutes longer or until cheese is melted. (½-pound Swiss cheese, thinly sliced, may be substituted for grated sharp cheese, if desired, for top layer). (Serves 4).

Of course the above recipe could also be made with packaged macaroni or spaghetti or other varieties of tubes such as the convenient elbows, bowknots, cut fancy shapes of all types.

ANOTHER dish using not only macaroni but also a small portion of meat, with the tang of contrasting fruit is this—

MACARONI HAM AND APPLE ENTREE

¾	pound flat macaroni
1½	cups minced cooked ham
4	apples, pared and thinly sliced
½	cup sugar
1	cup top milk
2	eggs, well beaten
1	cup grated sharp cheese

Cook macaroni in rapidly boiling salted water, and drain. Combine with ham, and arrange thin layer in bottom of greased baking dish. Cover with layer of apples, and sprinkle with sugar. Repeat layers until all is used. Blend milk and eggs, and pour over. Sprinkle top thickly with cheese. Place dish in pan of hot water, and bake 1 hour or until apples are tender. (Served with a plain green salad, this makes a perfect one-dish meal.) (Serves 6).

Noodles differ from the other tubular yard goods in that a generous quantity of eggs is included with the flour in their manufacture. For this reason, they are preferably used in those special dishes where a mold or shape is desired—which every cook knows by the name of a "ring." These rings are not only easily made, tasty and economical, but they provide a receptacle in which to serve other creamed ingredients, chopped mixtures and sauces. A ring may be molded in any glass baking dish or in the special tin ring mold sold in every house furnishings department.

To make the ring, boil the noodles, spaghetti or macaroni in the rapidly boiling salted water until tender, and drain. Combine with additional beaten eggs, milk and seasonings, and fold in stiffly whipped egg whites. Turn into the well-greased ring mold, set in pan of hot water, and bake about 1 hour, moderate oven (350° F). Unmold on hot platter and fill center with preferred hot creamed mixture. Here are further delicious suggestions:

NOODLE RING WITH CREAMED SEAFOOD AND VEGETABLES

Noodle Ring: 1 8-ounce package noodles or spaghetti, 2 eggs, well beaten, 2 cups medium white sauce.

Creamed Seafoods:

1. *Salmon in Cream Sauce*: 1 can salmon, thin white sauce seasoned with celery salt and onion juice, minced green pepper, freshly cooked peas. Fill center of noodle ring with seasoned sauce and salmon, and top with green peas. Garnish with asparagus tips, if desired.

2. *Shrimp Creole*: 2 cups cooked shrimp, thin tomato sauce flavored with thyme, onion and garlic.

3. *Clams in Tomato Sauce*: 2 cups finely minced clams in thin tomato sauce seasoned highly with garlic, onion and herbs.

MACARONI, spaghetti and noodles require a zestful sauce to enhance their own neutral flavor. A cream sauce flavored with sharp cheese is always appetizing, especially if heightened with a suspicion of mustard and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Poured over hard-cooked eggs, the combination is a Number 1 choice for the Lenten luncheon. Here is the exact recipe:

SPAGHETTI WITH EGGS AND CHEESE SAUCE

½ pound spaghetti
2 cups medium thick white sauce
½ pound snappy cheese, cut in bits
¼ cup tomato catsup
1 teaspoon made mustard
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
grains salt and cayenne
8 hard-cooked eggs
Parsley or cress

Cook spaghetti in rapidly boiling salted water, and drain. Use double boiler to make sauce, melting cheese over low heat. Add catsup, mustard, Worcestershire, salt and cayenne. Arrange hot spaghetti on platter, heap sauce in center, and place hot halved eggs around outside. Garnish with parsley or cress, and serve immediately. (Serves 4).

The same results may be obtained even more quickly by using canned spaghetti or macaroni with added seasonings to taste.

Tomato sauce is perhaps most popular when used on these bland foods. One may either combine canned tomatoes with onion, parsley and herbs, simmer and strain; or one may use pre-flavored canned tomato juice or bottled tomato juice cocktail. Other ingredients which add to the success of the sauce are beef hamburg, chopped liver or seafood (especially clams or oysters). Boil any of the three types of tubes, blanch under cold water, and pour sauce over generously. Pass sharp grated cheese—and what a dish for Lent or any day in the whole year!

ONE usually thinks of these nourishing pastes as "hot dishes," but no, there are many ways in which to use them chilled or as cold salads. On a warm spring day, what more pleasing than a macaroni gelatin salad mold, or a macaroni and date custard, well chilled and topped with whipped cream? Prize recipes for these prize dishes are given in the special leaflet sent free to readers on request.

Canned macaroni and canned spaghetti are put up in several kinds of rich, zestful sauces, and in different size cans, each particularly useful for special occasion needs. Tomato sauce, cheese cream sauce are both appetizing and can be used in practically any recipe calling for freshly cooked spaghetti or macaroni. As a change from potatoes too, it is quicker and easier to open a can of spaghetti to be used as a side-dish to the Lenten seafood platter. Or for the worker who requires a substantial snack at night or at irregular hours, there is nothing simpler than to open a can of macaroni in tomato sauce—hot, tasty and satisfying, yet never indigestible. Keep a generous assortment on your pantry shelf, and you'll be ready for every hostess emergency.

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MP4

It's Happy Ending (We Hope) For Luise Rainer

[*Continued from page* 55]

AT THIS writing, Luise is keeping house for her husband in the home round which she was weaving her dreams last winter. There's been talk of her playing the lead in Sidney Kingsley's dramatization of *The Outward Room*. It may be just talk. Being Mrs. Clifford Odets undoubtedly suffices her for the time being. In the first flush of her joy, she said, "I will do everything he wants." He said: "I only want her to be happy."

There's still a career she presumably wants to go on with. Perhaps the pain of separation has made them both wiser, welded their union more firmly. Perhaps it will help the young playwright to bring to his own problem the same sympathetic insight he brings to those of the characters he creates.

They broke on a principle, which was swept under by the still greater force of their love. It's nice to believe they've found a happy ending. Love conquers all—we hope.

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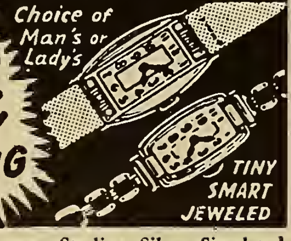

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The Canaries Sing Their "Swan Songs"

[*Continued from page 27*]

vitality, a director who was also a composer-musician (Victor Schertzinger), an expertly functioning production staff, made her first film a knock-out. Interest aroused by the film's novelty brought patronage to her second film, *Love Me Forever.*

In 1936 the formula, very confined because of the peculiar talents of the star, began to wear thin. No company can go on forever filming the story of a Vacationing Prima Donna who Finds Love, or the variation of the Girl with the Voice Who Makes Good. 1936's offering was semi-historical; a costume piece called *The King Steps Out.* Some of the audience followed the King's example when it was shown. No one can try an audience's patience and survive. That was the answer to La Moore's 1937 offerings: *When You're in Love* and *I'll Take Romance.* The latter was Theme No. 1, with slight variation.

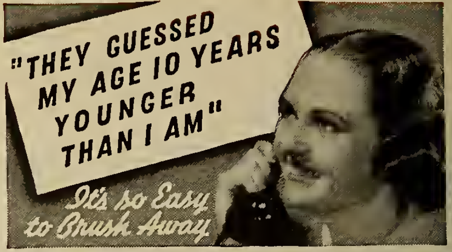
La Moore took the hint, gathered her entourage about her (it included one Spanish husband) and left Hollywood for New York, for radio, for Europe. Smart show woman, she left before the entire audience wearied of what she had to give. Not long ago in Paris she rested after finishing a French film of the opera *Louise.* It is a pioneer attempt to film opera as opera and not as operatic inserts in a dramatic story. It would be La Moore's special luck, which has never deserted her for long, to be the first artist to present a successful transcription. Of course, the whole thing is up to world audiences.

Gifted Gracie, in the meantime, has not forgotten Hollywood. She left a handful of memories, all in excellent publicity taste—"I won't co-star with a cow" when they wanted her to milk Bossie in *The King Steps Out,* "I'll not sing *St. Louis Blues . . .*" etc. Proof that she still has films in her mind is that she keeps a secretary busy in Hollywood answering her fan mail.

LA MOORE'S Hollywood defeat, if it can be called that, was not that of temperamental maladjustment, which has been the case with a few first-line artistes, but the fact that as a singing star she was limited in story material. It is this shoal, and this alone, that makes the "Met's" darlings flounder in cinema seas, says Jesse L. Lasky, minus the metaphor. Mr. Lasky is a producer, and the foster-father of opera in films. Obviously, he should know. Before 1927 and talking films, Mr. Lasky brought Geraldine Farrar to films and starred her in fourteen pictures, which included *Carmen.* Farrar's films made money, so Mr. Lasky put Caruso on the silent screen. The great Italian tenor was a little man, dumpy, physically not appealing, but funny, very funny. However, his humor could not take the place of his golden voice, and his films failed.

Unlike many film producers, Mr. Lasky has an honest virtu (*you* look it up) for the finer arts. When films started talking, his pulse quickened. Here was added scope for his musical friends' talents. He signed Nino Martini, tenor from Mussolini's land; Coloratura Lily Pons ("Vive la France!"); the good, the motherly, the departed Ernestine Schumann-Heink. With Martini he made one of the liveliest musicals ever to utilize "Met" talent—*The Gay Desperado.* Martini's second and last full-length feature

[*Continued on page 82*]



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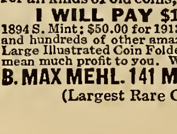

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PICTURE PARADE

THE MIKADO

—AAA½—

For the first time in cinema history you can see and hear a complete opera and while this may not be an auspicious debut it is a step in the right direction. Smartly, the producers chose *The Mikado*, Gilbert and Sullivan's most popular and familiar opera, for its introductory piece. And smartly, too, they put The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, one of the world's finest interpreters of Gilbert and Sullivan in it. They imbued the production with Technicolor and handsome settings and as *The Mikado*, in addition to its beautiful music, has plenty of humor this should find universal appeal. The honors go to Martyn Green who plays *Ko-Ko*, the Lord High Executioner, in grand voice and excellent style and some of the other D'Oyly Carte members—particularly Sydney Granville, Gregory Stroud, and John Barclay. Mr. Kenny Baker who is cast as *Nanki-Poo* appears self-conscious in his role, but we can sympathize with him because we think it was rather unfair to place him among such an experienced and distinguished Gilbert and Sullivan company. But then maybe Gilbert and Sullivan haven't box-office appeal, and Mr. Kenny Baker has.—*Universal.*

STAND UP AND FIGHT

—AAA—

We wish M-G-M would forget their conscience and stop trying to change the wrong they did Robert Taylor. Why not let the young man alone—he's all right just as he is. He's pretty, so what? Besides, you don't have to take Taylor on his "face value." He has proven himself an actor and when people go to the movies there are only two things they want—good characterizations and a good story. But, Metro, determined to make a he-man of Taylor scouted around until they hit on Forbes Parkhill's *Stand Up and Fight* as the vehicle to sell the new Taylor. And so you'll find Bob standing up and fighting it out with Wallace Beery. The story has action and suspense and love interest, too, but we'd rather have Taylor minus the bloody nose. The gentleman-lover role is far more becoming and natural to Bob. The time is 1850 when the iron horse was beginning to make trouble for the stagecoach and the abolitionists were making trouble for the slavers. The cast also includes Florence Rice, Helen Broderick, Charles Bickford, Barton MacLane, Charley Grapewin, John Qualen and Clinton Rosemond.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page* 83]

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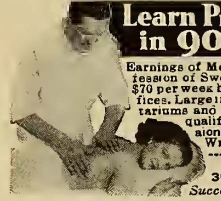

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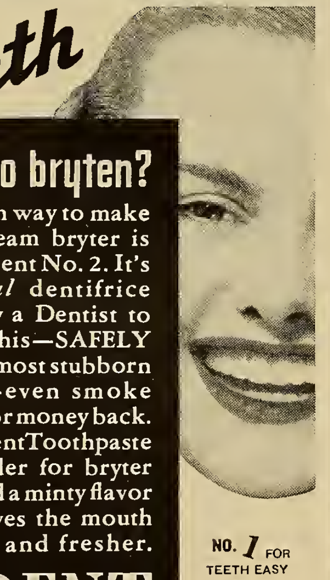

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The Canaries Sing Their "Swan Songs"

[*Continued from page* 80]

was last year's *Music for Madame,* which sounded nothing but discord at the box-office. With Pons, Mr. Lasky made a much-admired first film *That Girl from Paris,* and then an unimportant little number called *Hitting a New High.* He never did much with Schumann-Heink's talents because death intervened and halted her career.

Surveying the situation, Mr. Lasky sees films as an entirely natural medium of expression, a mirror that is held up to life. If the plot's dramatic action takes place on a desert—then to the desert go cameraman, director, troupe. If operatic personalities are introduced, and their talents exploited, it means halting the story's action to inject a song. In real life the hero does not burst into melody to express his emotions. His declaration of love takes the form of words. Therefore, in uniting opera and the motion picture, the unreal and the very real are lashed together to form hybrid entertainment. Then why not film opera as opera? With the preposterous plots of most of them? asks Mr. Lasky. The answer to that is to tear down the old plots, cut, and re-write. "But then have you opera?" queries Mr. Lasky. The answer is that you have not. And you may not even have entertainment.

GETTING down to brutal facts, the failure of the "Met" canaries to pick up regular birdseed in films, is, in many instances, due to their bad equipment for film work. Their voices have rare beauty, yes; but their dramatic technique belongs to Smithsonian. Declamatory gestures may be all right for *Tristan* but they look silly on celluloid, and love scenes have all the endearness of Dewey's going into action at Manila Bay. If the boys and girls are Grade-A in dramatics—and some of the younger members are—there is another disqualification. Their beauty. They aren't pretty according to cinema standards.

Baritone Tibbett is a case in point. He wasn't pretty enough for film requirements so the Make-up Department went to work on him. His physique was magnificent, they agreed; all six feet of it. He had a strapping chest and a swaggering carriage, which was all to the good. At his shoulders they stopped short. His face was definitely not photographic. When he sang his mouth looked like the hole in a doughnut, only bigger. You could see his tonsils. His head was small and round. But so were the early Greek gods'. His eyebrows were half-arcs, his eye-sockets full arcs. When "Make-up" got through curling, plucking, powdering, Tibbett was thoroughly reconditioned. This reconditioning helped make Tibbett's first singie, *The Rogue Song,* the sensation that it was. However, people also flocked to hear novelty.

Tibbett made six films in Hollywood. Even the lusty direction of W. S. Van Dyke and the sultry atmosphere contributed by Lupe Velez in *Cuban Love Song* failed to halt the growing audience atrophy regarding the baritone's films. His last, *Under Your Spell,* made for 20th-Fox in 1936, was downright dull. Tibbett's voice was unimpaired, but the story dealt with an Opera Star who Went on a Vacation . . . Again story shoulders the blame. At present, Tibbett is back at the "Met" from a Summer of concertizing in Australia. There is no talk about his return to picture-making.

[*Continued on page* 84]

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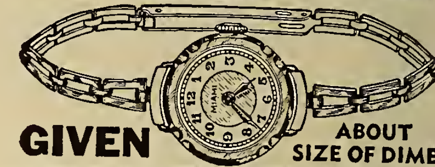

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PICTURE PARADE

THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—AAA—

Some people called it beginner's luck when John (Jules) Garfield hit the jack pot in his first role in *Four Daughters.* But when you see *They Made Me a Criminal*, you'll find that Warner Bros. weren't gambling when they made John a star after his initial venture—they were betting on a sure thing for John more than fulfills the promise he made in his striking debut. In *They Made Me a Criminal*, John plays a prize fighter with such punch that he'll have you all standing up and cheering for him. It is his performance of *Johnnie* that makes this such an impressive melodrama, although the Dead End Kids, Claude Rains, Gloria Dickson, May Robson and Ann Sheridan lend admirable support. *Johnnie's* manager frames him for a murder and then escapes with his gal and his money. He's killed in an automobile accident and the body is identified as *Johnnie's.* In the meantime *Johnnie* has taken to the road and keeps going until he collapses at the door of *Grandma Rafferty's* ranch house in Arizona. His regeneration begins there and almost ends there when he enters a fight contest to help Grandma out of her financial difficulties.—*Warner Bros.*

PARIS HONEYMOON —AA½—

We thought after seeing *Sing You Sinners* that Paramount had at last realized that Bing Crosby doesn't have to have a love interest in his pictures—in fact that he does better without them. But here they have not only lapsed back into habit again, but it seems as though they felt they had to make it up to Bing for his loveless life in *Sing You Sinners.* And so in *Paris Honeymoon* you find Bing with two loves on his hands. Which makes it rather difficult for Bing and for us, too. With Bing there's Edward Everett Horton (together they give us the best scenes), Franciska Gaal, Shirley Ross, Akim Tamiroff and Ben Blue. Bing, a cowboy without a trace of straw in his hair (thank goodness for that!) is all set to wed Shirley Ross when they learn at the last minute that Shirley hasn't completely erased the title her Count-husband bestowed upon her in an earlier marriage. They proceed to Paris to await the final decree so that they can enjoy a Paris Honeymoon (But like us they don't enjoy it either.), and then suddenly they change their minds and Bing's off looking for a castle. Here's where Franciska Gaal comes in.—*Paramount.*

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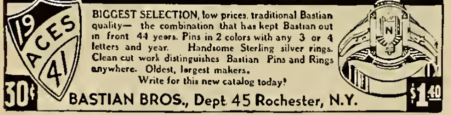

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The Canaries Sing Their "Swan Songs"

[*Continued from page 82*]

IN HIS place as First Singing Gentleman of Films is a solid, phlegmatic young fellow, lacking the dramatic fervor, the gusto of Tibbett. His name is Nelson Eddy, and his fans are legion. Opposite him in incredibly popular singing films is a young woman whose closest contact with big league opera was an invitation to sing at Milan's La Scala, some years ago. She refused. Yet between the two of them—Eddy is minus "Met" prestige; his alma mater is Philadelphia's Civic Opera—they bandy about operatic tidbits, sing operettas with great effectiveness, perform in duet and solo some of opera's finest arias. And all to vast audience delight. They have succeeded where the greatest voices of our day have failed. Why?

In the case of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald it may be that we, the audience, prefer melodious warbling, performed within the limits of our musical understanding, to voices superbly trained beyond our appreciation. Maybe, too, these artists are not hampered by the baroque gestures of operatic dramatics. Camera work, which they learned early, has taught them simplicity in acting. Too, their vehicles have been lively operettas—*Naughty Marietta, Rose Marie, Sweethearts*; all tuneful numbers that do not tax an audience's patience.

Nevertheless, with the success of Jeanette MacDonald, it is ironic to see mezzo-soprano Gladys Swarthout, one of the "Met's" comeliest stars, finishing up her Paramount contract as leading lady to a bank robbery in *Ambush*. She will not sing. She will get something like $60,000 for acting. It is the end of a contract that introduced her first in *Rose of the Rancho* in 1936. She made four singing films, one under the greatest difficulty, *Give Us This Night*, when she was cast with the temperamental Polish tenor Jan Kiepura. Swarthout and the public never really got together.

Hanging in the balance after her first film is the Hollywood career of Miliza Korjus, from Mittel Europa. *The Great Waltz* introduced her buoyant personality, the strength and breadth of her upper register. Korjus is not young, and she is as maternal in her appeal as Mae West. The lilting Strauss music created a pleasing aura for her debut, but her voice, her charm, is easily recognizable. New York's "diamond horseshoe" has yet to hear Korjus. To continental operatic circles her soprano voice is familiar. She sang at one time with the Berlin Opera Company. Her future in Hollywood, like the Hungarian Ilona Massey's, is very much a matter of conjecture.

IF RESPONSIBILITY for the failure of the "Met" songbirds in films is to be placed, it would probably rest on the limitations of story. With the exception of Kiepura, the temperamental Pole, whose passing appearance was made in one film (one was quite enough for Paramount), none of the ace warblers has been guilty of artistic snobbishness. Hollywood, and this sounds like the conventional "happy ending," has found the aria vendors tractable, friendly, and almost too anxious to be known as "good sports."

That American audiences do not care for unadulterated opera is another thing. If the "Met" stars are to succeed in cinema, they must first find an American Vespucci to discover new ways of presenting their talents on the screen. The Italians have always done great work for opera.

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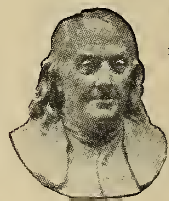

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Here's Scarlett—at Long Last

[*Continued from page* 73]

Maureen O'Sullivan. And there, at the age of eight, they both did their first bit of acting—in a convent production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The way the press-agents tell it, Vivien made up her mind then and there to become an actress some day, and clung to that ambition thenceforth. Actually, like any schoolgirl, she lived from one day to the next, thoughtless of the far future. And she had no chance to concentrate on dramatics, even if she had had the urge. The nuns were giving her a religious education, not a theatrical one.

At 14, she was sent to a French convent in Italy. A well-educated young lady had to know French. When she knew enough French, she was sent, for a year, to Mlle. Manileve's School for Young Ladies in Paris. There, her acting ambitions crystallized.

Her favorite teacher was the teacher of dramatics, who was an actress at the Comedie Francaise. Liking the instructress, she liked the course. Liking the course, she excelled in it. She made the discovery that she had an aptitude for dramatics. The teacher, whom she idolized, confirmed it—not only with words, but with leading roles.

That fired her to be an actress. But she had to be a well-educated young lady first. After the year in Paris, she had to go to finishing school. The one to which she was sent was in Bavaria.

German schools are famous for their discipline. By the time she escaped via graduation, Vivien was not only a well-educated young lady. She was also a well-developed young rebel.

She couldn't bear the thought of the life for which she had been prepared. The life of a young lady of quality, accomplished in holding either a teacup or a conversation, who could hope, in time, to marry well. Vivien didn't want to be Somebody's wife. She wanted to be Somebody, herself.

She broke the news to her family. They must have seen the flicker of fire in those pale green eyes. They gave her permission (and the werewithal) to enter the Academy of Dramatic Art in London. There she went, and there she was working hard when—because she was Vivien Hartley—the unexpected happened.

NOT only did she fall in love; she married. Aged nineteen years, one month, and fifteen days, she became Mrs. Leigh Holman, wife of a prominent young London barrister.

To her amused friends, it looked as if, after all, she was going to live the life for

Gone With the Wind has been finally cast—and in the central role of *Scarlett O'Hara* is Vivien Leigh. *Melanie,* is Olivia de Havilland, and Leslie Howard has the role of the sacrificing *Ashley.* The players study script of the picture—which has gone into production and will be "shot" in Technicolor. Clark Gable plays *Rhett Butler*

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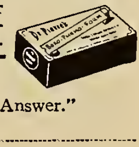

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which her whole schooling had prepared her—the life of a poised, cultured, but submerged female.

Vivien fooled them. Her three-month honeymoon didn't quench her fiery independence, her determination to know self-expression. After the honeymoon, she went right on with her dramatic studies.

She still hadn't played her first professional role, still hadn't taken her husband's first name as her last for stage purposes, when her studies had to halt. She was to become a mother. And did become a mother—of a girl, Suzanne—in 1934.

But, with *Scarlett*-like willfulness, she wasn't going to let either marriage or motherhood keep her from being what she had determined to be.

When Suzanne was old enough to be entrusted to a nurse, Vivien set out to test herself as an actress. She hadn't yet had the chance to do it. She could never be happy till she had had the chance.

Contrary to popular impression, she didn't start on the stage. She started in pictures. As a "bit" player. Two small "bits" led to two larger parts. These led, in turn, to a stage offer of a role in *The Green Sash*, her acclaim as a "find." Every British film producer tried to sign her. She did two more plays before she did her first major picture. Then she kept alternating pictures with plays.

AMERICANS caught their first glimpse of her in *A Yank at Oxford*, in which her onetime schoolmate, Maureen O'Sullivan, finally won Robert Taylor. Americans first heard of her when Bob returned from England and, in interviews, raved about an English girl named Vivien Leigh (pronounced "Lee"). He said Hollywood ought to go after her.

Hollywood didn't listen. David Selznick certainly didn't. He didn't ask her to come over for tests. Nobody asked her to come over. Nobody, that is, except possibly Laurence Olivier.

Early in her self-expression quest, Vivien's determination to have a career of her own led to an estrangement with her husband. And—in one of her first pictures, she played with Olivier, who was in the throes of a growing estrangement with his actress-wife, Jill Esmond. They were attracted to each other. They became good friends. Then better friends. And, finally, inseparable friends.

It's an accepted conclusion by those who know them that, when both are free, they will marry each other. But don't expect divorce suits until after *Gone With the Wind* is on that Technicolor film. After finally finding *Scarlett,* after that frantic search, you can be sure that David Selznick has assurances that she won't be involved in any divorce publicity for months to come.

However, it's a fairly safe bet that Vivien Leigh wouldn't have arrived in Hollywood last December if Laurence Olivier hadn't arrived a few weeks earlier to co-star with Merle Oberon in *Wuthering Heights.*

Anyway, soon after *Wuthering Heights* started, Vivien Leigh arrived in Hollywood. The date was December 6. Press photographers who recorded her incoming smile also recorded that she was here "to spend the holidays with Mrs. Harry B. Ham of Beverly Hills and pay her first visit to the film capital." They added that she denied any interest in a Hollywood career.

No one thought of asking her if she was a candidate for Scarlett, as countless other new arrivals had been asked. For one thing, she was English, not American. For another thing, the *Scarlett* business was practically settled. If Goddard didn't get it, Lombard would—unless Jean Arthur beat them both out.

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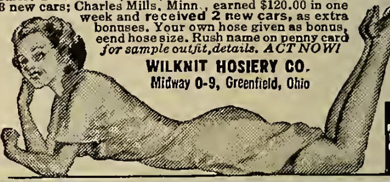

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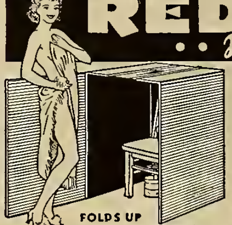

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True Confessions

Yet, just fifteen days later, a columnist broke the incredible news that Vivien Leigh was also in the race.

Her entry was purely accidental. A quirk of fate. She met Myron Selznick, the w. k. players' agent, and he asked her if she wouldn't like to see the night shots of the burning of Atlanta: the first scenes to be filmed for *Gone With the Wind*. David Selznick would be there, and Myron wanted her to meet him. She might do a picture for Selznick sometime. She went. She met Selznick in the bright glow of a burning set. He stared at the girl, practically goggle-eyed. He couldn't see her by different light fast enough. And when he did see her by ordinary light, he said, "I want you to make some tests as *Scarlett*—very secretly."

He had to be secretive. If she didn't turn out to be as much like *Scarlett* as she looked, why antagonize the local talent by letting anyone know that he had, at the last minute, considered an English girl? The tests had to be not only super-secret. They had to be super-exhaustive. He couldn't afford even to consider an English girl for the part, unless, in a whole series of tests, she was more like *Scarlett* than anyone else had been.

She wasn't handed the role on a silver platter, tastefully engraved with hands-across-the-sea sentiments. She had to take tests that no other girl considered for the part had to take. Not once, but twice.

She had to be more than lucky to pass them. She had to be good.

HER reward was more than the most-discussed role in movie history. Stardom goes with it. And, in time, the salary of stardom . . . though, as the picture gets under way, she is the lowest-paid of all the leads.

But the important thing to Vivien Leigh is not how much fame, or how much money, she may eventually get. The important thing is that, when her great chance unexpectedly came, she was equal to it. She proved herself—to herself.

Irony pursued *Scarlett*, even in her triumphs. And it is pursuing Vivien, even in hers. She may have a great Hollywood career ahead of her, but it may separate her from the man who, presumably, inspired her visit. Laurence Olivier's plans, unless he changes them, have an English setting. And if he does change them, and remains in Hollywood, and she becomes a greater star than he—what then?

> And this is what the author, Margaret Mitchell, says: "She has the most Irish look I have ever seen with the word 'devil' in her eye. She looks as if she has plenty of spirit and fire, not at all like a languid Hollywood girl. Naturally, I am the only person in the world who really knows what *Scarlett* looks like, but this girl looks charming. She is certainly pretty. She has a good smile. She doesn't look over 16. She should have little trouble with the accent needed. I believe it would be much easier to develop the necessary accent with English actors and actresses than with an American actor or actress from New England, for instance. Research has revealed that cultured Georgians of the War-between-the-States era were more English than are present-day Georgians."

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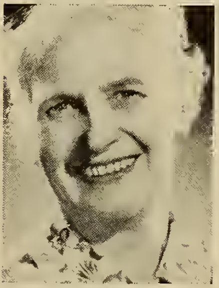

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California, Here We Come

[*Continued from page* 13]

in pictures you will see weeks later in your neighborhood playhouse. You will meet stars on the lot. And, best of all, you will be the guest at cocktails of a star whose name is known from Coast to Coast.

You will have lunch with the stars at studio commissaries. You will be taken on trips through Hollywood and Beverly Hills, where the stars live, and visit the beaches and resorts where they spend their leisure moments.

LEAVING Hollywood after a whirl of parties and sightseeing tours, you will board your special train again and speed up the coast to San Francisco. For two full days you will enjoy the spectacular Golden Gate Exposition on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay, and explore the fascinating attractions of the great Pacific Coast metropolis—Chinatown, Golden Gate Park, Fisherman's Wharf and all the other points of interest you have read about. Then, at the end of the second day, you will board one of the world's largest and most modern river steamers for an overnight trip across San Francisco Bay to Sacramento. There you will meet the special train again and begin an interest-crammed homeward trip through Reno, Salt Lake City, Denver and the towering peaks of the Colorado Rockies.

For complete information about this summer's two Movieland Tours, clip out the coupon on page 13 and mail it right away to MOVIELAND TOURS, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. In return you will receive a free illustrated booklet, containing complete details of the tour, itinerary, scenic vistas and all the information you want to know about the most thrilling vacation you have ever experienced.

Summer will be here before you know it. So act promptly. Mail the coupon today. It places you under no obligation. But it will probably inspire you to set aside your two weeks' vacation for the never-to-be-forgotten adventure of a Movieland Tour. If it does you will never regret it.

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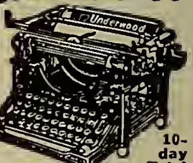

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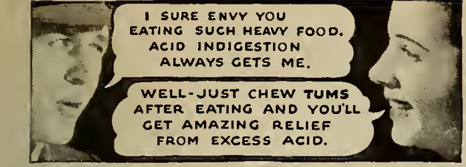
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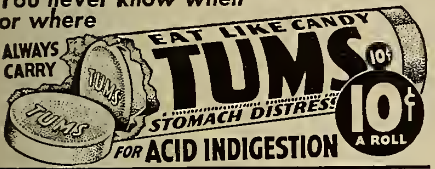

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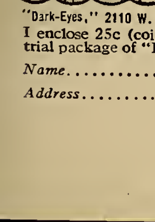

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Ty Loves 'em and Leaves 'em

[*Continued from page* 57]

evidently, Ty was stronger than their faith in him. For after only the briefest kind of a date in Rio, it was all over. Ty was back in New York, and so was Annabella. He came up by boat; she took a plane—with a stop-over in Miami. She wasn't telling anybody what had happened there, although she didn't appear any too pleased about the state of the world. The Miami and New York reporters hounded the both of them about the romance. But they wouldn't commit themselves. They flew back to Hollywood together after a brief stay in New York.

A great disappointment is liable to make a person feel like Annabella seemed to be feeling at this stage. But whatever it was, one thing is certain: Ty's still a bachelor, and Annabella isn't Mrs. Power. . . .

AND so, to date, there is still only one Mrs. Power—and she's Ty's ma. She, like Ty himself, intends to keep it that way. Like Ty, himself, she is outspoken and frank about it. She told me, some time ago: "I'm not jealous of Ty for any girl; I'm jealous only for Ty's career. Ty has had 'a girl' ever since he was in first grade in school. He'll always have 'a girl.' Maybe he inherits it from me. I first fell in love when I was five years old, and I think Ty's the same way.

"He never asks my advice about his girls. But he does tell me about them, always. I'm not the kind of mother who has to learn about her son's love-life from the newspapers. I know he definitely plans not to marry for many years. I hope he sticks to that plan. I think it is important to him and his career. If he marries, I'll be disappointed. I'm frank about that."

So there you are. There have been "Michael" and Helen and Sonja and Loretta and Alice and Irma and Janet and Jane and Annabella—and heaven knows who else. Ty is an astute young man and an attractive one and there's no reason at all why he couldn't be having a number of other girl friends who don't break into the news columns or even into Hollywood gossip. I've heard things, but let's skip it.

SO what next? Or rather, WHO next? We on the inside, here in Hollywood, won't be surprised at all, no matter who's the next hot-shot on Ty's list. We'll only be surprised if he marries her. Despite those silly interviews he gives out now and then. You can discount them with the realization that Ty is a master showman. He has inherited that from his pa, a master of theatrics. Ty knows that in the midst of his whirl with the girls, he can get a lot of publicity by passing out twaddle about "some day—maybe pretty soon, now!—I'll marry and settle down with a fire-place and a wife and carpet-slippers and a smelly old pipe and read the Sunday funnies to my kiddies, God bless 'em." So he says it, and editors who don't know better go ahead and print it. And Ty laughs because all the time he's got his tongue in his cheek.

He doesn't mean a word of that sort of talk. He's not having any matrimony, thank you, because he's having too much fun without it.

Some day, of course, some girl is going to come along and fool him. They always do. Ty's no superhuman. But whoever she is, she'll have to be GOOD.

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TO HER FINGERTIPS

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POLKA DOT *Hansen Glamour Gloves, worn by Rosemary Lane —appearing in "The Oklahoma Kid," a Warner Bros. Picture.*

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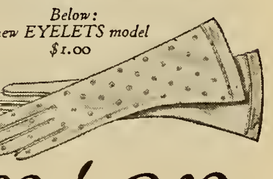

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THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

●

Remember Baby LeRoy? The former baby star is now a little man in military outfit—and greets Bob Taylor

●

If you've wondered about Peggy Shannon you'll find her parked on a sofa in *The Adventures of Jane Arden*

The Hollywood boys will surely take up skating now—just to be seen with Nan Grey when she wears this

Sam Goldwyn has first conference with James Roosevelt, his new vice-president in latter's studio office

[*Continued from page* 41]

Kiss Proof

■ Sweetest practical joke of the month—was played on John Garfield, and now he wants them to do it again. It was while they were shooting *They Made Me a Criminal,* at Warner Brothers' movie factory. In on the gag were Director "Buzz" Berkeley, and lovely Ann Sheridan.

It was a scene where Garfield, having just won a prize fight, celebrates with Ann. They sit on a couch. He's supposed to kiss her. So they sit, and Berkeley instructs: "Now, John; when the cameras start rolling, you just grab her, tip her back, and kiss—and don't break the clinch until I give you the word. . . !"

So off went the scene. BUT—Buzz never yelled "Cut!" And for 74 seconds, Garfield held his lips glued—and HOW!—to Ann's luscious ones. Finally, Berkeley laughed. So did Ann, who was likewise in on the joke. That busted it up. Garfield gasped for breath for two minutes.

"I hope they always play such jokes on me. I just love 'em," he commented.

Butch

■ You don't have to believe it, but Freddie Bartholomew's newest nickname is —(heaven help us!)—"BUTCH" . . . !

Smellers

■ CAUSTIC COMMENT of the month came to Hollywood from the student newspaper of the University of Colorado, which editorialized:

"Double feature shows are the third stage of movie evolution. First they had SILENT ones; the next group TALKED. And now the ones they show on double-feature bills SMELL!"

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On Waffles

Delicious on Oatmeal and other cereals . . . TRY IT!

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Motion Picture

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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MOTION PICTURE 10¢

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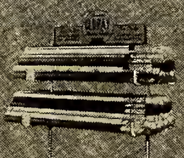
SEX IS HERE TO PAY! PAGE 26

HOLLYWOOD DECLARES WAR ON DICTATORS

15¢ CLOPAY *Lintones*

Before you buy window shades, go to your nearest 5c & 10c or neighborhood store and see the new CLOPAY Lintones for Spring!



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No girl need risk losing romance—when MUM so surely guards charm!

HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? How could he write those heart-breaking words? After all his tender promises to love her always—how could he hurt her like this? There was no warning, except the coolness she had barely noticed—and too easily dismissed.

But how significant it should have been for any girl in love! For when a man grows less attentive—distant—cool ... there is a reason. So often the girl who loses out has grown careless—has foolishly neglected to use Mum!

Even fastidious girls make this mistake. They think a bath alone is enough when underarms always need Mum. They fail to realize that the freshness of a bath soon fades. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—never odor to come. That's why it's so important *never* to neglect Mum! Mum keeps you fresh *all day*. More women use Mum than any other deodorant. It's so pleasant ... so easy to use ... so sure to guard your charm!

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MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric—use it even *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum is soothing to your skin!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. With Mum, you're sure underarm odor won't break the spell of your charm. Mum keeps you *always* fresh!

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Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know that it's gentle and safe!

SMART GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

I'LL USE MUM—NOW THAT I'VE LEARNED EVEN A DAILY BATH ISN'T ENOUGH FOR UNDERARMS...
TO HERSELF: MUM HAS KEPT ME FRESH, ALL RIGHT. TONIGHT I'VE REALLY BEEN A HIT.
MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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MAR 27 1939

THE STAR NOBODY UNDERSTANDS

Jean Arthur is unlike any star in Hollywood. She is different—and that's why Hollywood does not understand her. Now what makes Jean Arthur different from other stars? What is it that gives her that unusual personality? Your answer will be found in the June MOTION PICTURE—which also carries all-revealing stories about Paul Muni, Marlene Dietrich, Fred Astaire, Annabella, and Cesar Romero. The newest candid camera art of Hollywood activities will interest you—as well as phata galleries of your favarites and the liveliest gossip found in any screen magazine. Order yaur June capy now from your newsdealer.

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LAURENCE REID
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Volume LVII. No. 4 MAY, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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THE MEMORY *Lingers* ON

Mother (Nature) knows best so Jean Parker takes a tip from her and flowers in the spring—flowers in her hair, on her gown, her perfume. *It's Spring Again* for Jean and as romance blooms in the spring you are sure to find a romance springing up between her and James Ellison, her co-star

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND? NONSENSE. USE GOOD SCENTS TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION AND THE MEMORY OF YOU WILL LINGER ON

By
DENISE CAINE

CAN you imagine any man "forgetting to remember" anyone as pretty as Jean Parker? That frothy frock . . . those shining curls . . . that petal-smooth skin . . . all guaranteed to haunt any young man's dreams.

But the picture, lovely as it is, tells only half the story. It can't convey the flower-fragrance that surrounds her. For Jean always uses perfume so that the memory of her freshness lingers on after she has taken her pretty self off.

A faint fragrance trails after her as she walks, surrounds her when she dances. It doesn't shout for attention. It's just a part of her. Being with Jean is like walking in an old-fashioned garden after a spring rain.

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If you're having trouble choosing the right perfume, keeping your skin clear or taming fly-away hair, write Denise Caine today. A three cent stamp (U. S. postage, please) on a return envelope is the only charge for her advice. Send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York.

Jean isn't the only glamor girl to follow this procedure. Joan Bennett declares that a bath scented with lavender is the start for her beauty routine. It relaxes tired nerves, makes her feel fresh and feminine again. Rosemary Lane loves to loll in a bath of scented bubbles. Flower-scented bath oil is Gladys Swarthout's recipe for starting the day off right.

Madeleine [*Continued on page 67*]

The Portrait of a Free Soul

NOW SEE THIS FACE ON THE SCREEN!

Out of the blazing fires of her genius, the screen's most gifted actress has created a gallery of unforgettable women. Now Bette Davis, the winner of two Academy Awards, comes to you in the climax of all her dramatic triumphs. In the role she has waited eight years to play. In the greatest picture of a woman's love that the world has yet seen. See "Dark Victory," a Warner Bros. picture, at your theatre Easter Week!

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TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

Be Popular! Check up on *your* charm with Tangee Charm Test, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________________ (Please Print)

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*City*__________ *State*__________ F59

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

By HARRY LANG

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

Claire James, Hollywood charmer, came in second at Atlantic City beauty show. Her nifty gams are taking her places on screen

Chas. Rhodes

Just as soon as Rea Gable wins her divorce you can look for Clark to marry Carole and spend honeymoon on a Caribbean cruise

SO, ANYWAY, Nelson Eddy won't have to go very far if he ever has a love-spat with his brand new bridie-widie, Ann. On account of, you see, he's had a special apartment included in the honeymoon cote. And the special apartment is to be especially fitted and permanently reserved for Mama Eddy.

Always one of Hollywood's most dutiful sons, Nelson is carrying that record right into his married life. And so far, Wifie Ann thinks it's nice.

They're very happy together, as this is written. They're off on Nelson's personal-appearance and concert tour, which is serving as their honeymoon. Combining business and pleasure, you know.

Hollywood likes Ann Franklin—beg pardon, Ann Eddy it is, now—very well, indeed. She's three years older than Nelson. And has a 14-year-old son.

When they return from this extended concert tour they'll settle down in new home being built in Beverly Hills.

[*Continued on page* 10]

What does a Woman want most?

LOVE! says the glamorous star of Paramount's "Midnight." "That's why beautiful skin is important. I use LUX SOAP—it helps guard against COSMETIC SKIN."

LOVE! says this popular Samuel Goldwyn star. "No woman can be happy without ROMANCE. That's why it's foolish to risk COSMETIC SKIN. Screen stars use LUX SOAP."

Skin must be soft and smooth to pass the LOVE TEST

THE eyes of love look *close*. Foolish to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil romance! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—guards against the *choked pores* that cause Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap. This soap guards the world's loveliest complexions. *Your* skin needs its gentle, protecting care!

YOU want skin that's soft enough, smooth enough to pass the LOVE TEST! So use gentle Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

A new outlook on the whole hygienic problem of women is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented *internal absorbent*. This principle has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for all classes of women.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton, contains *no paper*. Tampax is extremely efficient in its protection; no odor can form. Each individual Tampax is hygienically sealed in patented applicator—quite unlike any other product. No disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Tampax and Junior Tampax. Month's supply 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.

"A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse"

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Accepted for Advertising by The Journal of The American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED, FWG-59
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Send introductory package with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins). Size is checked below.

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Name ____________

Address ____________

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 8*]

Chas. Rhodes

It has taken Ann Sheridan to make Cesar Romero serious for the first time in his romantic career. Weddin'? Mebbe

HOLLYWOOD'S romance-giggle is Gene Markey's attachment for Hedy, the lovely Lamarr. What Hollywood snickers at is NOT that Gene goes for Hedy. Who wouldn't? But it's because Gene is the ex-hubby of Joan Bennett, than whom nobody in Hollywood looks more like Hedy, when she wants to! ! !

Ah well, probably Gene's just one of those creatures of habit we hear about. . . ?

■

DON'T be surprised if Rea Gable is married again, practically just as soon as Clark . . . ! As this is written, Mrs. G. is in Nevada, doing the six-weeks stretch there which the state requires before it hands out one of those Reno divorces. And probably, by the time you read this, Clark and Carole Lombard'll be mrandmrs. They plan to do the I-do trick the very first weekend after Rea gets the decree.

Chas. Rhodes

Among those who get around Hollywood—never missing the social doings are the Gary Coopers—seen here at a preview

Wide World

While Joan Crawford has a new romance in Charlie Martin since busting up with Franchot Tone, you needn't look for a wedding. Such a tie-up won't take place

BUT—insiders here in Hollywood are laying bets that Clark and Carole won't get married any quicker than Rea and that boy friend of hers.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Here's a twosome, gay and merry—

Ronald Reagan, Alyne Sherry.

■

EDDIE NORRIS, not long divorced from Ann Sheridan, is certainly having his embarrassing moments, these wifeless days—

[*Continued on page 12*]

More than a $10.^{00} SAVING –

1881 ROGERS

By ONEIDA LTD. *Silversmiths*

Lovely
ANN SHERIDAN
appearing in "Dodge City," a Warner Bros. Production, sets her table with this fine Silverware Service of Stars.

THE *New* *Del Mar* DESIGN –

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Your dealer is now offering this lacy Tid-Bit Server, in DEL MAR design (ideal for gifts or bridge prizes) at only

25¢ REGULARLY $1.^{00}

The SERVICE OF THE STARS

Yes, it's the selfsame kind of silverware chosen by so many glamorous Hollywood Stars. And now is the time to make this beauty yours. You can own a 58-piece Service for eight, a Tarnish-Proof Chest and a lovely, lacy Flower Vase (6¾ inches high) — *all* for only $29.95. If bought separately they would cost you $42.25. So you see you really do save *more* than $10.00. . . . Choose one to be really *yours*, from four lovely designs . . . shown at your silverware dealer's.

Copyright 1939, Oneida Ltd.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

Chas. Rhodes

When Mary Pickford, Mary Brian, Gail Patrick, Dorothy Lamour and Sally Eilers get together for luncheon at the Beverly Brown Derby they favor little pig sausages. These are served hot in a chafing-dish. They stab 'em in the middle with toothpicks

First of all, what happens but that someone peddles the rumor that Eddie and Louise Stanley (of ALL people!) had eloped and gone through a week-end marriage. Both Eddie and Louise had a busy time denying that one—explaining, for one thing, that neither Eddie nor Louise have a final decree . . . ! ! And for another thing, it isn't Louise that's got Eddie tied up in romantic knots; it's really Margaret Lindsay.

All you've got to do, to know that, is to see the two of them having lunch together. It isn't the food that gets them!—they just ignore the food, while they sit and look into each other's eyes and hold each other's hands and coooooooo. And just the other day, they were doing precisely that, in the Warner studio lunchroom, right beneath a photograph on the wall. And they were so engrossed, they didn't notice that it was a portrait of Eddie's ex—uh huh—Ann Sheridan!!!!

The other night, Eddie got into more involvements. It was after a preview. He and Nancy Kelly, who's but 17, gave a joint party. But so careful was everybody—Eddie himself, and Nancy's ma, not to mention the studio press department—that they were forbidden to enter or leave the preview theatre together, to prevent news shots being taken of them as a twosome!

Love, in Hollywood, is soooooo complex!!

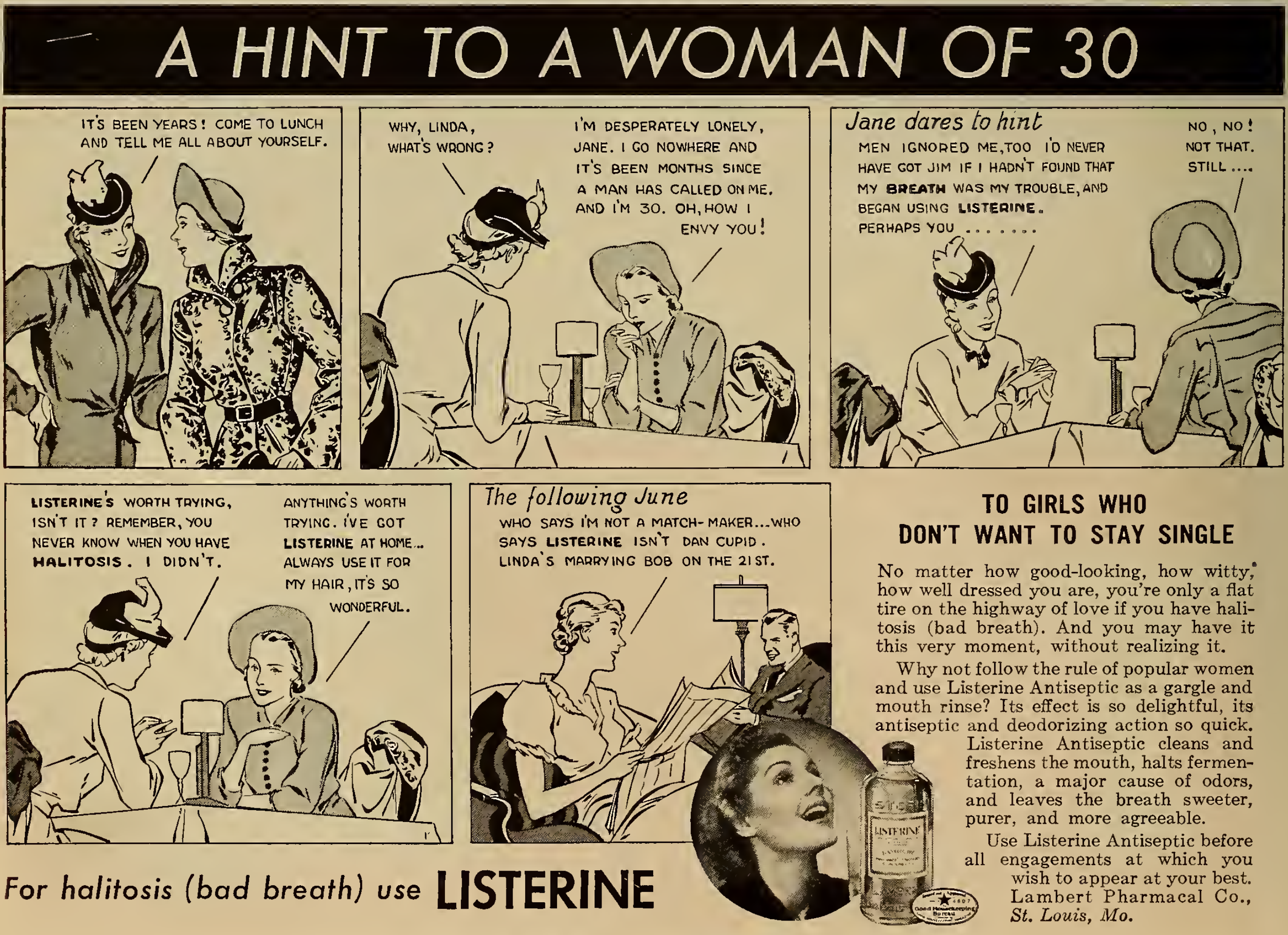
■

CUPID COUPLET:
Hoss-Jockey Westrope and lovely Nan Grey
Holding hands! Can they be that way?

■

HOLLYWOULD LIKE TO KNOW: If Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are really secretly married?—and when they're going to let the secret out, officially?—and why, in spite of Priscilla admitting it to her intimate friends, her mama insists on saying 'tain't true !!?

[*Continued on page* 14]



A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30

IT'S BEEN YEARS! COME TO LUNCH AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF.
WHY, LINDA, WHAT'S WRONG?
I'M DESPERATELY LONELY, JANE. I GO NOWHERE AND IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE A MAN HAS CALLED ON ME. AND I'M 30. OH, HOW I ENVY YOU!
Jane dares to hint
MEN IGNORED ME, TOO I'D NEVER HAVE GOT JIM IF I HADN'T FOUND THAT MY BREATH WAS MY TROUBLE, AND BEGAN USING LISTERINE. PERHAPS YOU ....
NO, NO! NOT THAT. STILL ....
LISTERINE'S WORTH TRYING, ISN'T IT? REMEMBER, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE HALITOSIS. I DIDN'T.
ANYTHING'S WORTH TRYING. I'VE GOT LISTERINE AT HOME... ALWAYS USE IT FOR MY HAIR, IT'S SO WONDERFUL.
The following June
WHO SAYS I'M NOT A MATCH-MAKER...WHO SAYS LISTERINE ISN'T DAN CUPID. LINDA'S MARRYING BOB ON THE 21ST.
LISTERINE

TO GIRLS WHO DON'T WANT TO STAY SINGLE

No matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it this very moment, without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

For halitosis (bad breath) use **LISTERINE**

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

HOUSEWARMING-Party Gift-of-the-Month:—was the one delivered to Clark Gable on the night he had all his palsie-walsies out to his new ranch in the San Fernando Valley. It was a sack of—ahem!—fertilizer! ! ! And most innocent face among the guests when it was delivered, right in the front room in the middle of the party, was Carole Lombard's. . . Whoopingest night of years at the Victor Hugo was when Jackie Cooper and his band put on an evening! Mickey Rooney helped, and bow! Mickey sang some of his own inimitable compositions, and even did a wrestling act, to show his versatility. Judy Garland gave out with song. Tommy Wonder and Peggy Ryan did some swing dancing that left the jitterbugs gasping. . . . Newest Party-Idea in Town: —is the formation of the 400 Peanut Vendors Rhumba Club. They've taken over La Conga for Sunday nights. Members—it includes the biggest names in town—pay $5 a month fees. For that they get supper free, and 20 percent off on all drinks. And La Conga is closed, that night, to all but members. Not only La Conga, but several of the other nite spots are going for this Little-Club idea which seems to be so popular in Hollywood. . . The Little Hungary has itself an occasional "Coffee House Concert" which is made up of a group of the foreign stars, such as Paul Lukas, Gabriel Pascal, the Will Dieterles, Miliza Korjus, Sigmund Romberg, *et al.* Native gypsy music is played, and Hungarian foods are served.

PALM SPRINGS nabs the winter partying and socializing these days and nights. The film stars are even getting up before breakfast (or maybe they just aren't going to bed at all) to participate in the sunrise rides. They start from the hotel—and are preceded by a group of liveried servants, who carry a complete breakfast outfit into the desert—huge thermos jugs of coffee; portable stoves for fried ham and eggs, tablecloths and silver. A quarter hour later, the sunrise-riders set out—and after a ten-mile canter, they come upon snow-white linen and shining silver and steaming coffee cups and plates of ham—and. . . . Wedding Anniversary that went wrong (or right?) was the Pat O'Briens. Pat and Mrs. Pat decided to have just a quiet little twosome dinner at the Victor Hugo on their eighth anniversary. But somehow, the news got out—and when the Pats arrived, they found a whole gang waiting for them, including the Bing Crosbys and the Norman Taurogs.

WEIRDEST Party of the Month—was the Cocoanut Grove's surprise magicians' party! It was a surprise to everybody, except the Hollywood magic-addicts who were in on the gag. . . Entertainer at the Grove has been Russ Swann, professional prestidigitator. Ringsiders have included Hollywood's amateur magicians—Chester Morris particularly. It was Morris who pulled the gag. Innocently, the other night, while a lot of Hollywood biggies sat around and (in on the secret) waited for the fun, Chet offered to help Swann in one of his tricks in which the magicker turns a china egg into a real one, and breaks it into a glass. Chester, with a bit of his own sleight-of-hand, substituted a hard-boiled egg for the real one—and was Swann embarrassed when he couldn't break it into the glass! ! But he got even—he just peeled the hard-boiled egg, salted it, ate it—AND THEN PULLED A REAL FRESH EGG OUT OF MORRIS' EAR and broke it over Morris' head! ! . . . Birthday-Party Record of the Month: —was George Barbier's. Record was that it was his 75th birthday—and for 61 of those 75 years, George has been an actor. On the set of *Wife, Husband and Friend,* at 20th-Fox, they gave George his party. Director Greg Ratoff called time out—and a huge cake, with 75 candles, was wheeled in. Even Darryl Zanuck, big boss of the studio, dropped in.

MOST Gorgeous Party of the Month—was the Basil Rathbone party for Arthur Rubinstein. It was in the Rathbones' new house in Bel-Air. The guests were positively flabbergasted at the magnificence of the place, with its all-white foyer, the white grand staircase, the crystal chandelier; the robin-egg blue drawing-room, with real candles in crystal candelabra around the walls; the oak-panelled library; the coral-and-white barroom. . . A crystal pineapple was the buffet centerpiece, flanked by two huge bunches of crystal grapes. Antique mirrors topped the tables. Again, real candles, in scores of wall fixtures, gave the light. . . Dinner was in tents that enclosed the terrace, all decorated with gardenias and trailing vines. Warmth came from the huge terrace fireplace. The guests included just about every Who's Who in Hollywood. . . Party-Game of the Month—is "Dominic," which is played with dominos that have white letters on 'em instead of dots, and you spell words. And oh, the words these Hollywoodsters spell! Dominic-devotees are Gladys Swarthout, Janet Gaynor, Mitchell Leisen, Myra Kingsley, others.

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!
Cashmere Bouquet
MEN DO FIND YOU MORE ALLURING! WHEN, BEFORE DATES, YOU BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
ALL THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP! FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR... AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
CUT IN? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! NOT WHEN I'M DANCING WITH ANNE!
I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! CASHMERE BOUQUET'S GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!
IT'S TRUE! A GIRL DOES HAVE MORE ALLURE WHEN SHE BATHES WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOR!
Cashmere Bouquet
10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores
THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

MEN *turn and look...*

There's nothing like a youthful fragrance to lend you charm and attractiveness. That's why so many popular women everywhere, use April Showers Talc. It's the most inexpensive way to assure themselves of a lasting and provocative fragrance. For this fine, imported talc is scented with Cheramy's famous "perfume of youth".

CHERAMY
April Showers
The Perfume of Youth
Talc
28¢

Also, April Showers Dusting Powder—big box with de luxe fluffy puff 85c

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

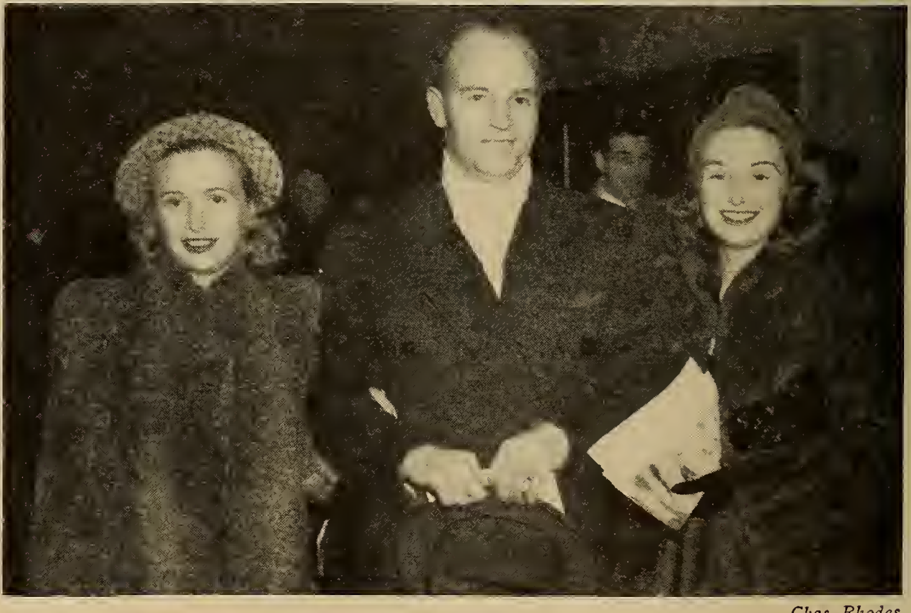
[*Continued from page* 12]

The very doggy life of the John Barrymores (Elaine Barrie) shows them grouped with their Scotties. Pop and Mom, at the extreme left, are very proud of their quintuplets ranged alongside. The dogs are lonesome for the Barrymores who are in NYC

MATRIMONIAL HANDICAP bookmaking is once again Hollywood's nite-club sport. There's a fine race on, with four big-time couples in the running. Which'll tie the knot first, now that Clark and Carole are out of the race?—

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck?
Janet Gaynor and Adrian?
Merle Oberon and Alex Korda?
Tyrone Power and Annabella?
or Joan Crawford and Charlie Martin. . . ?

[*Continued on page* 62]



Chas. Rhodes

Priscilla Lane has Hollywood dizzy wondering whether she is married to boy friend, Oren Haglund, who accompanies her and sister Rosemary to preview. Some say that Priscilla has admitted marriage to Oren, although her mother denies everything

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

WARNING! All fishermen: If there's a fashion-wise gal in your neighborhood, you better lock up your nets *right now!* Because the Hollywood gals are using fishnets for hats, and even dresses. . . Yes, honey, the very latest turban in movieland is made of the large-meshed, coarse-looking net that resembles fish-net. Florence Rice introduced me to the latest fashion craze the other day on the Boulevard. She had just bought several of them—in different colors—to take to Palm Springs with her. . . They are made like a bonnet with long strings which can be tied around your head in any manner you choose. And if you haven't tried one yet, you don't know what head comfort is on a hot day. . . At the Cocoanut Grove that evening, I saw Anna Sten in one of the smartest formal ensembles I've seen for many a moon—made of the same material. Anna's dress, of pure white fish-net, had a full, flowing skirt, draped bodice and long full sleeves. The wide waistband was of green and gold leather. And with it she wore a *full length* purple velvet coat.

THAT'S something else to watch—that full-length business in evening wraps. The majority of the gals at the Grove were wearing coats of that length. . . Joan Bennett, with her new "brownette" hair, looked as Dresden-like as ever in a floor-length coat of sheer tweed, in a lovely shade of pale blue. The coat was shirred in a belt effect across the back with a very full back-skirt. The high collar and leg-o'-mutton sleeves were just the setting for the up hair-do which Joan still wears. . . Tho' tweed and wool (remember the red wool evening coat I told you of last month?) have definitely found a place in after-dark clothes, the richer materials are still just as popular as ever. That's what Joan told me when I remarked about tweed for evenings. Then she described one of her newer wraps—quilted pink velvet lined with black satin. AND reversible. Which is the best news yet in evening wraps. . . As Joannie and I talked, Marie Wilson caused a mild sensation by walking into the room a vision of gold. I'm always watching for Marie to pull a gag of some kind so I'd never quite realized before just how good-looking the gal really is. She could definitely take her place with the most glamorous of the Hollywood gals that night. . . Marie's gown of white chiffon was cut on simple draped lines, and belted at the waist with a wide corselet of gold kidskin. . . A full length (there it is again) coat in the princess mode was of the same gold material, as were her toe-less evening sandals.

ANN SHERIDAN broke away from Marie's party to come over and show me what she meant when she said that the blouse and skirt—so popular for daytime and sports right now—could be just as adaptable to evening. . . Of course she won her point even before she started, 'cause she was wearing the best-looking long-sleeved white lace blouse, tucked into a full pleated skirt of heavy black crepe. Vivid color was added by a royal purple satin girdle tight around her waist. . . Without any further word from me, you can no doubt see the possibilities of an outfit like this. Innumerable blouses and girdles with one black skirt. What a blessing to the budget! . . . And what possibilities there are for your red-headed gal friend in the new make-up Rosella Towne told me of. Rosella believes that all gals with hair like hers—sort of on the titian side—have a distinct leaning toward the lavenders and purples. So—she uses (only in the evening of course) plum-colored lipstick, dusts her shoulders with mauve powder. For eye shadow she uses a greyed lavender shade and tints her nails with silver-flecked purple polish. . . All of which sounds decidedly Fanchon-and-Marco-ish, until you've seen this make-up under artificial lights. When it is correctly applied, as Rosella says, it definitely "does something" for the redhead. (As if they didn't have a head start to begin with!)

BUT don't think I neglected the daytime clothes this month. Not a chance. Particularly at this time when every one is starting to emerge from under raincoats and heavy wraps. . . A touch of cold day warmth and spring brightness was combined in the blue-and-white outfit I saw Jane Bryan wearing at the Brown Derby t'other lunchtime. . . Jane's navy blue wool shirtmaker topped with a white kidskin coat was the freshest-looking street costume I've seen this season. The high collar and front of the dress were embroidered with heavy white cord. . . Front-of-the-dress accent—such as Jane's white embroidery—is one of the newer spring fashion twists. . . Gale Page, lunching with a group of friends in the booth just back of mine, was also wearing navy blue accented with white. Gale's dress was of two pieces and featured a basque jacket. The jacket fastened with little white doves carrying olive branches in their mouths! . . . Of course one look at those doves started my eyes roving around the room in search of my pet rave—trick buttons, clips, pins. In short—gadgets. . . And there on the lapel of Margaret Lindsay's tailored suit was a little boy of gold blowing multi-colored jeweled bubbles. . . Glenda Farrell sounded like one of those Chinese glass charms that you hang in the wind. She wore a bracelet made of tiny squares of colored glass hanging from a heavy gold chain. . . 'Way over in the corner, eating her favorite chicken salad was Olivia de Havilland. Livvie's plain blue wool jersey frock was accented by a choker and bracelet of large, highly polished wooden beads.

I COULD probably have spent the rest of the day there spotting gadgets to tell you about. But I want to go to the desert to get you the low-down on sport and resort clothes for next month, so I had to tear myself away and do some work for a change. . . But remember this—and it's a tip from an expert, so it's well worth knowing. Jack Dawn, M-G-M's make-up man, tells me that if gals are going to insist on wearing their hair up, that they're going to have to become *ear*-conscious. . . By that, Jack means that when the ear is exposed it should match in texture and coloring the face it goes with. So when you manage to get your hair up on top for your next dancing date don't forget to put powder base on your ears, dust them lightly with powder, and *very* lightly touch the lobes with rouge.

Mlle. Chic.

"*No charm is more appealing* than a fresh and Lovely Skin!"

says this lovely Philadelphia bride

I can't say enough in praise of Camay. Its gentle cleansing seems to freshen my complexion... and no charm is more appealing than a fresh and lovely skin.

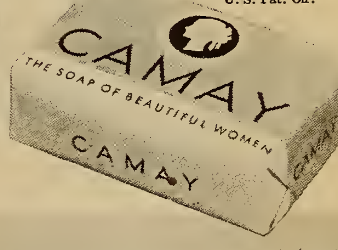
Philadelphia, Pa. (*Signed*) RUTH ANN WALLEN
January 10, 1939 (*Mrs. Charles S. Wallen*)

SUCH magic words—"You're the only one I love!" What makes a man say them? Hundreds of lovely, happy brides will tell you that a fresh, smooth complexion is a most important charm. And brides should know!

So many beautiful brides advise Camay! They tell you, "No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather!" Camay cleanses *thoroughly*, yet its creamy lather is wonderfully *mild*.

Today, thousands of girls use Camay for complexions and for a refreshing bath of beauty. Camay's gentle cleansing helps you to *all-over* loveliness—to exquisite daintiness. *You'll* like this inexpensive care. Get three cakes today!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

If You Are...

...**A CAREER GIRL** gaily designing tomorrow's styles today...

...**A HOME BODY** happy at the thought of hubby's new success...

...**OR A FAIR MENACE** with handsome swains at your beck and call...

Remember—it's GLAZO NAIL POLISH for LONGER WEAR!

If you want one of those marvelous manicures you've been seeing lately, use Glazo Nail Polish, as thousands of women do. It costs *only 25 cents,* yet Glazo gives you all the perfection of a 60-cent polish!

Glazo flows on your nails evenly, and hardens with gem-like lustre. Glazo is *guaranteed* to wear *longer,* or your money back!

See Glazo's new shades—RUMBA (fuchsia rose), EMBER (suntan rose), TARA (orchid rose)—and other becoming colors *today!*

Also ask your dealer about NAIL-COTE, used *under* polish as a foundation, and *over* polish as a protector. Contains wax. Helps guard nails against breaking.

GLAZO

Nail Polish Wears Longer

SEND FOR SAMPLE KIT!

THE GLAZO CO., E. Rutherford, N. J.
(In Canada: P. O. Box 443, Montreal.)

I am enclosing 10¢ to cover cost of mailing GLAZO SAMPLER, a genuine leather compact containing Glazo Nail-Cote, cotton, and my choice of Glazo Nail Polish. (Check shade desired.)

☐ RUMBA ☐ EMBER ☐ TARA

Name____________________

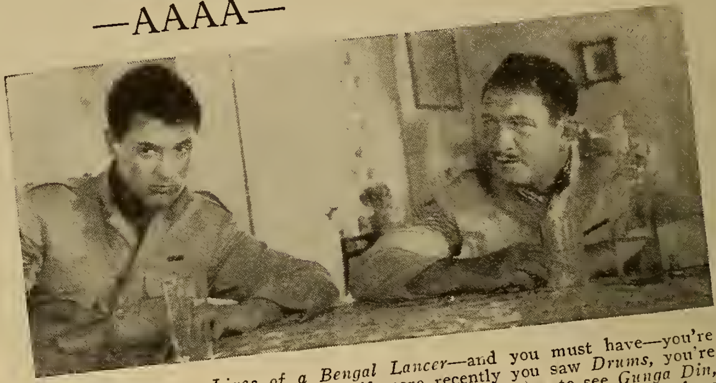
Address____________________

City__________ State______ E-5

PICTURE PARADE

GUNGA DIN

—AAAA—



If you saw *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—and you must have—you're probably still thinking about it; and if more recently you saw *Drums,* you're most likely still heating the drums for it; now you're going to see *Gunga Din,* (the applause is still dinning our ears) and you're going to forget all about those other two and rave about this, the latest epic about India. You're going to rave about it because it's full of action and suspense, and the emoting—Cary Grant's, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s and Victor McLaglen's—is par excellent. And you're also going to rave—if you have any voice left—about the photography and musical score, two of the outstanding features of the film. The story is about Gunga Din, an Indian water-carrier (played by Sam Jaffe in his usual grand style), who gave his life for England. But, you probably know all about that for who hasn't read or heard Rudyard Kipling's famous poem immortalizing this native hero. And let us mention here that Montague Love renders one of the most beautiful recitations of *Gunga Din* your reviewer has ever heard. For diversion and to add romantic flavor there's Joan Fontaine.—*RKO-Radio.*

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

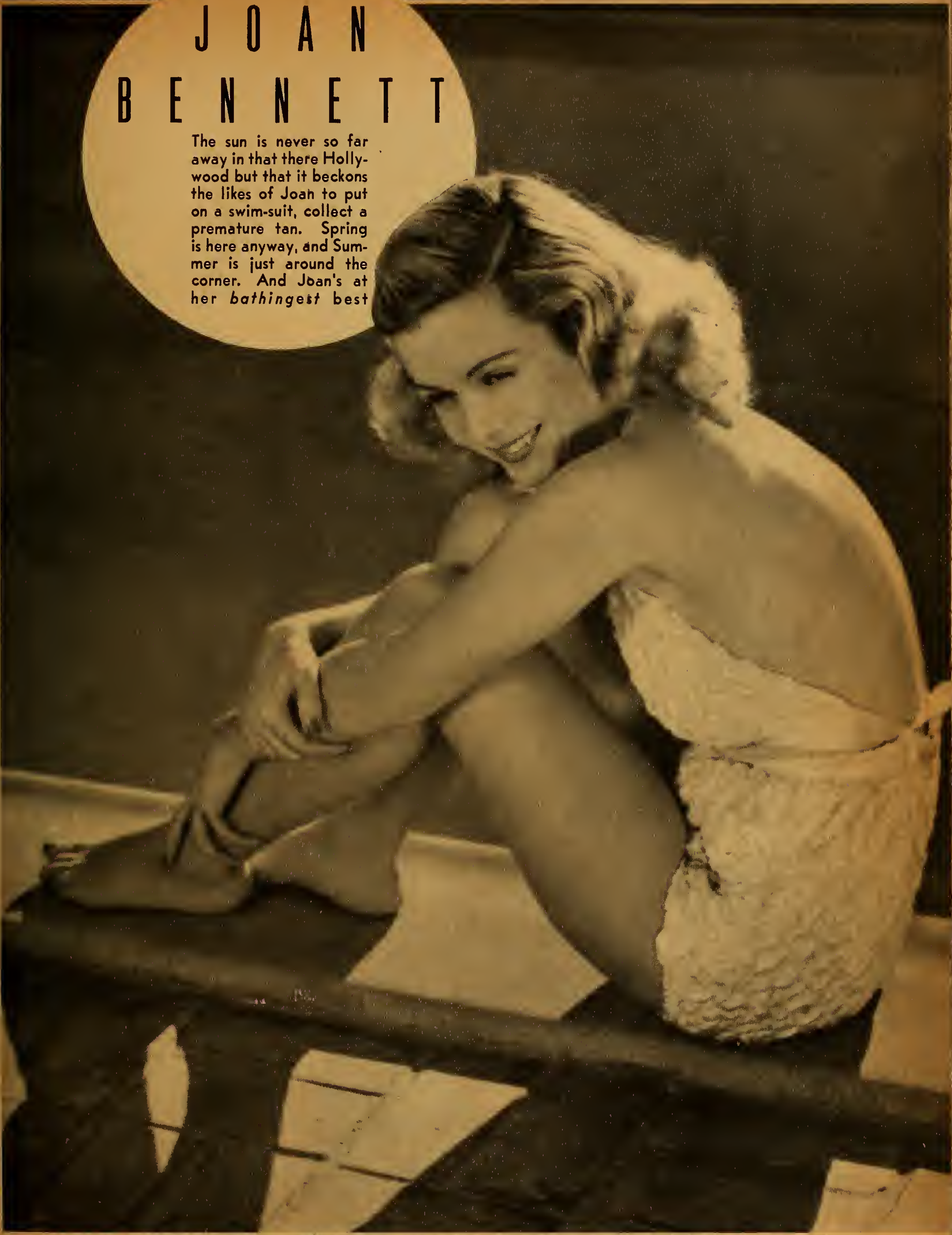
—AAAA—

You may not have been lucky enough to see The Theatre Guild's production of Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize Play, *Idiot's Delight,* but you are still lucky because even if you didn't see the play you can see the picture—and you will see it. Now, if you were living, say in Italy or Germany, you would be *verboten* to see this grand piece of entertainment—and it is entertaining even though the subject—war—isn't an entertaining one. You would be forbidden to see it not because war itself is taboo but because war without glorification is taboo in dictatorship countries. But thank God that isn't the American way and thank Metro—even if it did take them two years to get up enough courage to snub the dictators—for preferring the American way. And while we're expressing our thanks we must include our bows to Robert Sherwood for his magnificent screenplay and to Norma Shearer and Clark Gable for their splendid characterizations. We were worried about Norma and Clark because they had to suffer comparison with the theatre's best, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, who were the originators of the roles.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page* 72]

JOAN BENNETT

The sun is never so far away in that there Hollywood but that it beckons the likes of Joan to put on a swim-suit, collect a premature tan. Spring is here anyway, and Summer is just around the corner. And Joan's at her *bathingest* best



WHY NELSON EDDY WILL STAY MARRIED

By BEN MADDOX

EDDY DIDN'T RUSH INTO MARRIAGE. HE HAS KNOWN ANN FRANKLIN 5 YEARS BUT WANTED ASSURANCE THIS FIRST LOVE WAS GENUINE BEFORE POPPING THE QUESTION. THIS SCOOP TELLS WHY HE WILL STAY MARRIED

NELSON EDDY had one thing on his mind—his *wife.*

"When I knew it was love, I didn't question. I would have married Ann no matter what she'd been, whether she were rich or poor, though she worked as a moving picture actress or at the most humble job. When you are in love, you feel sure. I feel sure about her!

"Now Ann and I, we have such plans. . . ."

He beamed, literally. He sprawled in a great modernistic chair that could hardly hold his six-feet-two of husbandly enthusiasm down to earth, and then, to my amazement, he talked about why he had been so secretive about his big romance. He told me how he had courted his bride, when and where they will settle down, of the future they anticipate *together.*

Nelson disclosed what Ann Eddy is really like, and why they are one couple who will stay married even though they'll reside in and be of Hollywood. He lit a cigarette, because he is not a crank about his valuable throat, and he laughed often as he confessed. He said things I never expected Nelson Eddy to say. For I have known him, been after him for years—like everyone else—with that impudent question: why don't you fall in love?

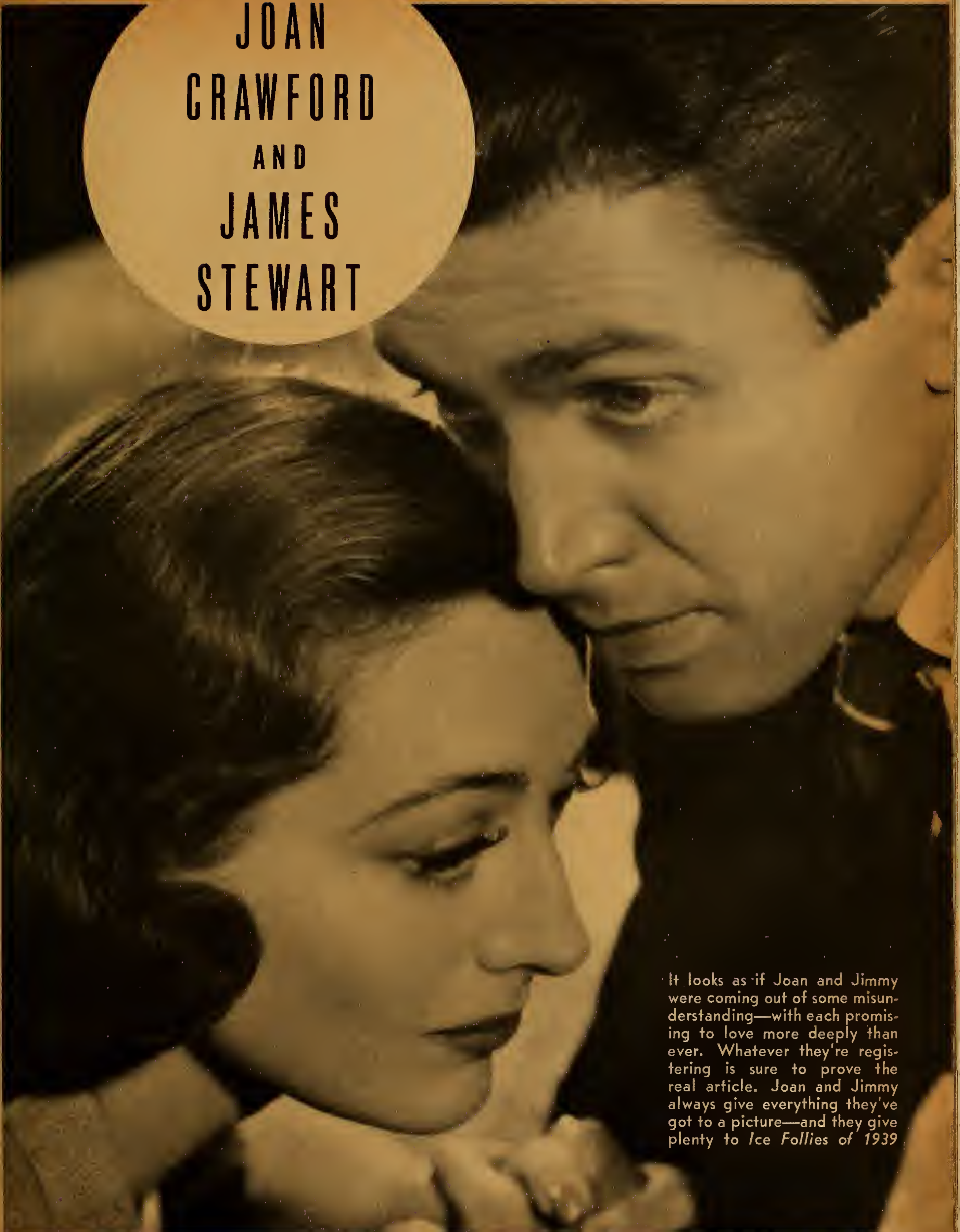
He had stalled magnificently, always. The curious could clamor until doomsday, so far as Nelson was concerned. Or rather, he would explain cautiously, until he was certain about himself and love.

Because he had everything but a spectacular woman in his strangely mysterious private life, all of us in Hollywood gradually [*Continued on page* 54]

Wide World

It wasn't love at first sight between Nelson and Ann, former wife of Director Sidney Franklin. They grew into love after 5-year companionship. After concert tour they will move into new home

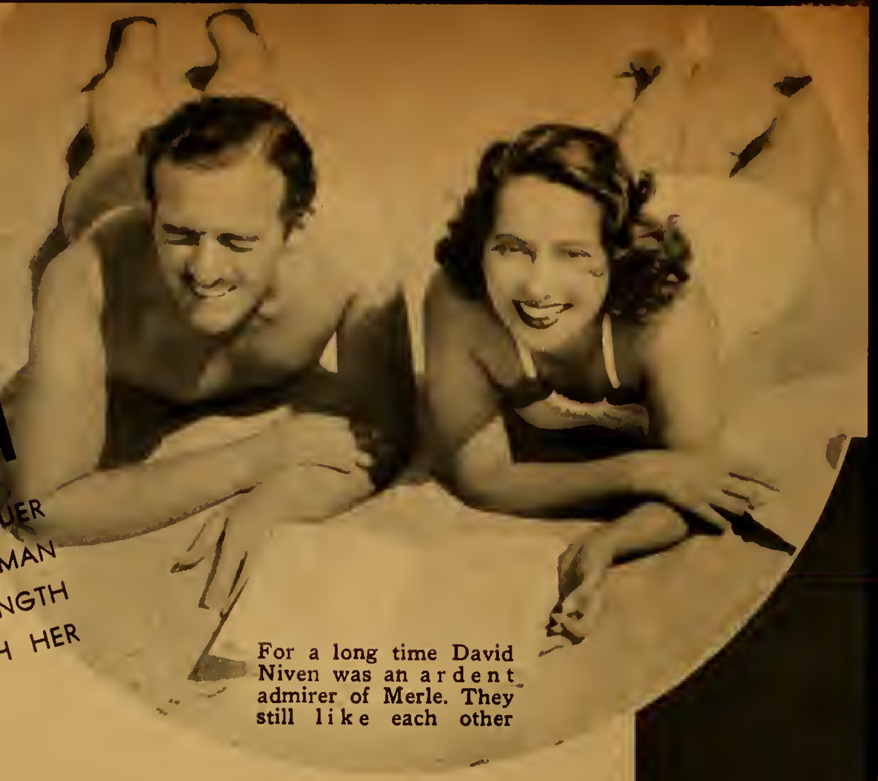
JOAN CRAWFORD AND JAMES STEWART



It looks as if Joan and Jimmy were coming out of some misunderstanding—with each promising to love more deeply than ever. Whatever they're registering is sure to prove the real article. Joan and Jimmy always give everything they've got to a picture—and they give plenty to *Ice Follies of 1939*

WHY MEN FALL IN LOVE WITH MERLE OBERON

NO HOLLYWOOD STAR CAN CONQUER MEN'S HEARTS LIKE MERLE. ANY MAN WHO'S AROUND HER FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME FALLS IN LOVE WITH HER


For a long time David Niven was an ardent admirer of Merle. They still like each other

MERLE OBERON'S special type of beauty evokes suggestions of subtle, intriguing young women. She could play a Cleopatra, a Mata Hari, a very young Lucretia Borgia, unpredictable women . . . that faintly Oriental slant to the dark eyes, that clear saffron skin, those red lips. One is apt to remember about Merle that she was born on the Island of Tasmania, that she lived in India rather than that she is an English girl, her father an English army officer, her mother English on the paternal side, French-Dutch on the other.

I learned a lot about Merle during one afternoon spent with her on the set of *Wuthering Heights.* I learned about Merle from Merle, herself. By the simple expedient of asking her questions and receiving straightforward, unequivocal answers. I learned about Merle from little incidents that happened on the set . . . David Niven demanding of her, "did you bring my sausage roll today?" . . . saying to me, "no such sausage roll to be had anywhere else . . . made in Merle's own kitchen, you know" . . . I learned about Merle from the things other people said about her, from the "feel" of the people on the set, the people with whom she works, *back of the limelight.*

For those who do not like to take their young women "straight," for those who prefer mystery, elusiveness and confusing provocations, for such as these I am afraid that Merle, the real Merle, will be sadly disappointing.

For Merle isn't confusing. She isn't subtle. Even if she could intrigue, she wouldn't. Her sense of humor would forbid it. She isn't temperamental, she would "feel too silly." She is honest. She is friendly. She is as sound and wholesome and normal as childhood's *Polly Pepper.* She is kind. What do I mean, kind? Well, I do NOT mean that she sits at home in a Schiaparelli "robe de style" writing out checks for charity, candid camera men recording each flourish of each four-numbered check.

I mean that she does things like—like when

Merle is not dodging marriage and she may be wed by time you read this. All the men who've been in love with her are still in love with her. She's honest with them

By GLADYS HALL

United Artists gave their big, annual picnic a few months ago—a picnic to which all of the studio workers are invited, the crew, electricians, carpenters and such. The stars are invited, too. Merle was the only star who went. More, she took her two English maids with her, her chauffeur and her chauffeur's little boy. And when the long, folksy day was almost over, she saw that her maids and chauffeur were still hugely enjoying themselves.

[*Continued on page* 52]

Director Korda is said to have inside track to her heart but Merle won't talk. Below, as she appears in *Wuthering Heights*

JUAREZ

GALE SONDERGAARD as EUGENIE

PAUL MUNI as JUAREZ

DONALD CRISP

CLAUDE RAINS

GILBERT ROLAND

JOHN MILJAN

JOHN GARFIELD

JOSEPH CALLEIA

IRVING PICHEL

PEDRO de CORDOBA

BETTE DAVIS as CARLOTTA

Warners go on apace humanizing famous historical characters. This time they turn to the Mexican patriot, Juarez, who delivered his country from foreign rule after the French had placed Maximilian on the throne as Emperor. The picture dramatizes the events which lead up to the Emperor's unhappy fate—his execution. It is powerfully cast with such worthies as Paul Muni (whose likeness as Juarez is on a par with his Zola and Pasteur), Bette Davis as Carlotta, Brian Aherne as Maximilian, Gale Sondergaard as Empress Eugenie—and John Garfield, Irving Pichel, Claude Rains, John Miljan

BRIAN AHERNE
as MAXIMILIAN

SEX IS HERE TO PAY

By **JAMES REID**

IT'S SEX APPEAL THAT PAYS. STARS WHO DON'T HAVE IT ARE UNABLE TO BRING SHEKELS TO THE BOX-OFFICE. BIG NAMES LEARNED HOW TO HOLD PUBLIC BY CULTIVATING S. A. NO STAR EVER GOT FAR WITHOUT IT

Stars with children like Norma Shearer have learned to cultivate super-sex-appeal. She looked glamorous in adhesive gown worn in her last picture, *Idiot's Delight*

SHE is rated today as a fine actress. She is mentioned every year for the Academy Award. On top of this, she is popular. Popular enough to be paid at least $5,000 a week, and probably more. Unquestionably, she is a success.

But she wouldn't be, if she hadn't acquired sex appeal.

When she arrived in Hollywood, she had talent, and a vibrant speaking voice. She had stage experience. She had an expressive face, a passable figure. She had everything that a girl needs to make good in the movies—except one thing.

Vaguely, she realized that something was lacking. She didn't know what that something was. All she knew was that no one seemed particularly excited about her, despite her acting in her first picture—a stodgy affair that she had given a spark of life. More like it were coming her way.

She thought that, perhaps, a personal press-agent was all that she lacked. Someone to tell people that she could do livelier

Jeanette MacDonald has watched her calories and curves. Which is one reason why she is still movie-starrin while most song-bird rivals aren

No one knows yet whether Hedy Lamarr can act or not. Her glamor in *Algiers* has made Hollywood very sex-conscious

things. So she hired a press-agent. He told her that she needed a little leg art.

"Just let me take you to a photographer who knows what it's all about," he pleaded. He gestured helplessly toward the stack of photos she had made to date. "Those hide everything you've got,"

"At least, they let me look intelligent," she retorted.

"That," he said, "is the trouble. They don't let you look anything else."

But how, she wanted to know, could leg art possibly prove anything about her ability to act? "Just make some, and I'll show you," he said, in a tone that implied that he knew Hollywood, and she didn't.

So she let him take her to a photographer he had in mind. And she promised that she would do whatever this genius of the lens wanted her to do.

Being new to Hollywood, she didn't know one photographer from another. She didn't suspect that her case was so desperate that she was being taken to one who, as a sideline, hired models to pose for nude and semi-nude "studies" for art students' magazines—and carried his liking for anatomical art over into his portrait work.

He made her look unconcerned about wearing thigh-high shorts and a sweater that underestimated every curve it covered. He made her look as much at home in a one-piece bathing suit as in her own skin—like which the suit fitted. And, as he posed her in one revealing posture after another, he kept saying, "Such charm!" Speechless with embarrassment, she said nothing.

Then he asked her to don a white satin evening gown. "Without anything underneath, please." Still speechless, she complied. The gown was then "a trifle too loose." [*Continued on page* 58]

Dorothy Lamour can sing, but it wasn't her voice that made her a star—it was her sarong. She offered a new way to present legs . . . and Hollywood gave 3 cheers

Wide World

By wearing snug-fitting sweater in *They Won't Forget*, Lana Turner, left, hasn't been forgotten since. She's a top sex-appealer

Even with children Joan Blondell, bottom, out-glamors most glamor girls... Having babies improved figure

Early in career, Bette Davis, below, was getting nowhere. Then she got wise to herself and cultivated glamor

HOLLYWOOD DECLARES

HOLLYWOOD HAS TRIED TO PLEASE THE DICTATORS, BUT THEY JUST DON'T LIKE OUR MOVIES. SINCE THEY'VE DECLARED WAR ON HOLLYWOOD, WHY SHOULDN'T HOLLYWOOD TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE?

By RICHARD McKENZIE

WITH 1939, the search for *Scarlett O'Hara* ended. Nelson Eddy, the perennial bachelor, took unto himself not only a wife, but a 14-year-old stepson. Clark Gable finally paid Rea Gable enough so that she would divorce him and let him marry Carole Lombard. Hedy Lamarr's first starring picture was shelved, after three months of shooting. So-and-So won an Academy Award. Unofficially, Mickey Rooney became Box-Office Star No. 1.

All of these events have been more or less surprising to a large portion of the population. They have been news. But—ten years from now, or even one year from now, who will care?

They won't change the course of history one iota. But something else has happened in Hollywood since January first that *will* make 1939 remembered.

Hollywood has declared war on the dictators.

Hollywood has finally realized something that the dictators have known for a long time: Democracy won't vanish from the earth until it vanishes from America. And American movies can awaken people to the attractions of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Until dictators marched into power abroad, Hollywood made movies that the whole world was able to enjoy. But with the coming of dictators, people in various and assorted sections of the world weren't allowed to enjoy American movies as heretofore. Those movies had to be drastically censored first. When they weren't banned completely.

Chaplin plays World War derelict—doubles as dictator in new film, *The Dictators,* now being made

Leni Riefenstahl, leader of German film industry and one of Hitler's few women friends, received the cold shoulder from Hollywood on recent trip

Wide World Photos

Vittorio Mussolini, son of Il Duce, came to Hollywood for 3-month stay, but left after 3 weeks. Hollywood partied him very well at first, then dropped him

WAR ON THE DICTATORS

As time went on, more and more were banned.

American movies hadn't changed, either in quality or in subject matter. But with new rulers abroad, there were changed ideas of what the masses could safely see and hear.

Men in power by virtue of armed minorities didn't want the masses getting any notions that life elsewhere might be fuller, freer and happier.

Stalin raised the bars first. He frankly said that American ideas were contrary to the Communistic philosophy of life. Hitler followed suit—only Hitler gave as his sole reason: Jews would profit if Germans patronized American movies. Mussolini raised the bars by decreeing that all picture profits made in Italy must be spent in Italy. Some American movies are still seen in Japan, but in hideously censored form. Even an innocent scene of a laborer

[*Continued on page* 80]

The Road Back didn't please Hitler. To placate him drama was replaced by slapstick

Il Duce didn't want *Idiot's Delight* filmed in any form. It was toned down in war message

Germany liked *All Quiet on the Western Front* but that was before Hitler

Confessions of a Nazi Spy depicts activities of spy ring in U.S. Francis Lederer, once a Czech—now American, will play a prominent role

If Warners make life story of Rev. Niemoeller, Paul Muni may play role. Next is Mexican Juarez who overthrew invader, Maximilian

Practically everyone in Hollywood went to Edgar Bergen's Gay Nineties Party. Doing a bit of bar-room harmonizing are Lum, Tyrone Power, Bob Hope, Abner, Royal Foster, Andy Devine

Part of the Edgar Bergen party was given up to a Penny Arcade. Peep machines did a flourishing business. Sari Maritza takes peep at "Night in Paris" as Lew Ayres turns crank

ALL PHOTOS
By
CHARLES RHODES

WITH MOTION PICTURE

Martha Raye, Betty Grable, Mrs. Alan Mowbray do a Can-Can dance though Mrs. M. is not "can-cannishly" costumed. That's Shirley Ross giving you her Southern Exposure

Below, Andy Devine as old-fashioned cop warns Betty Grable to go easy on Can-Can if she does not want to be pinched. She gives him eye, shows legs, hopes to vamp him

Dorothy Lamour, above, let herself "go" in catching the spirit of the Gay Nineties. Her costume topped anything worn by the other guests

The Alan Mowbrays brought a dummy to party—with Alan as officer of Royal Navy ribbing Bergen with ventriloquist act

Some of the guests kept their dignity, failed to wear freak clothes or trick make-up of the Gay Nineties. Norma Shearer and Brian Aherne have a gay time, however, in nite-club togs

When it came to refreshments the bar did a thriving business. Anton Litvak and wifey Miriam Hopkins with Dorothy Lamour as Miss Gay Ninety between them give toast to party and Bergen

AT A GAY NINETIES PARTY

In addition to the specialties the guests all danced. Most of the dancers stopped to laugh at Shirley Ross exposing a rear view of her panties

Groucho Marx, Betty Grable, Harry Ritz and Chico Marx go into a dance before a backdrop gagged up with quaint advertising. Groucho imitates a burleycue dance queen doing a tease

In the trick clothes of a ventriloquist of the Gay Nineties Edgar Bergen does his stuff with a blackface Charlie McCarthy, while Ken Murray adjusts the microphone

Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour topped all guests in being life of the party. As naughty dames of Gay Nineties they do specialty

Joan Bennett is a dog fancier and raises blonde cockers. She and her assistant are on way to doghouse—Benmeldi Kennels

In the kennel exercise yard, two blondies do the latest swing while the "wallflower" hopes Joan will dance with him

Joan steps into the yard to greet her pe —and, like dogs of all breeds, they're u to begging tricks—looking for hand-out

IN THE DOG HOUSE

The pooch is out of the tub and gets brisk drying and rubdown. And he feels better already with soap out of his eyes and ears

The pup gets prettied up with brushing. All he needs is a swagger coat, collar turned up, to go completely Hollywood

Joan puts leashes on dogs prior to takin them for walk. The cockers are mothe and child. That's "ma" next to Joan

Vhile Joan does her petting she feels orry for the pups on other side of screen. 'hey'll be getting their lovings shortly

This little blondie doesn't know what he's in for else he'd protest. He doesn't know that "mother" Joan is about to bathe him

And here is the unhappy pooch feeling low as Joan gives him a scrubbing. It's a sad case of "when a feller needs a friend"

WITH JOAN BENNETT

oan's cockers get away from the dog-ouse for a bit of exercise. The dogs are oan's pride and joy next to her kiddies

What's this mean getting all tangled up? Don't you know mommer will get in a temper if you can't walk like gentlemen?

Each cocker has his own food dish and four of them are up to their eyebrows in dinner. One acts grumpy, has to be fed

Photos by Charles Rhodes

ALL PHOTOS By CHARLES RHODES

WITH THE

When the Redcoat blows his bugle at Santa Anita he not only calls all horses but also all of Hollywood to the track. Racing is the sport of movie stars as well as of kings. They're OFF!

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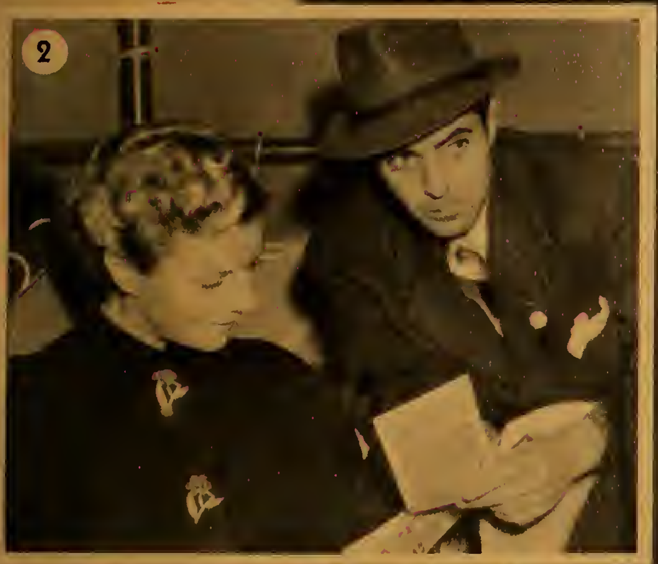
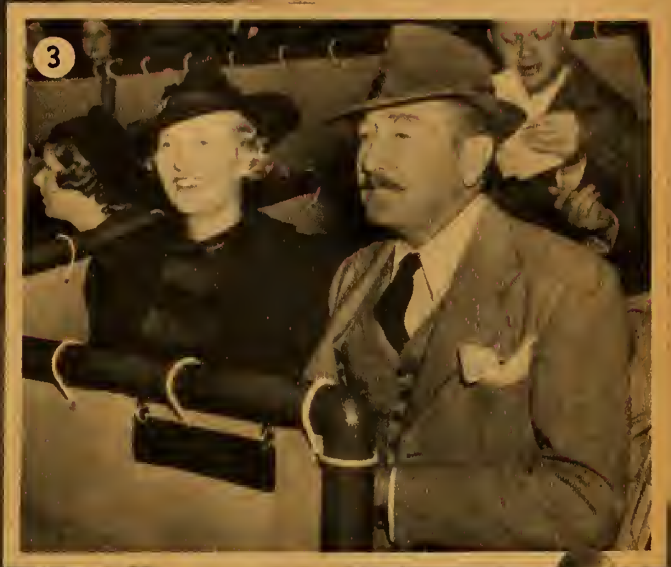
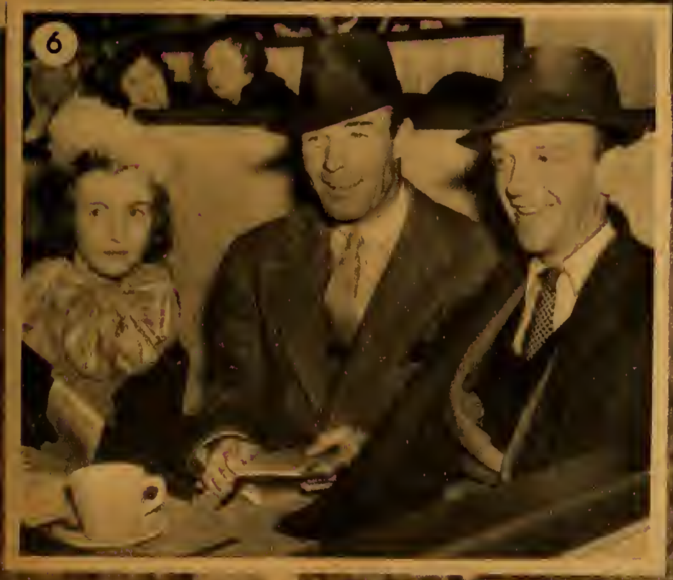
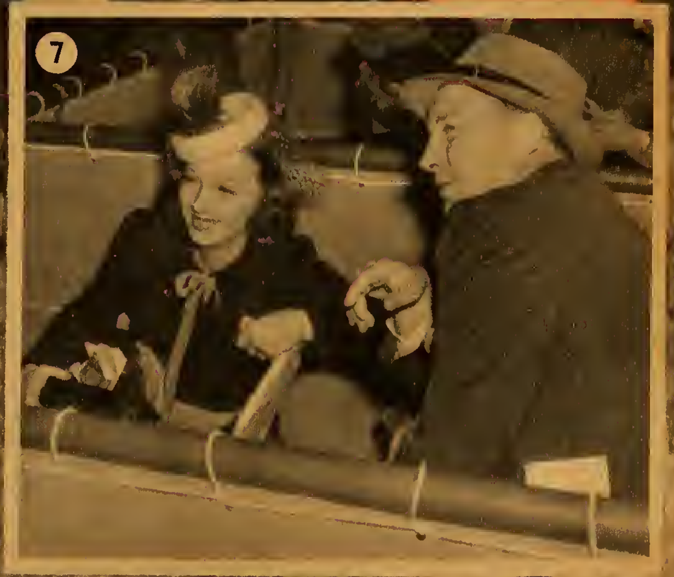
STARS AT SANTA ANITA





Stars who favor Santa Anita are (1) the Eddie Robinsons and a friend. (2) Tyrone Power-Annabella (who are sure they have a winnah). (3) The Adolphe Menjous. (4) Francis Lederer-Ila Rhodes, Anita Louise-Buddy Adler in field box. (5) Gilbert Roland, A. C. Blumenthal, Connie Bennett at lunch in clubhouse. (6) The Fred Astaires and Randolph Scott. (7) The ever-present Crosbys





ROSEMARY LANE

You can't blame such Hollywoodians as Rosemary for donning swim-suits at Palm Springs — especially when mid-winter at the desert resort is like an Easterner's August. Especially, too, when they have such nifty figures to show.

THE MAN WHO WON'T BE TYPED

By FAITH SERVICE

"I LOVE life. I would like to live another hundred years. I want to go on—"

Rathbone speaking. Rathbone pacing the floor, never quiet, his words rushing out in praise of life. He is exciting because he finds Life exciting . . . "there is a splendor about Life," he says and so he, himself, is invested with some of the splendor he adores. His consumption of life is as savage, as avid as that of old Man Adam's first day. . . .

"My wife is a great person," he was saying, "I love my home, the home she is making for us here. We have been in this house just three days but I feel we've been here forever. I think (as I have thought before, about other houses), we shall never leave this house . . . we always do go away, of course, but not this time"—he laughed, at himself—"not this time. Our home looks like a home, again thanks to Ouida, not a curiosity shop. It has the 'feel' of home immediately we are in it.

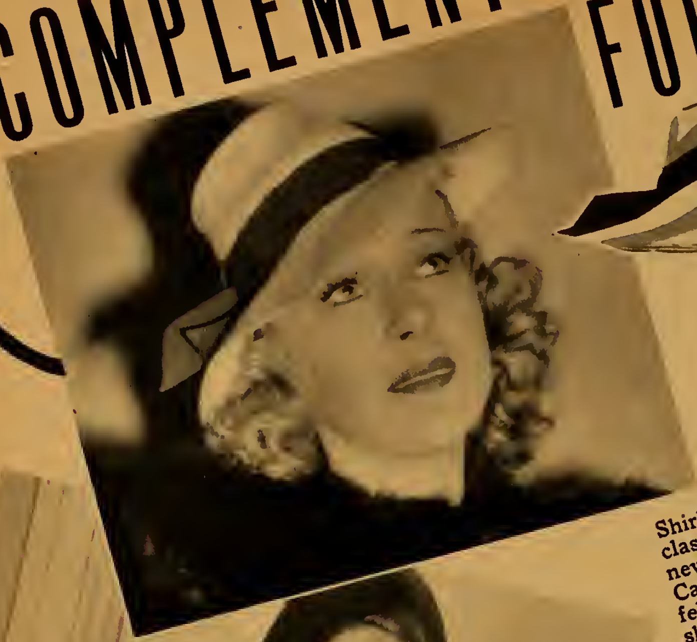
"I love quiet evenings, Ouida and I alone here . . . we are solicitous of one another's privacy . . . sometimes we spend whole evenings at home alone, she in her room reading, writing [*Continued on page 63*]

WITH 25 YEARS OF ACTING BEHIND HIM RATHBONE ADMITS KNOWING HIS JOB. HE TALKS LIKE HE NEVER TALKED BEFORE

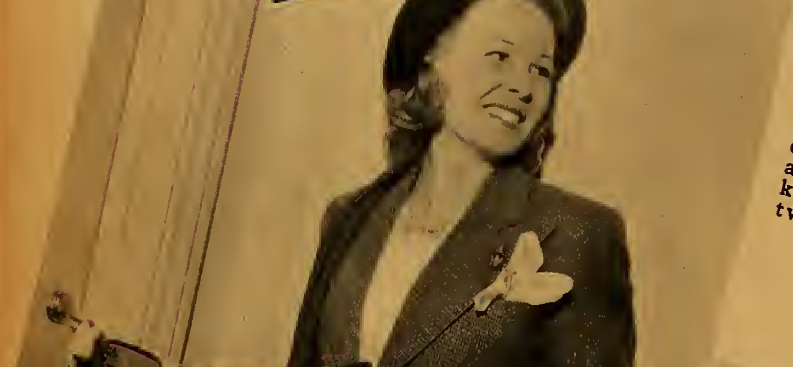
Hollywood has typed Basil Rathbone as a heavy for nearly 11 years. But he can play any role. His next is *Sherlock Holmes* in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*

COMPLEMENTS FOR You

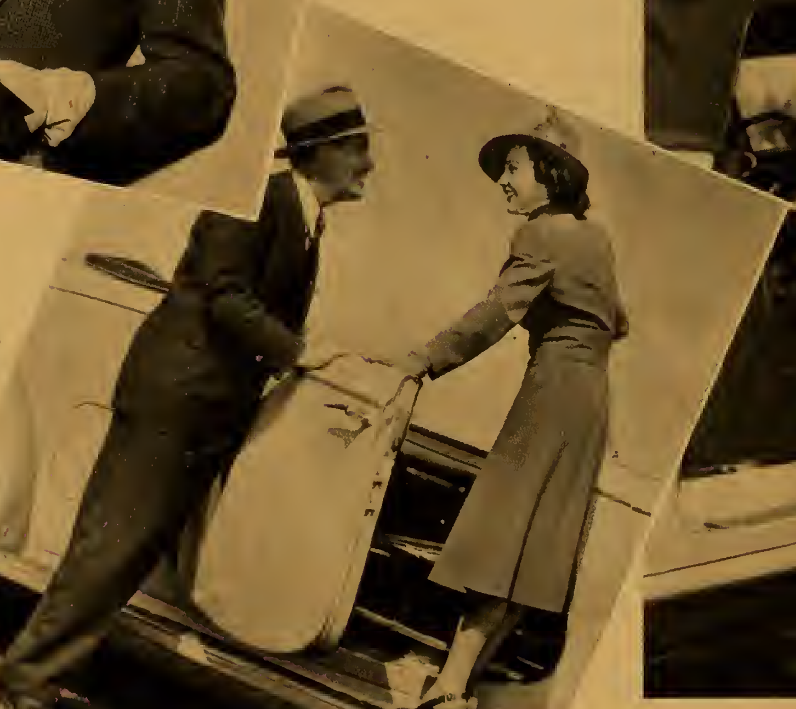
By CANDIDA



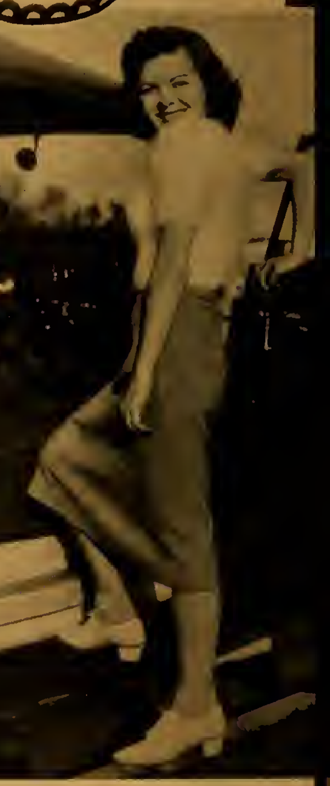
Shirley Ross' felt classic features the new wider brim. Casual but flattering felts like this are shown by Roxford



Good night, Wendy Barrie. May your dreams be as nice as your Lady Buxton key container and two-tone billfold



Preston Foster compliments Lynn Bari on her cut-out shoes. Walk-Over features open-toe-and-heel navy blue pumps



It's smart to be comfortable is Dixie Dunbar's motto. She's taking a day off for fun in the sun and is wearing her favorite white elk Dundeer oxfords

Ellen Drew loves a sailor—in natural straw. Same feeling in Byron creations

Home for Easter goes Ida Lupino with jumbo purse. Ronay bags follow this new trend

This Spring, suits are as good as ever in Hollywood, but more feminine. Jackets are longer, hip-length, fitted and dressy. Sheer wools are preferred. Stars wear them with fluffy, lingerie blouses. They go high, wide and handsome as to hats. They bring their limbs out in the open with sheer hose, cut-out pumps, three-quarter length and puff sleeves. And then cover up the arms with bracelet length gloves. They carry bags that are bigger, squarer and softer. Full, brief skirts over lacy petticoats. They go in for clear pink, pale blue, sunny yellow. They tie ribbons in their hair—are little girls again. Look for these accessories in department stores or specialty shops or write to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Joy Hodges wears her flawless new hose for a stroll with Lee Bowman. Admiration introduces three smart hues

Fairward ho! go Nancy Kelly and Arleen Whalen in smart bracelet length gloves. Hansen's line of gloves contains several in this dressy new style

TAKING STOCK OF LESLIE HOWARD

By BILL BLENKER

NO STAR IS SITTING PRETTIER THAN LESLIE HOWARD —WHO, ON TOP OF HIS *PYGMALION* SUCCESS—HAS DRAWN THE ROLE OF ASHLEY IN G. *W. T. W.* MOTION PICTURE TAKES STOCK OF HIM AS HE IS TODAY

IT'S perfectly nice, you know, to be making a quarter of a million dollars a year, or so!—and to be quite, quite famous, and having people barging around asking for your autograph, and all that sort of thing!

It's perfectly splendid, too, and somehow egotistically satisfying to have a completely devoted family—an adoring wife, a worshipping daughter, and an admiring son!—and to be able to give them all the finer things of life. . . .

But darnitall, if he didn't have all those quite lovely things, Leslie Howard could have such a hellish lot of fun out of life . . . ! ! !

He's gotten around to the age—pretty close to fiftyish, now!—where he's taking stock of living. And while he wouldn't take ten billion dollars, plus all the tea in China (which is, in itself, a huge inducement to anyone as British as Leslie), for that family of his, nevertheless a man can't help imagining, can he?

And so Leslie Howard curls himself up on a big, fat divan, with one leg twisted under his sitzplatz, and a particularly puckish expression on that long, thin, horsey face of his, and he admits things right out loud—

"If I didn't have a family, " he says, "I'd have an attic."

"An *attic?*" you ask.

"Precisely—an attic," he repeats. "Preferably one with a fireplace. A fireplace that doesn't smoke, you know. And a typewriter. And a piano. And a camera or two. And a lot of work—oh, a great deal of work to do."

Money?

"Oh, no—not much money. Just enough money to support the attic, and the piano, and the fireplace, and the typewriter and the cameras."

But if he wants those things, why doesn't he have them? you want to know. And then he explains—

He loves his family deeply. He owes that family a great deal. Moreover, he has accustomed them to having all the finer things. A big house, and automobiles, and servants, and jewelry, and imported foods, and dogs, and horses—and, of course, fame. He's gotten them so used to such things that they'd be quite put out without them. And inasmuch as he's the only one in the family, as yet, who can earn such things for them, why, he's got to go on being famous, and acting, and getting a quarter of a million a year,

[*Continued on page* 60]

Leslie and his daughter are devoted pals. She's 14 years old—the apple of his eye

MARRIAGE IS NO GAMBLE IF YOU'RE IN LOVE

Alice, who gives her best performance in *Tailspin*, says any girl is emotionally insecure until she marries. When a girl is honestly in love, it's never a gamble

CLOSE-UP OF ALICE

She was born in New York City, May 5, 1915. Her real name is Alice Leppert . . . loves all shades of blue, pot roast with spaghetti, and double bills at the movies . . . she is five feet, five; weighs 112 lbs. Had her first chance in movies four years ago when Lilian Harvey walked out of the lead in George White's *Scandals*. Alice walked in . . . she can never pass a dog kennel on the road. Always has to stop and buy a puppy . . . says the worst thing Hollywood has taught her is to hate hats. She never wears them any more if she can help it . . . thinks the hair-do on top of the head looks like a washerwoman's mop. She had to wear it in *Old Chicago*—but never again! . . . hobby is collecting phonograph records. Favorite game, backgammon. Favorite flower, gardenia.

MOTION PICTURE SUCCEEDS IN GETTING ALICE FAYE TO TALK ABOUT HER MARRIAGE. SHE ADMITS ACCOMPLISHING MORE THE LAST TWO YEARS SINCE SHE BECAME THE WIFE OF TONY MARTIN

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

THE girl who has to be dragged to her own previews because she thinks she's "terrible on the screen"—and who recently won a place among the first Big Ten top-ranking stars at the box-office—sat on her private porch at home and answered questions the world's been wondering about.

Alice Faye, said the gossip columns, was ill from overwork. Doctors had ordered her away for a long rest. She was separating from Tony Martin. . . .

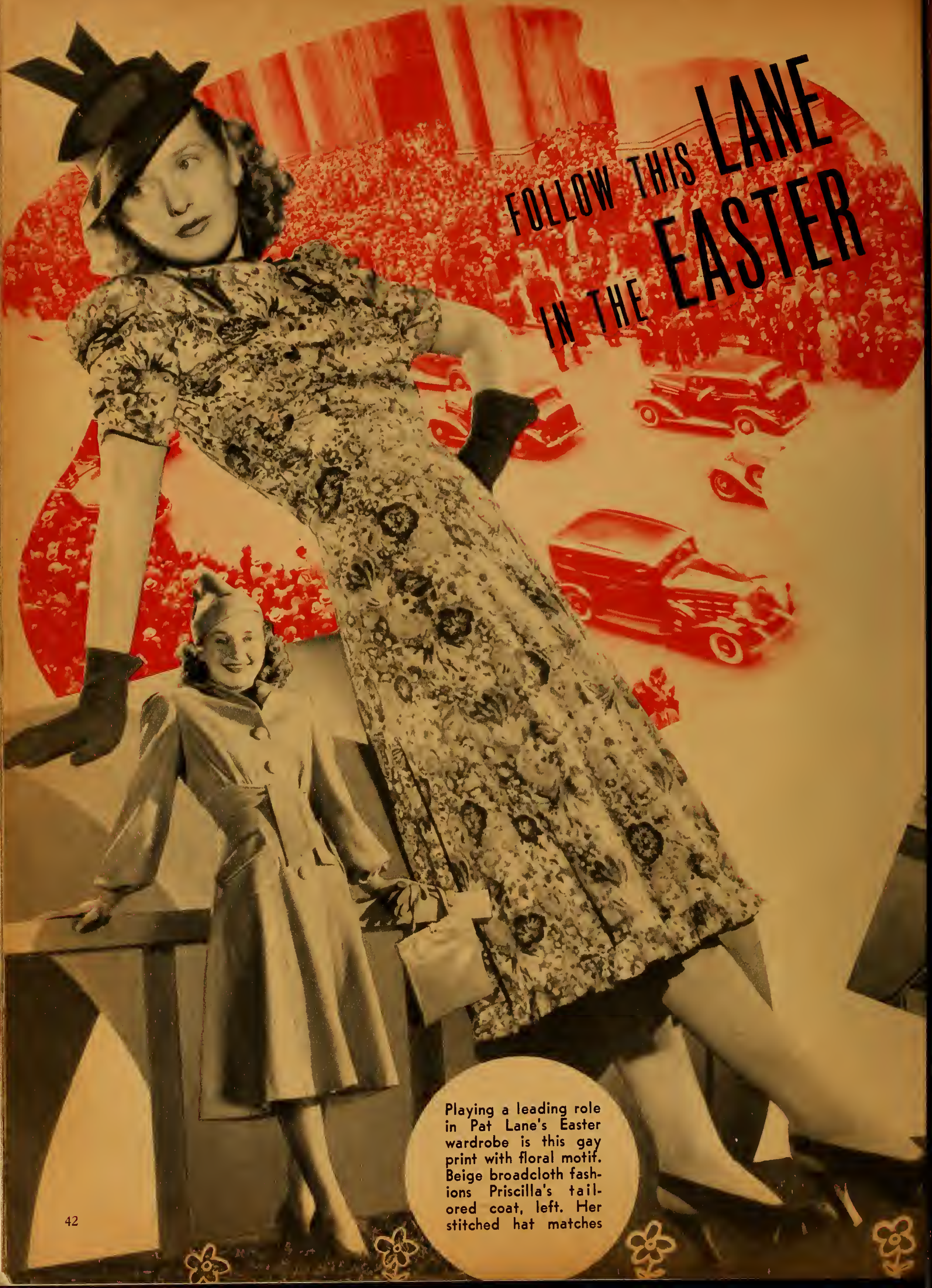
"We never read the columnists so I wouldn't know about that!" said Alice. "But I do know that from now on Tony and I are going to have a 'run-away' marriage.

"Ever so often we're going to run off somewhere for a complete change of scenery. That's all I need in the way of a rest.

"Nobody, of course, can tell what tomorrow will bring. But no matter what happens I wouldn't give up these two years I have been married to Tony for anything."

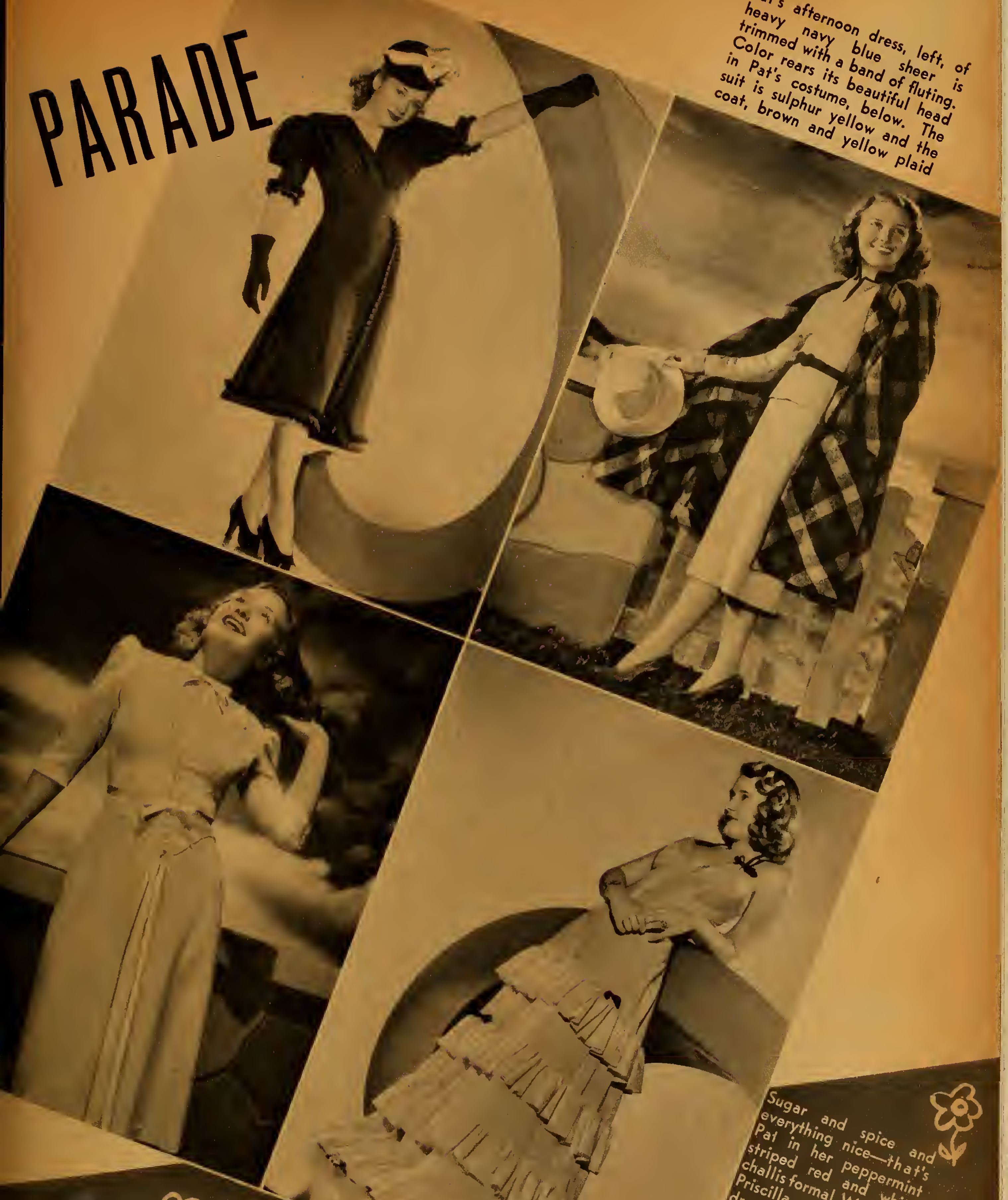
You never feel you're talking to an actress when you talk to Alice. She never makes gestures. Never dramatizes herself. Rudy Vallee once said she had the most honest mind of any person he had ever met. She said now, blue eyes steady as a shaft of light, "Plenty of people, you know, warned me not to marry anyone. [*Continued on page 78*]

FOLLOW THIS LANE IN THE EASTER



Playing a leading role in Pat Lane's Easter wardrobe is this gay print with floral motif. Beige broadcloth fashions Priscilla's tailored coat, left. Her stitched hat matches

PARADE



Pat's afternoon dress, left, of heavy navy blue sheer is trimmed with a band of fluting. Color rears its beautiful head in Pat's costume, below. The suit is sulphur yellow and the coat, brown and yellow plaid

Sugar and spice and everything nice—that's Pat in her peppermint striped red and white challis formal. Way over, Priscilla wears a smart dress of oyster white bengaline with tiny pearl buttons. Yes, *My Darling Daughter* is her latest

Martha R. keeps insisting she's not a glamor girl. Then she wears her new quilted swim suit to kid you along

Lump in Throat

■ Lump-in-the-throat item of the month: In Margaret Lindsay's fan mail, a number of weeks ago, there was a letter from Spain. It was from a young Spanish aviator. He told Margaret, with Spanish fervor, that he had fallen in love with her, and had clipped a picture of her from a magazine, and always carried it with him, in a locket.

Margaret paid the letter comparatively little attention. Film stars get used to things like that.

But the other day, Margaret got a package. From Spain. It contained only a locket, with her picture in it. Then she remembered that the Spanish aviator's letter had contained this line—

". . . . and I have made arrangements so that, if I should be killed, the locket in which I carry your picture close to my heart, shall be sent to you."

Scare

■ Funniest inadvertence of the month in Hollywood was Cecilia Parker's. . . .

With Hubby Dick Baldwin, she was listening to the radio at their home in the San Fernando Valley, when suddenly the electric power failed, and all the lights went out. They scurried about and found some candles, and sat around a while, and then went to bed, when the logs in their open fireplace finally burned out.

BUT—suddenly and in terror, at 3:30 a.m., they woke up. The house was ablaze with lights. There was a lot of talking in the living room. They rushed downstairs — and then realized that when the electric current had failed, they'd forgotten to turn off the lights and the radio. . . !

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Even a referee couldn't part Buck Jones and Helen Twelvetrees when they go into clinch in *Night Club Hostess.* It's Buck's first dramatic role—and La Helen's comeback

The four Young sisters appear together for first time on screen in *Alexander Graham Bell.* In back row, Sally Blane, kid sister-Georgiana. Below, Polly Ann and Loretta

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

No Mother-in-Law Jokes for Jawn

■ Devotedest hubby and son-in-law (of ALL things!) in Hollywood, these days, is Jawn "Reformed" Barrymore. By now, Hollywood has gotten quite used to and even a bit bored with Jawn's outspoken adulation of his wifie. But even Hollywood gasped when Jawn added a new verse to his tune, and began praising (out loud!) his mother-in-law, Mrs. Edna Jacobs.

"Don't," warned Jawn to some cronies who were ribbing him on the set the other day, "gimme any of those mother-in-law jokes. I'm crazy about my mother-in-law. And I've a reason—because if I've snapped out of it, she's largely responsible."

And the Barrymore eyebrows weren't waggling ironically as he said it, either.

Nostalgia

■ Homesick is Richard Greene, whom 20th-Fox doesn't like to have called "Dimples" Greene, even though he's got the cutest ones. . . !

Greene, you know, is British. He's been very happy, though, in Hollywood, where he's been getting a terrific build-up. He never missed England a bit—which is quite something for a loyal Briton.

But then he was cast in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. His first scene was played in an English home interior. Greene began to get homesick. Then they moved to a back-lot open set—replica of a Devonshire moor. When Greene was a kid, he lived in Devonshire, and used to wander on the moors.

Now Green has a violent attack of nostalgia.

[*Continued on page* 57]

In nautical swim suit and perched high on jib, the better to offer an eyeful, is eyeful Dorothy Arnold

A short time ago we told you how Margaret Lindsay had discovered she had sex-appeal. Here she gives a triple reflection of her charms. She gives an eyeful in *On Trial*

Oh to have the pop eyes of a fish. Bonita Granville, one of the eye-catching sex-appealists of Younger Set, shows prowess as underwater naiad. Boy, a glass-bottom boat!

RAY MILLAND IS A WELSHMAN WHO WON'T WELSH IN STICKING UP FOR HIS RIGHTS. HE SOUNDS OFF PARTICULARLY ON TAXES, BELIEVING PLAYERS SHOULD PAY WILLINGLY

WELSH—BUT NO WELSHER

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

IN A long day's ride you won't find a more placid citizen than Ray Milland, the naturalized British cavalryman who is sinking his spurs into a Hollywood career that's taking him places fast.

But mention the subject of income tax and you strike fire and hear the rattle of sabres.

"There you have the topic on which there is more flagrant phoneyism in Hollywood than any other I have encountered since I got the privilege to vote," he declared with a good standard American inflection in his pleasantly robust voice. "English actors and French actors and—so help me—American actors try to impress me and the public and each other that they can't afford to work more than a few weeks of the year because the government gobbles up all their income.

"They talk about handing over 80 per cent of their salaries to the tax collector. They complain that they can't make two pictures a year, or three, because the extra work would put them in a higher bracket and mean they'd actually have to take a loss for their efforts. Nuts! Any child can prove they're liars."

One way or another, chiefly because he has been broke oftener than he has been affluent, this personable young leading man has acquired an actuarial insight into the nature of money and the pleasant uses to which it can be put.

"On an income of $2,000,000 a year net, the tax is 70 per cent," he elucidated. "Show me an actor who is netting $2,000,000 at a Hollywood studio and I will eat the studio. The tax scale is geared so that no matter how much anybody makes there will still be an incentive to make more.

"An English girl at a party the other night was giving me the old rigmarole about not being able to do another lick of work all season for fear of slipping into the rarefied upper atmosphere of tax victims," Ray related. "I reminded her that in the

[*Continued on page 69*]

Turn Your BEST Face Toward *Spring*

—THE WAY SOCIETY FAVORITES DO!

April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, The Countess de la Falaise says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"

Spring in the Garden is fun for Miss Sally Anne Chapman, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin—with Pond's."

Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! Jean Stark (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It's thrilling to have it in Pond's."

FOLLOW TODAY'S SMART SKIN CARE—

NOW YOU CAN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO YOUR SKIN*

Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in *Pond's* Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.

Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. Miss Lucy Armistead Flippin, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so *make-up looks glamorous!*"

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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SHE DYED TO BECOME A STAR

Jane, popularly known as "Cookie" and "Small Fry," once had coal-black hair, but is now a blonde and proud of it. She's 5 ft., 5 in. tall and was recently divorced after a year of married life. There's no new romance, tho plenty of b.f.'s

By E. J. SMITHSON

TO BE A GLAMOR STAR JANE WYMAN WOULD BECOME A CELLULOID "GUINEA PIG." A BRUNETTE, SHE DYED—BUT SAYS IF SHE "DOESN'T JELL" AS A BLONDE SHE'LL START ALL OVER

JANE ("Cookie" or "Small Fry"—you can take your pick since she answers quickly to either nickname) Wyman is as saucy and as pert as a young spring robin chirping atop a weeping willow bough these days and if you ask her why she'll up and give you a reason faster than a stop watch can split a second.

"I'm going to be a glamor girl," she says, giving that blonde head of hers a shake. "I don't know exactly just how good a glamor girl I'm going to be and Warner Brothers don't either, probably, but all the same they're going to let me give the idea the good old Missouri try in a couple of pictures, and if I sort of don't jell like I should I'll forget it (she hopes that Warners do, too) and start right in where I left off; and if that happens I'll be the last person in Hollywood to complain."

Now, if you've read this far (and we don't blame you a single paragraph if you haven't) you can see with half an eye that this vivacious little lady from the "Show Me" state doesn't give two hoots in a projection booth about the verbal beating this word "glamor" has been receiving up and down the flicker alleys the past six months and more. And that's rather surprising because it's gotten so that [*Continued on page 70*]

Elizabeth shows how your baby can grow

Babyhood . . . thriving on Clapp's Strained Foods

Elizabeth — 4 Months . . ."Here's her first really good picture," says Elizabeth Harkrader's mother. (Elizabeth lives in Westfield, N. J., where a study in infant feeding took place recently.) "I had just begun to feed her from a spoon then. She'd had Clapp's Baby Cereal about a month and was beginning Strained Vegetables. My, how she used to chirp when she'd see them coming!"

Elizabeth—10 Months . . ."She was creeping and beginning to pull herself up on chairs, at the time this was taken. She just gained like anything in those days—more than a pound a month. She was nice and solid, too, so that you could see that her Clapp's Strained Foods gave her the vitamins and minerals that a baby needs. She was getting all the Strained Foods by this time."

17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables.

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens.

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce.

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Runabout Age . . . protected by Clapp's Chopped Foods

Elizabeth—1½ years . . ." 'Our little nudist,' her Daddy calls this picture. We were very lucky then, for just as she got too old for Clapp's Strained Foods, they started to make Chopped Foods. They're coarser, you know, help the child to learn to chew. But they're cut up and cooked and seasoned, exactly the way the doctors advise. It was lucky for me, too—Chopped Foods certainly save no end of work!"

Elizabeth — 3½ years . . ."This is her latest picture. She goes to nursery school now and she's so self-reliant and helpful—bathes herself, and even feeds baby brother. She still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods, and the grocer has some new ones—Junior Dinners—that she just loves. Beef or lamb, cooked with vegetables and cereals, and *very* good. I wish everyone with little boys or girls of Elizabeth's age could know about them!"

11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup.

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables.

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens.

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes.

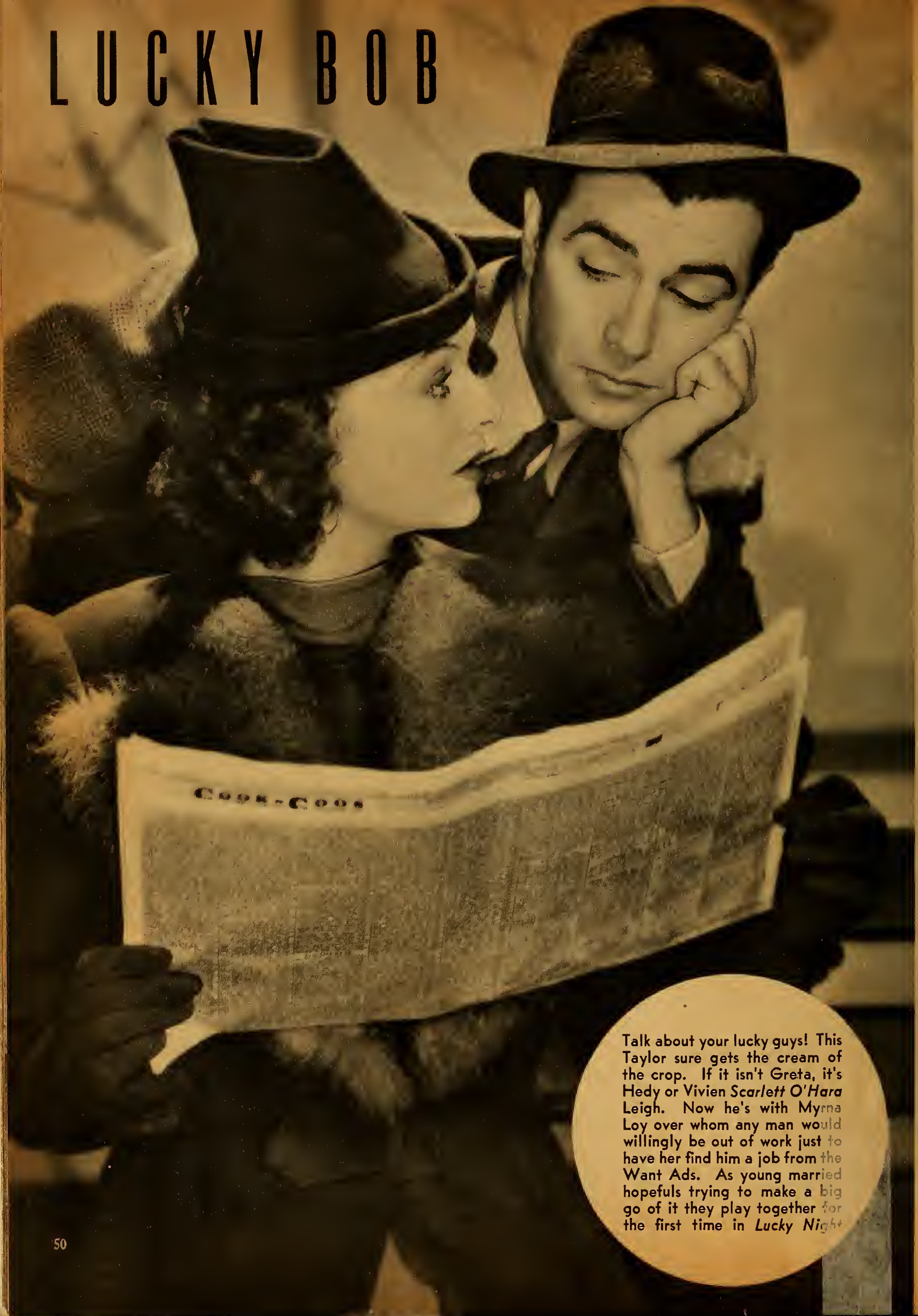
Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

PARADE OF PROGRESS At Your Grocer's, April 6 to May 6

LUCKY BOB



Talk about your lucky guys! This Taylor sure gets the cream of the crop. If it isn't Greta, it's Hedy or Vivien *Scarlett O'Hara* Leigh. Now he's with Myrna Loy over whom any man would willingly be out of work just to have her find him a job from the Want Ads. As young married hopefuls trying to make a big go of it they play together for the first time in *Lucky Night*

TO BLUE-EYED GIRLS LIKE *Vera Zorina*

STARRING IN THE BROADWAY SUCCESS
"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"

Marvelous Matched Makeup brings new allure!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

MARY: What! Choose my *powder* by the color of my *eyes*, Claire?

CLAIRE: Yes, and your rouge and lipstick, too, Mary! Really, until you try Marvelous Matched Makeup, you don't know how flattering a harmonized makeup can be!

MARY: It's *wonderful* on *you*, Claire! But *your* eyes are *blue! Mine* are *brown!*

CLAIRE: Mary, whether your eyes are brown, blue, gray or hazel, the Marvelous people have just the shades for you! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—

MARY: And they found *eye* color is the guide to proper cosmetic shades, Claire?

CLAIRE: Exactly! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes. *It's the color of your eyes!*

CLAIRE: And Mary, Marvelous Matched Makeup is everything you've ever dreamed of! You'll *adore* the powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!

CLAIRE: And wait till you try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, Mary! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick is so creamy and protective . . . yet its color lasts and lasts!

MARY: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too)—but for *perfect color harmony*, get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

(65¢ in Canada)

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

FW-539

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City______________ State__________

Lovely
Cliff Dweller
advises...

get tough
with your teeth

A smile to climb mountains for. Strong white teeth, sparkling with health. And all because of tough, chewy foods that *exercised* her teeth. Soft modern foods have no exercise value. Yet you can get a mouth workout in one pleasant easy way.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

...MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH IN TRIM

Many dentists advise Dentyne for daily mouth exercise. Its special firmness invites vigorous chewing. The gentle massaging action aids healthful circulation of blood in the gums. And through its use teeth are cleansed and brightened.

EXTRA FLAVOR—SPICY, EXCITING

Sun cured cinnamon, deliciously warm, exotic, appetizing, gives Dentyne its extra flavor. Reminds you of Grandma's spiced cookies, but even more tempting. You'll *like* Dentyne. And its exclusive flat package, especially designed to slip easily into purse or pocket.

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Why Men Fall in Love with Merle Oberon

[*Continued from page* 23]

She slipped away, leaving her car there for them, borrowed a roadster from her hairdresser, drove herself home in time to dress for a dinner appointment. . . . I mean that her hairdresser told me, as I waited in Merle's dressing-room, between shots of *Wuthering Heights*. . . .

"You'd be surprised at how snooty some of these stars are . . . they scarcely speak to you, never seem to *see* you . . . but not Miss Oberon. She always has a smile, a friendly word for everybody, not just now and then, either, but *all the time*. That's why she gets the studio cooperation she does, we're all of us for her. She's got a lovely disposition, I always say, and believe me, I know what I'm saying!"

I LEARNED that all of the men who have been in love with her are still in love with her—or still love her, which may not be quite the same thing, but is better. I was told, by one of the men on the set, "every man, any man who is around Merle for any length of time always falls in love with her, no man could help it. . . ."

I learned how frank she is. I had been warned that she doesn't like to talk about love, romance, marriage for publication. Silly, erroneous stories have been written about Where Is Her Heart. Her young dignity naturally resents having her heart made a pawn for the ink-pots of the Press. But ask Merle a sensible question—"Do you expect to marry?" or "Do you want to get married?"—such a question as might reasonably be asked of any young, courted, beautiful and unmarried girl and she answers, as she answered me:

"Certainly I expect to marry, intend to marry. At this particular moment I have no definite matrimonial plans. If I did have, I'd say so. Why not? I could have no possible reason for being evasive. Not long ago a columnist reported that I had been secretly married to Mr. Korda. Even David Niven, my good friend, came to me and said, 'come on, Merle, give. . . .' I told him not to be absurd, that if I were married I would certainly say so, that neither he nor any of my friends would have to read about it in the papers. . . ."

I am sure that Merle will not object to my mentioning here, parenthetically, that it is generally believed that she will marry Alexander Korda and that in the not very distant future. The "general belief" may be right, may be wrong. I am only reporting that is what "They" say. Upon the completion of *Wuthering Heights* Merle plans to return to England and then she, and we, may know something definite about her matrimonial plans.

I LEARNED how honest Merle is about herself . . . where the honesty of women, especially young and famous women, so often stops short. She was facing herself in the mirror, the hairdresser adjusting her dark curls before she went on the set . . . she wore a shell-pink evening gown, bouffant, bustle, the period of the early Nineteenth Century . . . there were brilliants around her throat, in her ears (her ears are pierced, were pierced when she was three years old).

Looking at her, I thought—a man would not need a cocktail . . . and she said, "I have a very peculiar face. I have a forehead like a dome, practically no chin. Which makes me very sad. Because to have no chin," she laughed, "implies lack of determination, they say. And I will say for myself that I am the most determined person that walks in female form, I'm sure.

"Yes, you're right, the face does tell lies. Very naughty of it. Very misleading, too, since the lady behind the faces does NOT tell lies. Not even little 'white' ones. Which may not be a virtue. . . . Anyway, when I first came to Hollywood I had a definite complex that *my face could not be seen*. I felt that I had to hide it or transform it behind a camouflage of thick, concealing make-up. When Mr. Goldwyn chanced to come upon me one day, absolutely guiltless of make-up, just me, and said 'This is the way I want you to be photographed in *The Dark Angel*,' I thought that he was quite mad and that I was ruined! If anyone should ask me in what dark hour I was called upon to display my greatest courage I would answer, 'When I first stepped before the cameras for *Dark Angel*. . . .'"

There is nothing of the exhibitionist about Merle . . . so charming did she look in that old-fashioned gown that I said to her "Do you like these clothes? Would you like to wear them now?" and she said "I love them. And I wish they would 'come back.' But I'd never have the nerve to wear them, except at home. I wouldn't have what it takes to 'introduce' a mode, not even a new hair-do. . . ."

It is well to remember about Merle that she went on the stage in the first place, not because she "wanted to be an actress" but because they were poor, she and her mother, because she had to earn money.

THE one hundred per cent normalcy of Merle is the intriguing thing about her . . . any one of you girls who may be reading this would find all kinds of things in common with Merle . . . she has the virtues, the faults, the dreams, the points of view of any completely normal, intelligent, sensitive young woman. And she knows herself. She admits to having a flame of a temper. It never flares out, however, at anyone who can't fight back. If she has any reason to be dissatisfied or indignant with anything concerning the studio or her own work, she goes "right upstairs," directly to Mr. Goldwyn himself. She doesn't take it out on those who can't hand it back to her.

She told me: "I've got a lot of faults, faults I'm trying to grow out of. Extravagance is one of them, I'm especially extravagant about furs and jewels. . . ." That she is trying her best to curb these extravagances, her friends will tell you. She is curbing them because she wants, badly, to save money. Which, thus far, working for two "governments," she has not been able to do.

She has pet "hates," too . . . she can't *bear* body make-up . . . "that wet stuff slathered over my neck and arms. . . ." I watched her wince, make a wry face when the studio maid "slathered" her arms for a close-up on the set. She can't abide commercials on the radio . . . "a symphony broken into by reminders that Your Liver Is Not Functioning As It Should . . . the cocktail hour being interrupted by the solemn solace that such and such a mortuary is Your Ideal Resting Place. . . ."

She is almost fanatically fastidious. She has every costume she wears in pictures dry-cleaned between each wearing. When she was making *The Cowboy and the Lady* the studio maid neglected to have one of the costumes cleaned, after one of the dustiest scenes, too . . . Merle, true to her standard of never lashing out at anyone who can't lash back, did not complain but did admit to a friend that she was "miserable all day" . . . .

At home (she leases Norma Talmadge's house on the beach, near to the homes of her great friends Norma Shearer, Sylvia and Douglas Fairbanks, David Niven) everything is as fresh and immaculate as April. Her gowns are hung, symmetrically, on dainty, scented hangers; her bureau drawers, her desk, everything she has to do with is shining precision. The house is filled, always, with white flowers. . . .

She is crazy about perfume . . . in the portable dressing-room the maid, half a dozen times, dusted the dressing table, the incidental tables . . . "Miss Oberon can't stand the sight of dust or disorder" she told me . . . she doesn't smoke . . . "she's the *daintiest* girl I ever knew," said Laurence Olivier. . . .

HER idea of a Perfect Evening is *your* idea of a Perfect Evening . . . and yours . . . and yours . . . to be in a romantic spot with the person you're in love with . . . (didn't I say that she is 100 per cent normal?) Other Perfect Evenings for Merle consist in going to the Russian Ballet . . . to have a few of her best friends in her home for dinner, to go to the beach later on, do the roller-coasters and the fortune-tellers . . . she has a secret yen for fortune-tellers . . . she loves to go to the Palomar and dance . . . she adores dancing . . . she loves to try out new steps . . . and if you, page almost any young man in Hollywood and say "name me the best dancer in town" he will name you Merle Oberon . . . "you can't trip her on any step," says David Niven.

She takes her work seriously, but not too seriously. She told me, "My work doesn't drink up my whole life, I don't eat it and sleep it. Only three times in my life have I been intensely serious about pictures I've made, completely absorbed by them . . . when I played *Anne Boleyn* in *Henry the Eighth* was the first time, when I made *The Dark Angel* and now, the part I am playing in *Wuthering Heights*. When I feel that there is something to be serious about, then I am *very* serious about it. When I played *Anne Boleyn* I became, unstintingly, an encyclopedia about her. I read every book and pamphlet I could find. I even wrote an article about her, a sort of a skeleton outline for a play.

"But I'm definitely *not* keeping it up *indefinitely*—my work, I mean. I certainly do not see myself living out my life in make-up and portable dressing-rooms. How do I see myself in the future? Married—with six children on either side of the table!" (she is mad about children, is Merle. She mothers everybody's children).

"I want money," she continued, "I want enough money to make me comfortable for the rest of my life. I want to feel secure . . . which comes of having been hungry, of having been dependent on one's relatives. . . .

"I enjoy this thing called 'Fame,'" laughed Merle, "for practical purposes. I mean, when I go out to dine and dance I am usually given a ringside table because I am known as Merle Oberon and not as Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, my real name. But I'm not deceived . . . I know that Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson would NOT be given a ringside table, thus my gratitude to the fame of the neons. Otherwise, I get more fun out of not being recognized than the reverse. If I go shopping or out to luncheon or somewhere and

[*Continued on page* 87]

I TOLD YOU THAT MARRIAGE WOULD HIT THE ROCKS . . .

SUSAN: Mercy me, this telegram says our newlyweds are in trouble again! Mollie wants to pack her bags and come here.

MATILDA: I told you that marriage would hit the rocks if she didn't get wise to herself. Come on—we haven't a minute to lose!

SUSAN: But I'm scared to death of these flying machines. Why can't we send Mollie a telegram instead?

MATILDA: Don't be a ninny! I've told her a million times Jack wouldn't nag so much if she'd only keep tattle-tale gray out of his shirts and things. Now I'm going to *show* her how to do it.

SUSAN: H-m-m-m! I'm not frightened a bit any more. We ought to do more flying, Matilda.

MATILDA: The next flying we'll do is on our feet—straight to Mollie's and then to her grocer's. Once she stops using those weak-kneed soaps that leave dirt behind—and changes to Fels-Naptha Soap—she'll be rid of tattle-tale gray in a jiffy!

MOLLIE: Hey, forget those dancers a minute and look at Jack's shirt. It's just marvelous how white my washes look since Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* went to work for me. Not a trace of tattle-tale gray now!

JACK: That isn't *all* the good news, darling. Did you tell these two cupids we're taking another honeymoon cruise?

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
COPR. 1939, FELS & CO. with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wed. night. See local paper for time and station.

PARADE OF PROGRESS At Your Grocer's, April 6 to May 6

Will he notice your Spring hat . . . *or only a heavily over-powdered face?*

Hat by Solly Victor

LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"
Face Powder
has a *Light Touch!*

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FWG—5-39

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Why Nelson Eddy Will Stay Married

[*Continued from page* 20]

came to believe that he was too wrapt up in his triple career—screen, radio, and concert stage—to find time for his emotions.

He stubbornly refused to rush glamor girls, declined to enjoy hectic heart affairs like his less-conscientious fellow stars. Many a studio executive, many an irate columnist, many an ardent fan tried to promote tete-a-tetes for him.

So now Nelson, who made his headlines by dodging them, sat before me, a changed man if ever I saw one. He no longer played at evading, at ignoring his emotions. He was as honestly thrilled at becoming a husband as a sixteen-year-old engulfed in the ecstatic complications of first love. For while he's no kid, this *is* first love for him, and he is reacting accordingly. The only difference is that he did his climbing, maneuvered his rise from nobody to Acclaimed Somebody, before he let himself be sweepingly male.

He quit classrooms when he was fourteen, you know, on finishing grammar school, to go to work. Nelson secured his high-school and college education by reading endlessly, through night school and correspondence courses. Until he'd earned enough to pay for a fine singing instructor he played records over and over, teaching himself to sing that way. It was the hard way up, and so he had no time to fool around. And since he was in earnest about success he was equally serious about the important matter of a wife. He had, behind his barrier, his Ideal. She didn't materialize for a long while. Then, *along came Ann.*

JUST who is she? Why have you never heard of her before? Where did they meet, and when? What did she do to intrigue him, to be triumphant in a nationwide campaign to win this blond giant of a fellow? **For, you know, it was a national chase. It wasn't merely discerning Hollywood sirens who were after him, but impressed women throughout the country, who saw and heard him sing in person, mapped their Intentions, too.**

I said to Nelson, first: "What sort of woman is Mrs. Eddy?"

He said, "My wife is a little girl." Obviously, he was proud of the new term in his vocabulary. "She is not a complex person, you know."

"No?" I would have presumed she would be, to attract a man who had been so exposed to feminine charm.

"No," he said. "She's a swell, normal woman with average likes and dislikes. She comes from a swell family. She is interested in the things I'm interested in. Which means music, acting, living comfortably, having fun with good friends."

"And was it," I went on quickly, while he was in so confidential a mood, "love at first sight?"

"No," he replied, candidly, "it wasn't. We grew into love. It almost had to be that way, I think. Everything comes slowly to me. I hung around M-G-M for two years, under contract but waiting for a break, before I got my picture opportunity. I was a telephone operator in an iron works, a night clerk and reporter on all variety of newspaper beats, from baseball to politics to business scandals, I wrote newspaper ads, I appeared in little theatre efforts, I studied abroad, I was a professional singer for ten years before I even got that chance to *wait* on a movie lot. So I've had to cultivate patience. I wasn't impatient about love. I was willing to work for it, too."

"So you didn't do this impulsively," I said. "Your elopement to Las Vegas was no spur-of-the-moment dash?"

"Decidedly impulsive, our wedding itself," he replied, happily, "but only the ceremony. We'd been scheming for a long time and suddenly our dates were knocked silly and there was nothing to do but take advantage of that week-end. Ann didn't have time to doll up. I'd ordered a proper blue suit from my tailor, and we hurried off so unexpectedly all I had was a sample of the suit material."

"SUPPOSING," I interrupted hopefully, "we go back and do a retake on your first meeting with Mrs. Eddy. If it wasn't love at first sight, what was it?"

"It was a Sunday afternoon tennis party at Doris Kenyon's, and I found myself talking to a very intelligent, attractive woman."

Mrs. Eddy, to give you particulars, is five-feet one, is blonde, and blue-eyed. Daughter of a well-to-do business man, she has never had professional leanings herself. She was married once before, to Sidney Franklin, prominent film director, but that marriage had ended before Nelson was introduced. She has a beautiful home of her own in Beverly Hills, and is popular with Nelson's clique which includes, besides leading music-lovers of Los Angeles, the Don Ameches and Edgar Bergen.

"I felt," he continued, exuberantly, "that here was a woman I should like to know and keep for a friend. It was a pleasant feeling. There was, there isn't anything conspicuous about Ann. She's unassuming, gracious. She is a home body. Of course I'd have wanted her, whether she was or wasn't. I wouldn't care if she worked, at anything. But it is keen that she does like a home, a simple home, as much as I do.

"I met her again at Doris's," he remembered. "I was her escort to parties. She came to dinner at my house, and my mother liked her, and I began dropping in at her house. There wasn't," he added with a grin, "a sensational touch. No dramatic quarrels! It was a slow, sound thing. I have"—and now he did look like a boy—"known Ann for five years."

"How in the devil," I asked, astounded, "did you keep it so quiet?"

He chuckled, reached for another cigarette. "We didn't have to try so hard. Neither of us wanted to talk about ourselves, except to ourselves. We have that much secrecy in our systems! But you could have guessed we were growing into love, you know. We went to all the previews and parties we wanted to. We went dining and dancing. Only we didn't put on the dog. We didn't gush in public places. We didn't make entrances. We went where there were no press agents or candid camera demons. Simple, pal!"

I winced. So all the while he's been in pictures he's been actually preferring, and enjoying, Ann's company! No wonder he had ducked out of the would-be tie-ups with the slinkily-gowned women.

"ANN came to every rehearsal and every one of my radio broadcasts except one; fifty-one Sundays in succession she sat in the front row over at the NBC auditorium. Afterwards the gang on our show—Don

Ameche, Edgar Bergen, and the rest, with their wives or girl-friends, and Ann and I usually got together for a buffet dinner at someone's house. She frequently entertained us.

"Of course," vowed Nelson, more gravely, "I told her all about myself as I really am. I'm a business-man at heart, you see. I am not particularly temperamental. Singing is primarily a job to me, and I prepare in detail for every song I sing in public. I've had to. I'm no arty so-and-so. I've always listened carefully, too, to how the best singers sing. I've learned from others; yes, been coached by the best singers whenever I could be.

"My mother has been the dominant force in my life, my chief sympathizer, and, naturally, I was glad when she liked Ann so much. Ann had time to realize how much I study to remain as far along as I am. I depend upon my music teacher, Dr. Edouard Lippe, for his constant criticism and I practice under his direction every day, except when I'm on tour. He, like my mother, is a vital part of my life in Hollywood. Ann understood. She understands, also, the demands of 'fame,' if I may lay a modest claim to that so-very-fleeting adjective. I mean, she was willing to take on situations that, to me, are requirements of my job, but which to her are exceptionally novel. It isn't much fun to be a perpetual backdrop a couple of hours a day, but Ann loves me enough, I believe, to be a sport.

"I gave her an engagement ring last October." A dignified, square-cut diamond, if you want to know all, and why shouldn't you? "We knew by then that we would be right for each other. We didn't make any announcement because we aren't much on parading ourselves; indeed, we want as normal a life as the demands of my job will permit. We didn't want hullabaloo, pros and cons, and advice. We are not oblivious to the law of averages on marriage these days. We know everyone must work at marriage. We could have dug up forty or fifty stumbling-blocks. But none of them are to be considered when you're sure you are in love, as we were sure; it'd be unnatural *not* to go ahead.

"WELL," he sighed, "we decided to be married as soon as I had some free time. Which sounds easier than it was. I found myself doing two pictures in a row, and I was busy every Sunday on the radio, which meant, naturally, all that extra rehearsing, regularly. I took Ann out as much as I could, although we prefer to stay at home or visit in our friends' homes, and, having taken a long time to make sure, we eventually named the week-end of February 1st as *it*. It was the only week-end I had off before leaving on the concert tour.

"Our honeymoon had to be counted in minutes, practically. We drove to Boulder Dam and back, from Las Vegas, at full-speed, as our closest approach to Niagara Falls—which would have been great! And," grinned Nelson, "the bridegroom had a cold. I had to cancel one of my first concerts, a preliminary Northern California concert, because of it, and the only replacement time for that concert was the aforementioned first of February. So Ann and I just had to utilize that week-end, cold or no cold."

Their idea in driving to Las Vegas was to have a quiet wedding. A crowd of fans and reporters soon spotted them there. "The kids tied tin cans onto our car when we started for the station to catch the night train back." Did he resent that? "Heck, no, I thought that was swell! We didn't run away, didn't elope. We wanted to marry in

"Confound it! If it's good enough for me...it's good enough for him!"

How a young couple learned the modern way to bring up their baby.

JANE: For mercy's sake, Sid..! Are you losing your head?

SID: Now, wait a minute. Don't fly off the handle!

JANE: My goodness!...The idea of giving that child a dose of *your own laxative!*

SID: Look here, Jane. He needs a laxative. Mine works. So what's the harm in giving him a bit?

JANE: *Plenty,* my dear NIT-WIT. You see, I just came from the doctor's. I told him about the trouble we were having with Bobby. And I asked him what to do.

SID: What did he say?

JANE: He said that the modern method of *special* child care, calls for a *special* laxative, too. He said an adult's laxative can be too harsh for *ANY* tot's immature system...even when you give it in smaller doses. He recommended Fletcher's Castoria.

JANE: He said Fletcher's Castoria is a modern laxative...made *especially* to suit a child's needs. It has no strong, purging drugs and won't cause cramping pains. He said it's on the *safe* side, *yet very thorough.*

SID: Man alive—look at him go for it!...And with that finicky taste of his!

JANE: The doctor was right . . . Fletcher's Castoria has a wonderful taste . . . Thank heaven, we found a *SAFE* laxative he'll take *willingly!*

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

the easiest way, to avoid a protracted siege of reporters. I didn't have time to make a Roman holiday."

FOURTEEN photographers descended upon the newlyweds, lined up in their front parlor the next morning. "It sounds like bragging to even discuss fans," Nelson asserted, "but it is a problem how to reciprocate. Ann will have proved herself a marvelous sport by the time we return, to relish this concert tour, three concerts every week in different cities, twenty-eight cities. I'm used to hopping on and off trains at all hours, but she isn't. It means meeting so many people, always being at one's best. It's a strain, especially if you've never experienced it as a three months' diet."

It means, if you're a Nelson Eddy, picnic baskets outside your hotel room door, and a thousand wild-eyed fans at the stage door after your evening concert. It means a mad dash to a hotel to wash up before the local reporters descend and, in mid-afternoon, when you should be relaxing a trifle for the concert, coping with forty high-school amateur reporters. Generally there is a journalism class assigned to practice on him and Nelson says Hollywood's interviewers are positively mild in comparison.

"The younger generation is schooled to 'get your man,' and they really lean on me with their questions!" When he's drawn the line, elevators have been surprisingly stopped between floors, revealing interrogators masquerading as elevator operators, and these diligent sleuths can only be shaken by the answer they want. Ann is accustomed by now to police protection, for Nelson, having seen children trampled on, attempts to keep order when fans head after him.

"As soon as we return to Hollywood, the first of May, we'll move into the new home we're having built while we're away. We began by looking through houses, as soon as we were engaged, and we couldn't find anything we really wanted. We progressed to examining sites and we came across the ideal one, a gardened plot in a remote neighborhood in Beverly. The woman who owned it had planted flowers all over. We knew instantly that was our spot. So then we got our architect and proceeded to wrestle with him. Have you ever wrestled with an architect, tried to make him meet your plans?

We wanted a Williamsburg Colonial farmhouse. But nothing elaborate. We want, you see, a simple little house, no more. For we may be of and in the movies, but nevertheless we are going to go on leading a simple life. I'm a New England hick; I don't go for trimmings.

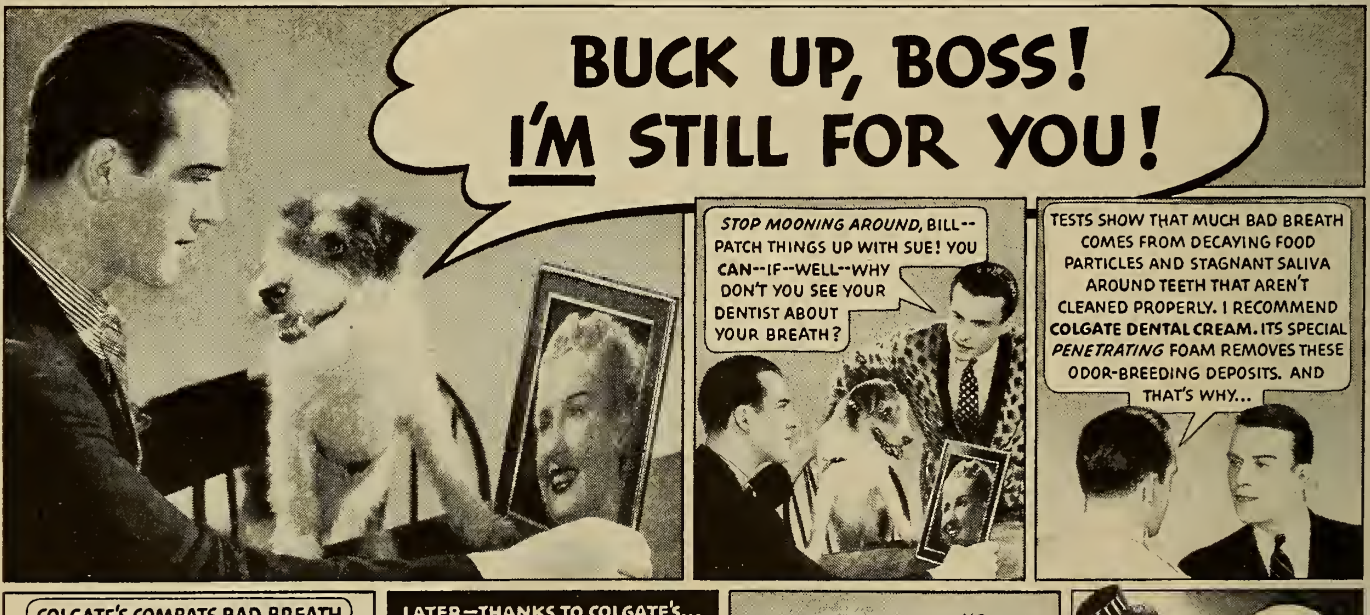
"We have no 'extras,' but if we are going to struggle along without a music-room, without a play-and-cocktail room, without a swimming-pool, and without a tennis court, at least we do have a room for our books. I've built a suite for my mother, and she can either move in with us or keep my former house, which I've made over to her.

"I guess," mused Nelson, standing up and stretching, "the New England in me is stronger than any Hollywood influence ever can be. My grandparents, my father's parents, had such a happy life in Rhode Island. I always loved to go to their home. I learned from them that simplicity and kindliness are what really make a *home*. I hope Ann and I can create the same feeling in our home, and between ourselves, as they had for so many years.

"And don't," admonished Nelson, "burst forth with a how-love-has-improved-Eddy's acting yarn! Ann doubtless has taken off many of my rough edges, and will take off more. But if I'm more at ease on the screen in certain roles it's because, then, I'm playing myself, in a familiar atmosphere. When I have to be a Northwest Mountie I'm stumped. But I can see it coming. If my next picture is good they'll credit my marriage; if it's a donkey, Ann can duck. They'll not see it depends on how close to myself I've been playing."

All this Nelson told me, in his dressing-room suite at M-G-M, the day he left on the current tour. From all reports the presence of his bride has further zoomed his phenomenal reception. "I'm even attending tea parties," he has written to me. "Always avoided them like the plague before, but Ann can have fun meeting the prominent people in each city, so now I dangle tea cups with the best people, too!"

Ann apparently is bearing up nobly under the pressure of his fans. Down in the first row at each concert, she hurries backstage after his final encore and emerges through the crowd with him. She has learned to pack more efficiently. The first time she packed Nelson's grips for him she left out his white waistcoat. Nelson grabbed the vest to a gray flannel suit, dived into it backwards and then, in his immaculate evening clothes, strode out to sing for four thousand people. "I am not," he announced, "attempting a new style. But, you see, my *wife* did my packing!" I hear that brought down the house.


BUCK UP, BOSS! I'M STILL FOR YOU!
STOP MOONING AROUND, BILL--PATCH THINGS UP WITH SUE! YOU CAN--IF--WELL--WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
TOUGH LUCK, OLD BOY--BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH JEFF UNTIL SUE AND I GET BACK FROM OUR HONEYMOON!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 45]

Neighbors Can Sleep

■ Most considerate persons in Hollywood are the parents of Jackie Cooper.

Jackie practices trap-drumming. It used to be tough on the neighbors. But Jackie's maw had the playroom completely soundproofed. Now Jackie can drum furiously, and the neighbors can still sleep.

New Hollywood Racket

■ Night of the *Gunga Din* premiere. Temporary grandstands. Comes, very early, a fat Mexican mama and her brood of four children. Occupy choice seats. But when the stars arrive, mama and the kids aren't a bit interested. They're busy hawking their front row seats to the highest bidders. She made four dollars at *Gunga Din*. She does the trick regularly, has a record of having sold her family's place for $11.

Fugitive From a Sarong?

■ I'd never have believed it—but Dorothy Lamour is going temperamental. She's howling about any more sarong poses . . . !

"I want to be known as an actress," complains the lovely Dot; "not as a peep show . . . !"

But Dorothy, there are so few GOOD peep shows!

Fred and Eleanor Mebbe?

■ Don't be surprised if, when Fred Astaire comes back from that long vacation of his, he goes to M-G-M to do one picture, at least, with Eleanor Powell . . . !

It'll be a screen refresher to see Fred hoofing with somebody besides Ginger, for a change. It'll be refreshing for Fred, too, not to mention Ginger. And no matter how furiously RKO tries to hush-hush the rumors of acidity on the set between Astaire and Rogers during the recent co-starring pictures, Hollywood insists that where there's so much rumor-smoke, there must be temperament-fire.

Wonder how he'll get along with Eleanor —who's a No. 1 dancer in her own name.

Is My Face Scarlett—Is My Face Rhett!

■ Now that they've picked the leads for *Gone With the Wind*, the Hollywood party gag is this:

Upspeaks a gal who says she wanted the role: "Oh, they've picked that **Vivien** Leigh, and is my face scarlett . . .!"

"Humph," answers a man, "I thought I'd play the Butler role—but I won't, and is my face Rhett?"

But Food Tastes Good

■ Hedy, Look OUT!

You're much too tiny to be putting it on, like that. Twelve pounds, since *Algiers!* My, my—pretty soon we won't be givinnadam about seeing you swimming Ecstatically.

Sex Appeal In Vaccination

■ Not for her histrionic ability was Claire Owen, onetime Ziegfeld star, cast for her role in Paramount's *Dr. Jenner.*

[*Continued on page* 59]

A "Neglected" Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT*

HE NEGLECTS her pride, and often embarrasses her by admiring other women; making comparisons unfavorable to her, sometimes in public.

HE NEGLECTS to kiss her good-bye, and never shows the little signs of affection which mean much to a wife.

•

HE NEGLECTS the companionship they used to have; shows no interest in her daily problems and plans.

HE NEGLECTS the sentiments that are dear to her; forgets anniversaries and special occasions to which she has looked forward.

BUT... her *own* neglect was really the cause of his indifference

*The one neglect no husband can forgive is carelessness (or ignorance) about FEMININE HYGIENE.

Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

If there is any doubt in *your* mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals, *and wives*, are . . .

1. ***Non-Caustic*** . "Lysol" in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. 2. ***Effectiveness*** . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter. 3. ***Spreading*** ."Lysol" solutions *spread* due to low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. 4. ***Economy*** ."Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about 1¢ an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. 5. ***Odor*** . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. ***Stability*** . "Lysol" keeps full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. M.P.-905, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

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Sex Is Here to Pay

[*Continued from page 27*]

He remedied that with temporary tucks at each side. After which, to get a breath, she had to gasp for it, lips apart.

He stood off, admiring her. He tried his camera at this angle and that. He said, "I want to photograph that charm!" He had her slip one shoulder strap off, hide it under her arm. He photographed the resultant effect. "Such charm!" he said. Before he finished, both straps were off—and, any moment, the force of gravity threatened to outwit the once-right tucks.

After, the press-agent asked his speechless client what she thought of the photographer. Summoning her sense of humor, she said, "I was afraid, at the end, he was going to get to photograph *all* my charms."

Such of her charms as he did manage to photograph made producers and casting directors—and the public—sit up and rub their eyes. The girl had what it took to excite interest. And they wanted to see her excite it.

She hasn't made a stodgy picture since. Her roles have been the emotional kind—that get her mentioned for Academy Awards.

Perhaps you can guess her name. I'm not mentioning it here because she is very touchy about being told that it took a little sex appeal to make her a big star. It's her story that her devotion to acting, and nothing else, put her in the chips. And if she can get anyone to believe that story, I'm all for her.

HOLLYWOOD would be a better place, and movies would be a greater art, if stardom were strictly an award of acting merit.

But you know supporting players, and so do I, who act rings around stars—yet will never be Big Names, in the Big Money, themselves. They just don't have what pays. Sex appeal is what pays.

The two finest actresses in America today aren't on the screen. I mean, Helen Hayes and Katherine Cornell. They are on the stage—where acting ability is the important thing.

Helen tried the screen. She out-acted every glamor girl in sight. With her first picture, she won an Academy Award. But, for all her artistry, she couldn't bring the shekels into the box-office. She didn't have sex appeal—which is the important thing on the screen.

Hedy Lamarr is a bigger hit after one picture than Helen Hayes was after three.

No one knows yet whether Hedy can act or not. Apparently, it doesn't matter whether she can or not. In *Algiers*, she appeared only briefly, had only a very few lines of dialogue. When she did appear, all that she had to do was to look glamorous—look like a girl who could inflame a man's senses. She did that very ably. And it was enough to make her a sensation, THE sensation of 1938, a movie star overnight.

Now she is doing a picture with Robert Taylor. It may not be the greatest picture of all time. But it may well pay the greatest profits of 1939. It will offer sex-appeal-plus.

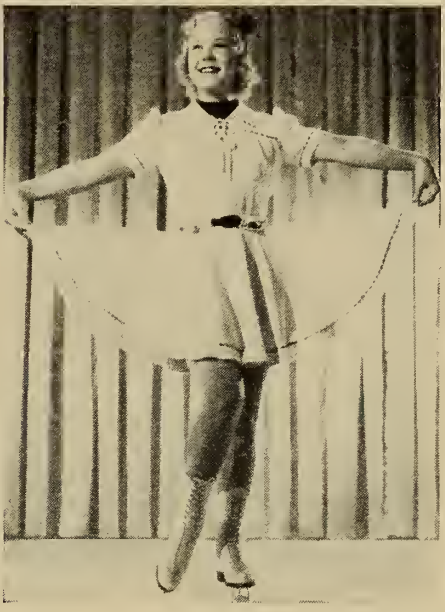
Glamor, as sex appeal is politely called, isn't confined to the girls. Men stars have to have it, too. It was his appeal to the opposite sex, in fact, that made Robert Taylor a star practically overnight. Not to mention Tyrone Power. And Errol Flynn. They all found movie fame and fortune while still novices as actors.

The male of the species isn't so glamor-minded as the female. He doesn't have to be. The years change him less. Ronald Colman, at 47, is still selling romantic appeal. At a very fancy price. And he isn't an isolated case. Consider Warner Baxter. And William Powell.

GIRLS know that they have to cash in while they're young, or not at all. And they know that glamor is what pays the big dividends. So, naturally, they concentrate on being glamorous.

Always before them is the edifying example of Greta Garbo—who hasn't been anything but glamorous for eleven years and is getting $250,000 for her next picture.

With the censors tougher nowadays, she can no longer make the kind of love scenes that helped audiences to become super-conscious of her femininity. The closest thing in recent times to the Garbo-Gilbert horizontal love scenes was the Tyrone Power-Alice Faye wrestling match on the carpet in *In Old Chicago*. But Greta still has Adrian to glorify every line of her figure. And she still has her story sense. You can trust Greta never to do a picture that isn't a story of a great passion, or one in which the heroine sacrifices less for love than the hero.



Sonja Henie sets off one of the best figures on screen by concentrating on form-fitting, streamlined costumes. These and grand gams are half appeal of her skating

Not having the figure of some of the girls, Greta has worked up a glamor technique all of her own. She subtly suggests sex appeal more than she actually shows it. Marlene Dietrich, on the other hand, rotates between subtle suggestion and frank exhibition, and is expert at both. Which, perhaps, is why Hollywood itself calls Marlene, Glamor Girl No. 1. Despite the fact that she is the mother of a daughter in the teens.

Motherhood costs high in Hollywood. It can be had only at the expense of glamor. That is one reason why so many feminine stars are mothers by adoption only. Or are mothers secretly—like Marion Talley, who, in asking for a divorce the other day, revealed for the first time that she had a child. The stars known to have children of their own have to cultivate super-sex-appeal to compete with ordinary glamor girls. Else why should Norma Shearer wear a gown quite that adhesive in *Idiot's Delight?* Or why should Joan Blondell recently state: "Motherhood has improved my figure"?

Speaking of mothers, consider the portrayers of maternal roles. Even there, the ones highest-paid are the ones with enviable figures—women like Billie Burke, Alice Brady, Dolores Costello, Irene Rich, Spring Byington, Fay Holden, Barbara O'Neil.

And speaking of children, Shirley Temple is younger, trimmer and has more little-girl appeal than Jane Withers. Shirley makes A pictures, Jane makes B's. And their salaries are proportionate.

A GIRL doesn't have to be a heroine to find gold in them thar Hollywood hills. She can find it with viperish roles—that is, if she is voluptuous. Like, say, Mary Astor or Gale Sondergaard or Claire Dodd. Myrna Loy played countless curvacious courtesans, and had a neat figure in her bankbook, before she ever played a Perfect Wife.

There are heavies who are in the heavy sugar, too. The ones who can qualify as *romantic* menaces. As, for example, Basil Rathbone, Humphrey Bogart, Brian Donlevy, Bruce Cabot, Otto Kruger. Clark Gable first put his he-man appeal across by being a dangerous gent with the ladies. Ditto, George Raft. Ditto, Lloyd Nolan.

Musicals, on the whole, cost more than dramas to produce. But musicals are always with us. They make money. They glorify the feminine form divine. They uncover (and I do mean uncover) future stars. Where would Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers and Alice Faye, among others, be today, if musicals hadn't given them chances to show what they had—in more ways than one?

Lawrence Tibbett's voice is every bit as good as Nelson Eddy's, and perhaps better. Likewise, his acting. But Lawrence is off the screen, and Nelson is very much on. Nelson has sex appeal—aided and abetted by a romantic screen association with a singing glamor girl.

Jeanette MacDonald has watched her calories and her curves. Which is one very important reason why she is still movie-starring, while most of her singing rivals aren't.

It was Dorothy Lamour's voice that made her a radio star. But it wasn't her voice that made her a movie star. It was her sarong.

For years, Hollywood has been looking for a new way to present legs on the screen—and off it. Whoever happened upon a way was bound to cash in. Dorothy is doing just that. So is Sonja Henie—whose form-fitting, streamlined costumes are half the appeal of her skating.

EVERY year thousands of youngsters, freshly out of dramatic schools or stock companies, break their hearts—because they can't make Hollywood see their possibilities. Lana Turner, freshly out of Hollywood High, walked across the screen wearing a sweater. Now she is getting a big build-up. Hollywood could see Lana's possibilities. She had sex appeal.

Bette Davis, early in her career, wasn't getting anywhere. She couldn't seem to land anything but little-brown-wren roles. She asked why. No one troubled to spare her feelings. Coldly and cruelly, she was told, "You have about as much sex appeal as Slim Summerville." Bette took that hard. And then, being Bette, she did something about it. She went blonde and she went in for a little more self-exposure. It paid. Today she's getting some of the choicest roles to be had.

With Kay Francis temporarily retired, there's a mad scramble going on for her title of Best-Dressed Star. Any actress who can gracefully call attention to her chassis is paid well. But the one who can call the most attention, in a sophisticated way, can command a staggering salary indeed. Kay drew down about $5,000 a week.

Even the portrayers of girlish innocence can't be too modest about their physical charms. The movies pay off on physical charms. And Priscilla Lane, Jane Bryan, Jean Parker, Nan Grey, and all the others, are periodically photographed in swim-suits and play-suits. As you have noticed.

Gail Patrick got in the movies by being a runner-up in a Panther Woman contest. Marjorie Weaver, by winning a contest to find a figure to compare with Ruby Keeler's. Arleen Whelan, by being the most glamorous manicurist ever seen in a Hollywood Boulevard barber shop.

No star ever got in the movies without having sex appeal. And no star has ever been urged to get out of the movies for having too much. Except, perhaps Mae West. And before Mae was urged, she ran a few ideas about sex into a few million dollars.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 57]

The film is the story of the life and work of Dr. Edward Jenner, discoverer of vaccination. It shows among other things how he used to vaccinate in the leg, instead of the upper arm as is now customary.

So of course, when they wanted a gal to be the vaccinee (is that the word?) in the leg-vaccinating sequence, you can trust Hollywood to pick the shapeliest leg in town —regardless of its historical accuracy.

So they picked Claire, whose gams are the envy of many a big star.

Trust Hollywood to get sex-appeal even into a vaccination!

Women Are Croquettes

■ It's getting to be a neck-and-neck race between Sam Goldwyn and Director Mike Curtiz, as to which can get his words more thoroughly balled up.

Latest for Curtiz is this:

"I think ALL women are croquettes."

Female Bouncer to Slap 'Em Down

■ Talk of Hollywood is the innovation at Earl Carroll's glitterish nighterie. He's got a female bouncer! She wears evening gowns, and looks like a guest, with her orchid on her shoulder, and her air of calm poise and sophistication.

But let a femme patron get out of line with too much giggle-water, and the lady goes into action. And if necessary, she can slap 'em down!

[*Continued on page* 83]

OH YEAH? what's so good about Pepsodent Powder?
IRIUM- that's why it gives me a "come-closer" smile!

Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM

to brush away dingy surface-stains from teeth . . . reveal their full shining luster!

● Have you ever envied some one who has a "Come-Closer" smile? You know, that sort of irresistible, sparkling smile that just naturally *zooms up* a person's rating right to the top. If you've longed for such a shining smile, then start today the IRIUM WAY . . . with Pepsodent Powder!

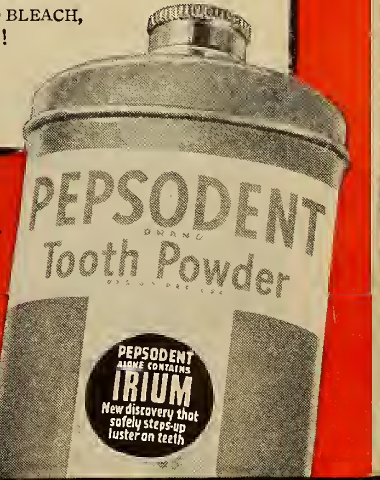
Over 35 million sales prove it *has what it takes!* How come this *landslide* to Pepsodent Powder? Because no other tooth powder can give you exactly what Pepsodent does—IRIUM. Never before has there been such an *effective* cleansing agent in any tooth powder . . . *that's why millions are switching to Pepsodent!*

You'll soon see that Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM quickly reveals the full natural sparkle of your teeth! Does it easily . . . effectively . . . for it gently brushes away masking surface-stains—polishes teeth to dazzling natural brilliance in record time!...What's more —Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM is SAFE! NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO PUMICE. Buy Pepsodent Powder today!

25¢ *and Larger Economy Size*

FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY

with PEPSODENT POWDER


PEPSODENT
Tooth Powder
PEPSODENT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM
New discovery that safely steps-up luster on teeth

"My Diary tells me

to take S.S.S. Tonic this Spring"

"I know from experience I will be happier when I *feel* better and *look* better."

And the reason for this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess *genuine* vitality . . . the means to strength . . . energy . . . and that assurance of well being.

for that tired-let-down feeling

Worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, and sickness often reduce the blood's strength and vitality.

But you may rebuild this strength by restoring your blood to normal, in the absence of an organic trouble, with the famous S.S.S. Tonic.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

Buy and use with complete confidence and we believe you, like others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

.. *In the Spring take*

S.S.S. TONIC

Taking Stock of Leslie Howard

[*Continued from page* 40]

or so, and giving them houses and servants and automobiles and all that.

Darnitall, a man does get himself into the confoundedest spot, doesn't he?

From all of which you may gather that Leslie Howard is back in Hollywood again, and that he's up to his usual trick—belly-aching hellishly at the state of things in Leslie Howard's life.

For Leslie, lovable as he is, is the most incorrigible belly-acher in moviedom. To Leslie, nothing is ever right as it is. Leslie always and perennially and perpetually wants life—specifically, HIS life—rearranged to be something other than what it is at the moment.

I FOR one, have never talked with Leslie Howard without hearing him proclaim that he'd rather be doing this-and-that and so-and-so, and that by heaven and high water, that's what he's going to do. For instance, he's unquestionably one of the finest actors on stage or screen today—and he loves it. Yet he bellyaches and bellyaches about acting, and vows that he'll never be happy until he quits being an actor, and becomes a writer or director, instead.

But give him a chance to stop acting, and he finds eighteen dozen assorted excuses for not stopping.

Leslie, my lad, you're a colossal bluff. . . . !

For instance, this role in *Gone With the Wind,* that he's going to play. *Ashley,* it is. I'm positive that Leslie Howard would have given his right arm, rather than lose a chance of being in the most-talked-about picture of the decade. Yet, when the role of *Ashley* was dangled in front of him, practically for the asking, he hemmed and hawed and back-and-filled and tacked and side-stepped until his poor agent, not to mention Old Man Selznick, were in a state of jitters.

"It'll take so long to do," he complained. "It'll keep me from going back to England, and making movies the way I like to make them—with a cup o' tea, you know. Oh, yes, I fancy you'll pay me a pretty penny for it—but ahfter all, money isn't everything, you know. . . ."

And that's the way it went. But it so happened that I dropped in at his agent's office on the day Leslie finally and irrevocably attached his signature to the contract to play *Ashley.*

And did he do it with a flourish of delight and joy?—like Viv Leigh must have, when she got the role of Scarlett?—or as any actor might, when he finds a perfect plum of a role dropped into his lap? No, not Leslie. He did it with a bored:

"Oh, veddy well—I may as well do it, I s'pose."

And then he came out of the office, and curled up on a couch, and looked all of one color—with those fawnish-hued corduroys, that beigish polo shirt, that nondescript tannish sports jacket—and that sandy hair and brownish face!—and told me about how he'd like to have an attic instead of a family.

HOLLYWOOD used to take Leslie Howard seriously, at first. But Hollywood has gotten over that. Hollywood now takes Leslie, but with a grain of salt. Hollywood loves Leslie, but Hollywood snickers and chuckles at Leslie, at the same time. Hollywood knows that Leslie, for instance, is NEVER on time. Clocks are just something with hands that go around.

"You Ameddicans are always too, too in a huddy!" he remonstrates, if you mention a clock. And then he tells you how he and his co-workers made *Pygmalion* over in England. . . .

They thought they'd make it. So they bought it from George Bernard Shaw—

"Everyone ahsks me about Shaw. I s'pose you want me to tell you about Shaw," Leslie interpolates about here. "Well, we rahther thought the old chap'd be positively haunting the stujo. But he didn't, you know. He made one single blessed appearance, and that was at the luncheon we gave when we started work. We had tea and champagne and things, and we all drank toasts, and it came Shaw's turn to drink a toast. So the old chap raised his glahss and said: 'Well, you've all been drinking a lot of toasts to so-and-so, and this and that, and you've neglected one person. You've neglected me. Shamefully. So I drink a toast to George Bernard Shaw!'

Mrs. Howard is a fixture in Hollywood's social life when Mr. H. works there. Note candid camera carried over his chest—it's the fiendish terror of the movie town

And I s'pose that was a particularly Shavian remark, and what everyone expected him to say, and there you are. . . ."

So anyway, Howard goes on telling about how they accumulated a director, and a cast, and got some space at Pinewood studios about 50 miles from London. It's built on an old English country estate, and the manor house is used as a sort of clubhouse by the cast. Making movies is rather social, in England. They all lived at the manor house, and it was a glorified week-end that dragged on for several weeks. They'd knock off making movies around four, each afternoon, and have a spot of tea, and they'd talk. They'd talk over what they'd do, next day, maybe.

"The picture just grew, at these sessions," Leslie explains, vaguely and naively, "and we were all so jolly surprised when it turns out to be making money, actually!"

UNDERNEATH his offhandedness, however, Howard is really delighted at the success of *Pygmalion*. He speaks many words of praise for the Britishers who helped him make it, and he says he's going back and make more pictures that way, now that they turn out to be profitable. Getting money from English backers for making movies is the worst task of all, he explains.

"Englishmen would never be so foolish as you Americans are—putting millions of dollars into a project that has so much chance of turning out in the red . . . !" True, it has a chance of making money, too. But a chance isn't what the English investors want. They want certainty.

Leslie hopes, sincerely, that British movie production never improves. It'd be a shame. It'd spoil all the fun of making movies as they did make *Pygmalion*. What he hates about Hollywood methods is the mass-production system.

"It keeps me on the verge of a nervous breakdown," he complains. "It's work, work, work all the time. You start at the studio at seven in the morning, and you finish at midnight, and you're in a state of collapse by the time you get home and into bed, only just in time to get up again and do it all over, again!"

Just at present (at this writing, that is) Leslie's family is still abroad. But now that he's signed for *Gone With the Wind,* he'll bring them to Hollywood again. His son, Ronald, is in Cambridge. Ronnie still looks like Papa Leslie—but not as much as he did a few years ago, when he used to "double in autographs" for his dad. The resemblance between the two used to be so strong that when crowds descended on Howard, for autographs, Ronnie could step in and pose as Leslie, and sign all the books.

And there's Leslie, Jr. Not another son; a daughter. It's Leslie Junior who's the apple of papa's eye. He's mad about that girl. They're pals, devoted pals. Play polo together. Do the night spots in London together. Even though she's only 14. If you think an American girl is sophisticated, you should experience a 14-year-old British girl of the social class the Howards move in. . .!

AND of course, there's Mrs. Leslie Howard. When Leslie works in Hollywood, Mrs. Leslie Howard is a fixture in Hollywood's social life. She is a matronly, Britishly competent wife and mother, and is utterly devoted to Leslie Howard. She has had Leslie for many years, now, and she knows him inside and out. She knows his reputation about town for being the most ready, catch-as-catch-can *Don Juan* on the reservation. True, a great part of that reputation is synthetic. Howard likes lovely women, as what normal male doesn't? But the chatter that runs around town, if it were true, would reduce even a most virile Leslie Howard to a mere wreck—if it were true!

So Mama Howard doesn't mind. She hears the gossip and smiles. She observes that lovely young British-French secretary that Leslie has, and she smiles. Why, she admits, shouldn't a man have a pretty young secretary, if he wants one, instead of some hatchet-faced hen, or perhaps a mincing male secretary? So Leslie has his pretty young secretary, and isn't it nice?

And he goes his Howardish way about Hollywood, impressing women with his charm and his winsomeness and his utter desirability. I recall the most indicative remark one Hollywood damsel made to me, when she was talking about Leslie.

"He strokes so beautifully!" she said. He's like John Boles, that way. Both Leslie Howard and John Boles have learned the knack of how to practice the laying-on-of-hands, without offending the layees . . . ! On the contrary!

AND so there you are. There's Leslie Howard, back in Hollywood again. He's going to be with us quite a while, now—for it'll certainly take a great, long time to make *Gone With the Wind.*

He'll putter around town. He'll stroke women so beautifully. He'll complain about his lot in life—about having to work under these horrible rush-and-rush conditions in Hollywood; about how he'd much rather have an attic than a family. Yet he'll be the doting husband and father, through it all. He'll set innumerable hearts aflutter; he'll irk the very devil out of innumerable executives; he'll delay production by vanishing at tea-time; he'll annoy innumerable hostesses by being anywhere from an hour to a week late; he'll work himself into a rage at the income-tax people; he'll play polo with his daughter; he'll snapshot innumerable people in innumerable, unspeakable positions with that candid-camera which is the terror of Hollywood; he'll wear the sloppiest clothes in town; he'll bellyache in that quiet, calm way of his from morning 'till night—

And he'll do a wonderful job, as always, in *Gone With the Wind.* And then he'll go back to England, with his wife and family, and he'll enjoy himself by sitting around with a cup of tea and explaining—

"Movie stujos are sweatshops. They kill the best in actors. Hollywood is full of creaky stories, and time-worn plots. Oh, deah, deah, deah. . . ."

He'll do all that.

Because he always does. . . . !

"Skin Smooth Again

AFTER HOURS OUT OF DOORS"

says Titled British Sportswoman

POND'S VANISHING CREAM GETS RID OF LITTLE ROUGHNESSES AT ONCE. I LIKE IT BETTER THAN EVER NOW IT HAS "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN IT

FAMOUS POWDER BASE NOW BRINGS EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TO YOUR SKIN*

Members of British aristocracy, like women everywhere, have long praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now it contains the "skin-vitamin," they're even more enthusiastic about this grand powder base. Skin that lacks Vitamin A becomes rough and dry. But when this "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Use before powder and overnight. Same jars, labels, prices.

The Lady Patricia French

daughter of the Earl of Ypres, is keen about sports. Her home is in Surrey, where she spends much time playing tennis.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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Strange
BEAUTY CUSTOMS

Girls of Egypt Wore a Magic Charm

At the time of Cleopatra, women wore a mystic charm to make them fascinating . . . and irresistible to men.

Girls of Today Use DJER-KISS

Modern maidens know the way to be completely captivating . . . with the Parisian fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning . . . Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed. Helps keep you cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin . . . you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

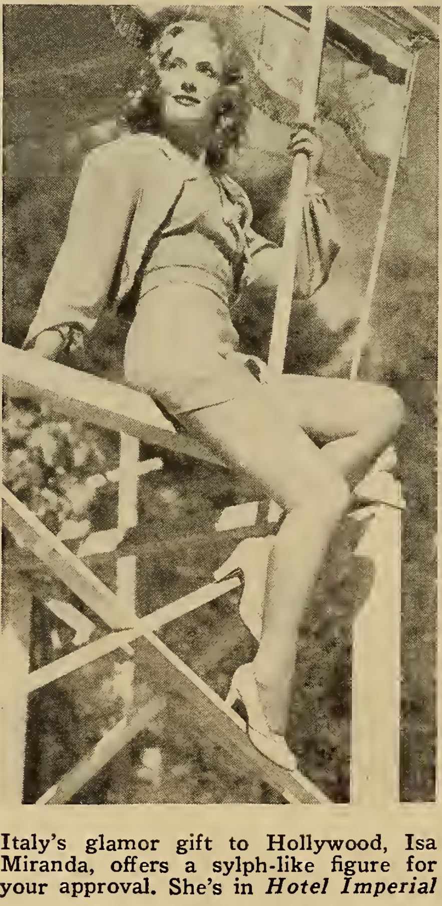
Genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 14]

Sheila Darcy shows favorite Hollywood ensemble for sports wear. It features snug-fitting sweater, tweed coat, slacks



Italy's glamor gift to Hollywood, Isa Miranda, offers a sylph-like figure for your approval. She's in *Hotel Imperial*

If you want some inside dope, you can cross the latter pair off the immediate list. Not that it isn't serious. But even if the way were clear, Joan is too crafty a public-relation expert to risk taking another matrimonial dive so very soon after the collapse of the Franchot Tone love. Joan has been through this sort of thing before, and she knows how fans react. Charlie is a swell guy, and he's going places in Hollywood. But it'll be a long time before he's Mr. Joan Crawford. . . !

You can probably check off, also, both the Janet-Adrian and the Tyrone-Annabella possibilities.

Janet's mighty sweet about Adrian, and yes, I know they've said they're going to get married. But somehow, after all of Janet's false starts, your Hollywood Tattler just doesn't put any money on Janet changing her name again.

And Tattler has NEVER believed that Annabella is any closer to being Mrs. Tyrone Power Junior than Sonja Henie or Janet Gaynor or Loretta Young or who-are-those-other-girls? were!

That leaves the race between the Merle-Korda combine and the Bob-Barbara twosome.

[*Continued on page* 66]

The Man Who Won't Be Typed

[*Continued from page 37*]

letters, I in my room, reading, listening to my recorded music . . . but we know that we are together, though we may not speak . . . *together, at* home . . . that is the best Life has to offer.

"If I popped off tomorrow I don't think that Life would owe me anything. I've had my disappointments. I've had my desires, too. I love to travel. I love tennis, golf, swimming. I love all outdoors. I love music, love to listen to the New York Philharmonics, love my records. I love my six dogs. We love to have small, intimate gatherings here at home . . . we talk interminably . . . no subject is taboo in this house . . . the Charles Boyers come often . . . Boyer is one of the most entertaining conversationalists I know . . . Hugh Walpole comes to us when he is here . . . George Cukor often drops in . . . the Louis Leightons . . . we find Errol Flynn to be a most charming person . . . he is graciousness itself and he has a mind, a liberal, ranging mind. . . . Do you know who is a fine conversationalist? Marlene. Marlene Dietrich . . . whether she is asked to meet a poet or a politician, jitterbugs or the Duke and Duchess of Kent, she is at home, she is informed and informal, she is delightful.

"I love our big parties, too . . . Ouida's big parties they are, really . . . for the best fun I have is when we are giving one of our semi-annual big parties and I Come To My Own Party . . . I never even see the dining-room . . . I don't know what the decorations are to be or what the refreshments until I arrive. . . .

"I like people, but I hate crowds. I am afraid of crowds. But to be afraid is to be excited, too. For fear is one of the exquisite emotions. I am afraid of mobs, yes. But if I am standing on a curb watching the King's Coronation or something like that, and the people seem terrifying, I turn and face a little, old woman, perhaps. I start to talk to her. At once my fear of the mob is dispelled. The mob breaks up into little, folksy faces. I have found a friend and, given time, I would find many friends."

TO MAKE ourselves receptive, Mr. Rathbone believes, is the great thing—to be receiving sets with all of our antennae delicately alert and aware . . . and to make ourselves receptive we must be tolerant to *everybody's* ideas. . . .

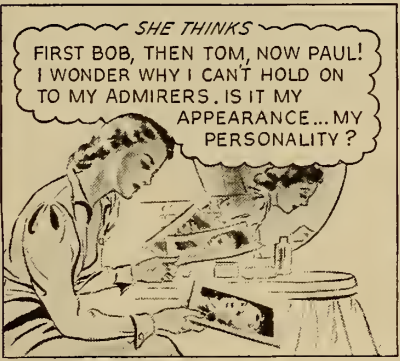
"We have some very odd people in this world today," he says, his thin, articulate mouth curving slightly, "and some of the ideas they represent seem to us extravagantly wrong . . . but to be receptive, as the radio is receptive, let us say, we must hear these ideas, we must never throw out, in toto, the ideas of anybody . . . to be so sensitized. Rathbone's sensitivity is, I dare say, the channel through which his special gift was given to him and which he, in turn, gives back to us. . . . In the first place, *he knew what he wanted.* He always knew what he wanted. He always knew that he wanted to have something to do with the theatre. At the age of eight or nine, he wrote his first play . . . in the drawers of his desk at school were crammed the plays he wrote and continued to write, painstakingly, on foolscap . . . when, later, he worked for an insurance company in London, (to please his father) there was an empty room at the top of the building.

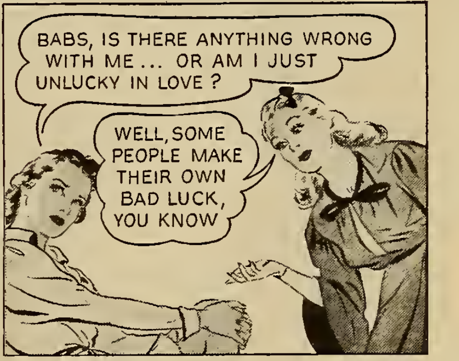
At noons he would go into that empty room and there recite aloud to himself . . . the poems of Browning and Shelley and Keats . . . he was all the characters of Shakespeare, *all* of them, never one. It is intolerable to Basil Rathbone to be confined in the strait-jacket of any one personality, any one type . . . even while he is talking to you, his face changes. It is childishly eager one instant, wise and sophisticated the next instant, sullen and angry, philosophical and very kind, never tired, never bored, always intensely alive.

In each age, there are a few people who know absolutely what they want to do. They are the darlings of whatever gods there be. Perhaps they have lived other lives and, in this life, find their way at last . . "no matter what it is," Mr. Rathbone said, when I suggested to him that he is one of these Fortunates, and he agreed with me, "no matter *why* it is, I do say, daily, 'thank you, God, for letting me know what I wanted to do.'"

[*Continued on page 65*]

Her Mirror Can't Tell Her Why She's *"Unlucky in Love"*


SHE THINKS
FIRST BOB, THEN TOM, NOW PAUL! I WONDER WHY I CAN'T HOLD ON TO MY ADMIRERS. IS IT MY APPEARANCE... MY PERSONALITY?


BABS, IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME... OR AM I JUST UNLUCKY IN LOVE?
WELL, SOME PEOPLE MAKE THEIR OWN BAD LUCK, YOU KNOW

ONE WEEK LATER
SHE THINKS
BABS ALWAYS WAS BRUTALLY FRANK. BUT BLESS HER FOR WARNING ME ABOUT "B.O."! PAUL'S ATTENTIVE AGAIN, NOW THAT I KEEP DAINTY WITH DAILY LIFEBUOY BATHS!

Stay on the safe side with Lifebuoy

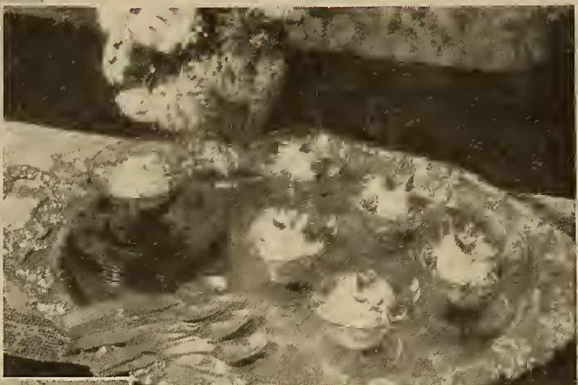
SO OFTEN the first one to be guilty of "B. O." is the last one to know. Without realizing it, anyone may offend . . . and lose out in romance or business. How foolish to offend when it's so easy to play safe.

Careful people refuse to take chances. That is why so many men and women depend on Lifebuoy to keep them fresh. Lifebuoy in the daily bath stops "B. O." It contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap. Women say Lifebuoy's grand for the complexion, too.

Use Lifebuoy Daily—*It stops "B.O."*

PEP UP WITH PINEAPPLE

By
MRS.
CHRISTINE
FREDERICK



At least one of your guests is sure to be on a diet, so be on the safe side and serve this feathery dessert. Snowy and chill it is the perfect finale for any summer service

Sustaining but slenderizing the Pineapple Gem Salad, left, gives first-aid in figure control. Ingredients are shrimp, pineapple, celery and cabbage

The thirst-quenching glasses, right, are filled with bubbling, refreshing natural pineapple juice. No morning after feeling if you pep up with pineapple

IF YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR ENERGY WITHOUT BUILDING UP THOSE FAT TISSUES, PEP UP WITH PINEAPPLE

"SPRING fever" is not as common as it used to be; nevertheless, these balmy mild days often bring in their train sensations of listlessness and fatigue. The writer of that once popular ditty, "Lazy Bones," must have noted the symptoms of persons suffering from that queer "tired feeling" so prevalent at the advance of warmer weather.

Does "spring fever" require a "spring tonic?" NO, if by tonic you mean a bottle bought over the drug counter. But YES, if you mean natural tonics, particularly pineapple juice and products.

Canned pineapple juice, for example, contains as many valuable medicinal ingredients as could be found in the most costly bottled tonics. It includes appreciable quantities of food iron (straight "pep," to you), calcium and phosphorous, all with an alkaline reaction. And, of course, the Vitamins A, B and C are present in canned, unsweetened pineapple juice. For this unsweetened juice is a *natural* juice, pressed straight from sun-ripened pineapples, with neither sweetening nor preservative added. And what a "lift" it gives.

It's because of this "lift" or quick-energizing value that it is wise to plan drinking canned pineapple juice twice a day between meals, as well as in refreshing summer fruitades, for it provides energy without any danger of added calories or unwanted weight. During the period of spring cleaning, for example, when extra muscular activity is called for, or during the Easter hospitality season, when there are unusually heavy social demands, drink canned pineapple juice frequently for added pep.

Many women, too, sensibly start a figure-control schedule in spring, to rid themselves of accumulated winter poundage, preparatory to days in playsuits and bathing togs. Off the menu with hearty meats, greasy gravies, hot breads and heavy desserts! Replace them with lean meats, crisp crackers, refreshing salads and feather-light desserts. In planning such reducing menus, be sure to include all forms of pineapple, not only the canned beverage, but utilizing also the convenience of canned pineapple rings, fingers or strips, crushed pineapple, and the newest addition to the pineapple pantry shelf, the jolly little gems of "bite-size" pieces.

SPEAKING of slenderizing salads, here's a light, delicious, but sustaining recipe which can be quickly assembled under the 10-minute tape-line:

SLENDERIZING SALAD

Cooked or canned shrimp
Canned pineapple gems
Shredded celery
Shredded white cabbage
Tart French dressing

Lightly toss together all well chilled

[*Continued on page* 82]

The Man Who Won't Be Typed

[*Continued from page 63*]

IT IS because of this sensitivity, then, that Basil Rathbone has had his peculiarly successful career. It gave him the understanding of what he wanted to do. Through the years, it has given him the power to choose. For his career has been, almost wholly, of his own making or choosing. He has always chosen his own parts. In the theatre, on the screen. He chose *The Swan, Anna Karenina, David Copperfield,* to pick a few titles at random. And he chose *Copperfield* for one reason. A characteristically shrewd reason: he knew that the release date of that picture would be in November of that year. And that, just around the corner from the theatre where *Copperfield* would open, just three blocks away, *he would be playing Romeo to Katharine Cornell's Juliet.* He knew, that even the least discerning would say, "Look at those extremes! The range the man has!" *They did.*

To get into Hollywood, Mr. Rathbone sensed, with that seemingly unerring Seventh Sense of his, an actor must, first, find a niche. The way to get in, he says, is to be typed, to become known for a special brand of entertainment, so that when such a part comes up, producers will press a button saying automatically, "that's Rathbone stuff," or "that's Boyer stuff" or whoever or whatever. . . .

Once the actor has established himself as a player of a certain type of character, however, what has he done? Says Mr. Rathbone, *"He has built a wall around himself."* Then what must he do? Says Mr. Rathbone, "He must knock that wall over. He must get OUT."

SO, AT first, Mr. Rathbone was a Heavy. When he went into *Karenina,* his friends and advisers shook foreboding heads. They said: "you are going down into the heavies again . . . take care lest you go down for the last time" . . . Then he made a little picture with Bobby Breen. Where he played a sympathetic role. His fan mail doubled instantly, but *doubled.* Old Man Public was saying "we want change . . . you can smile . . . you can be kind" . . . Then came *Robin Hood, If I Were King, Dawn Patrol, The Son of Frankenstein* . . . "in which I am," smiled Basil, "what one might call a hero of Horror . . . now *Sherlock Holmes* in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and I am a hero of Melodrama . . . now the producers have let me out of the bag . . . now the wall has fallen down and I am out!

"I have had a fight. I am exhilarated by it. I know that I have definitely gained by fighting. I worry, yes, of course I worry. Or rather, I have suffered from strain, let me put it that way. Worry is about little things. Strain is about big things. A career is a big thing. And strain makes one more than ordinarily sensitive to danger, to all kinds of dangers. I have known, I think, whenever my career was in danger, whenever I was threatened and by what. . . .

"I think," said Mr. Rathbone, laughing again, sitting now on the edge of his chair—he always sits on the edge of any chair—"that I am, perhaps, pecularly sensitive to danger. Just the other evening I was taking three of our dogs for a walk. We walked across the hills, very lonely hills they are, too, hereabouts. As we were returning two men suddenly rose up before me out of the brush. One of them was carrying a gun. They passed me by without speaking. But I was afraid. I was plain *scairt.* Later, I learned that the police had been looking for two men . . . one of them, the officers told me, was reported to be *carrying a gun!*

"I've always had premonitions of disaster, great or small. . . . I can see myself as a very small boy, walking to school up Fitzjohn Road, saying to myself, 'something horrid is going to happen today, sure as eggs.' Something always did.

"Just the other afternoon, on the set of *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* a wave of depression hit me. I came home to find Ouida feeling ill. When I was in the War I was in hospital with Trench fever . . . one day, it was June 4, 1918, at a quarter to one in the afternoon, I sat up in bed writing a letter to my brother John. As I wrote, I suddenly began to cry. . . . I knew that I should never see my brother again, that this was to be my last letter to him. I remember how the nurse came in and how I coughed

[*Continued on page 73*]

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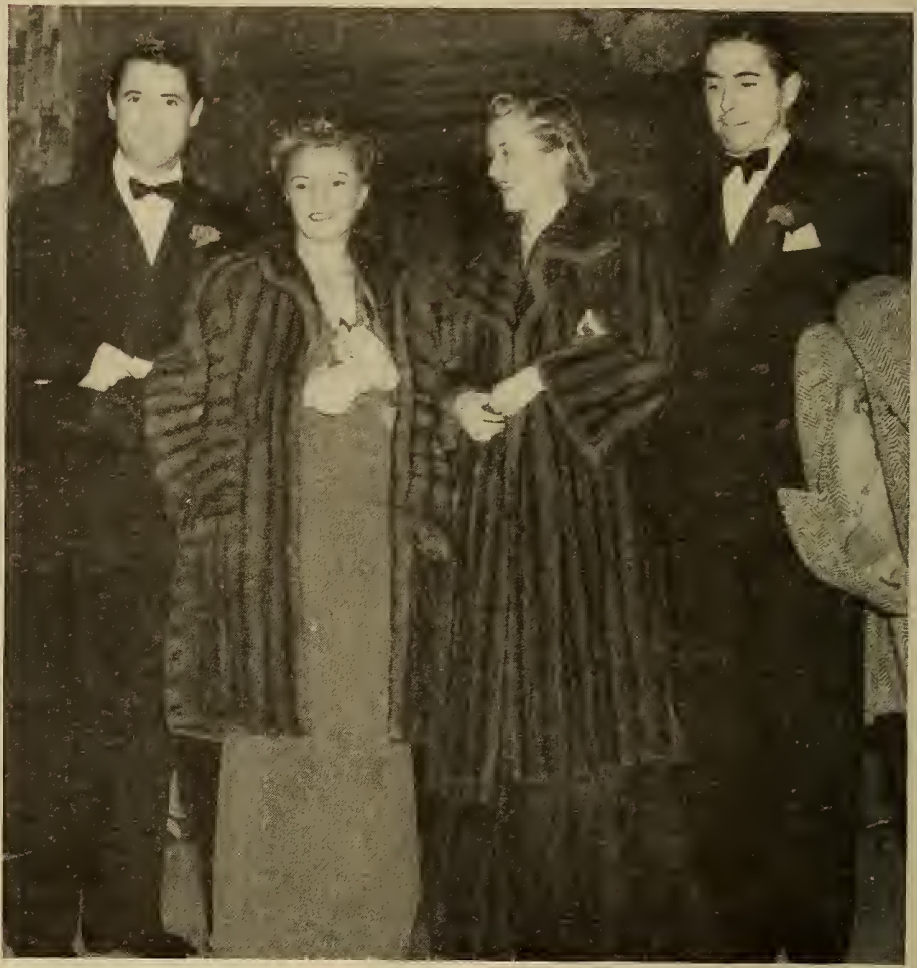
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 62*]



Wide World

At Hollywood premiere of *Gunga Din* crowds gaped over Cary Grant and Ty Power who had exchanged their sweeties, Phyllis Brooks and Annabella

That IS a race. For Taylor and the Stanwyck, the recent wedding of M-G-M love-star Nelson Eddy, and the imminent wedding of M-G-M love-star Clark Gable, are a double incentive to go ahead. M-G-M might as well have three wallops in the box-office as one, and Bob and Barbara may be the third.

But Merle Oberon and Alexander Korda are so nearly married that it's a cinch they'll do the mrandmrs within a few weeks. Probably in London.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Beverly Roberts and Peter Kent—
Are these two wedding bells-bent?

[*Continued on page* 75]

Off to a good start in 1910 costume for *The Castles* is swell-looker, Frances Mercer, daughter of sports writer, Sid Mercer

The Memory Lingers On

[*Continued from page* 6]

Carroll likes floral-scented bath powder and cologne. The cologne has a cooling effect which keeps her feeling fresh longer. Dusting powder, in a matching scent of course, is a "must"—it eases the girdle into place so quickly!

Have you ever tried saturating a square of cotton with perfumed cologne and rubbing it all over you? The warmth of your body, as you move around, releases more and more of the fragrance. A grand prelude to a dancing evening.

Nancy Kelly has another party-going trick. She moistens her hair with perfumed cologne before rolling the ends up on curlers, and pressing in her wave. Try it, and see if it doesn't keep the stag line interested!

The next time you're in the dumps, dab a bit of scented cologne in the palms of your hands. Gail Patrick says it gives her a party feeling—even when she's working.

WHEN I went behind stage to see Joy Hodges, I was amazed at the large collection of perfume bottles on her dressing-table. She owns more than a hundred and fifty bottles—and always keeps some of them with her at the theatre. Perfume-loving Joy uses an atomizer to distribute the scent evenly. That-a-way, she gets an all-over fragrance, not too heavy, not too light.

Don't let Joy's hundred and fifty kinds of perfume scare you into thinking you must be a movie star before you can smell flower-garden sweet. Some of the loveliest, most subtle fragrances I know are priced low enough so that everyone can use them. And not for party occasions alone. Listen closely while I tell you about one of my own favorites.

There's romance in bloom when you use fuchsia and orchid shades of nail polish, perfumed cologne and dusting powder, and a new hair brightening shampoo

In the first place, the scent is light and fresh as the flower-scented air after a Spring shower. This fragrance always makes me feel feminine, and oh so fragile, and I've noticed, when I wear it, that men treat me as though I were a bit of delicate porcelain. If you're going in for fluffy feminine blouses, be-veiled bonnets and frilly evening gowns, you want to be treated in just that way! You needn't worry, either, about matching perfume and bath accessories when you use this scent. Dusting powder and cologne come in the same fragrance. Even bath crystals and sachet powder, if you're interested. There's a dollar bottle of the perfume itself, an attractive purse flacon for only 50 cents, and the bath preparations are equally low priced.

If you want the memory of your loveliness to linger in the minds of your beaux, do be sure to bathe often, with plenty of soap and warm water. Warm spring days make all those oil and perspiration glands work overtime, so you should beat them at their own game. I'd love to have you write me for the name of a fine hard-milled soap I've been testing lately. Work up a thick lather with the soap and a bath brush, to give yourself all over skin loveliness; use a complexion brush to work it into all the facial nooks and crannies where it will dislodge accumulated oil and dirt. The skin-stimulating Vitamin D this soap contains is grand for tired skin, too. Always rinse your face and throat twice

[*Continued on page* 77]

MERLE OBERON IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"

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REMEMBER the name...it's Tru-Color Lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood. It has four amazing features, and, in fact, is the most startling lip make-up discovery in years...

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Medium ...... ☐	Hazel .... ☐	REDHEAD Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy .... ☐	Brown .... ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
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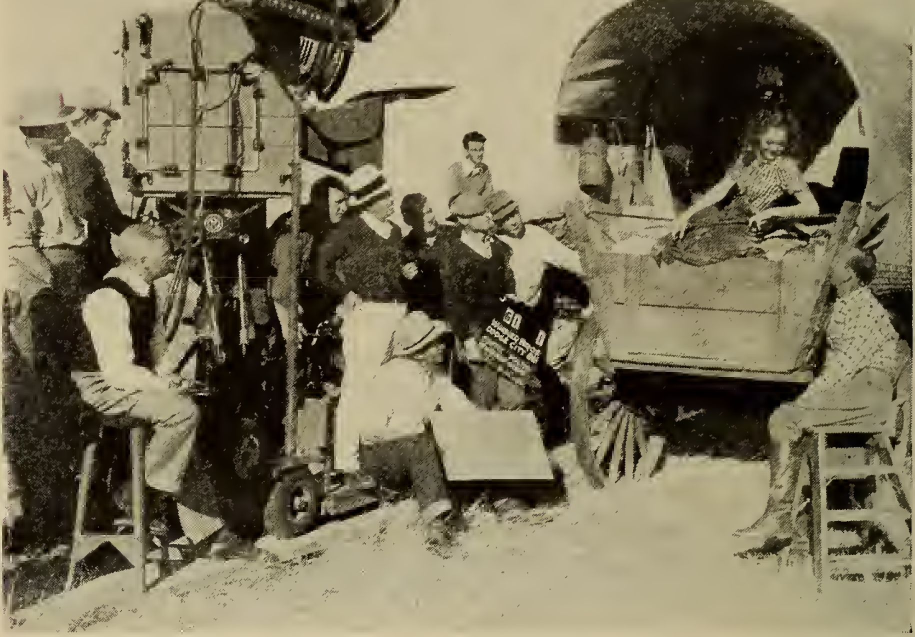

Out on location in the desert country is the *Dodge City* company—and Olivia de Havilland is parked in a covered wagon getting instructions from Director Michael Curtiz. She plays the love interest in Errol Flynn's life. It's shot in Technicolor

ON THE Hedy Lamarr set at M-G-M, crooner Rudy Vallee took absolutely no chances with his eyesight at all. He came to visit. As he entered, he reached into his pocket, drew out a pair of dark purple specs. He put them on. "I was afraid," he explained, "I might be blinded, after all I'd heard. . . .!" Gable has picked his *Rhett Butler* moustache. He tried several styles. Finally chose one of those heller kind!—a thin one, with waxed, spiked ends. . . . Too, on the Selznick stages, Clark'll be flanked by old-time stand-bys. It all came out on the last shooting day of *Idiot's Delight* at M-G-M. . . . As the last take was finished, two men stepped up to Gable. One was Stan Campbell, his personal make-up man. The other was Lew Smith, his stand-in. They held out their hands. . . . "Well, goodbye, Clark," they said. . . . Gable grinned. . . "Waddaye mean, goodbye?" he snapped. "Pack up your things, fellows. You're going to do *Gone With the Wind* with me!". . . . Then he revealed that he'd made arrangements to take Smith and Campbell right over to Selznick's with him, having borrowed both from M-G-M for the duration of GWTW.

OVER AT Sam Goldwyn's, they've just had to rebuild Merle Oberon's dressmaking dummies. Every femme star, you know, has a special dummy in the studio's wardrobe department, built from her own figure. . . . After weeks of shooting on *Wuthering Heights,* Merle's figure had changed to the extent of a full inch reduction in her waist measurement. Reason: she had worn tight corsets for her role in the picture. . . . Narrow escape from what might have been a serious injury was Loretta Young's on the *Alexander Graham Bell* exterior sequences. Loretta was to ride in a carriage. She looked at the equipage before she was to do the take, suddenly refused to get into the carriage. . . . "The horse looks frightened. I'm afraid," she said. They tried to coax her in, assured her the horse was safe and sane. Loretta still refused. An actress offered to double for Loretta. Loretta wouldn't let that be done, either. Just when the situation got jittery, the horse reared, snapped his harness, turned the carriage topsy-turvy, and ran away. . . . Loretta said it had been more than a hunch. Loretta knows horses. . . . Embarrassment topper of the production month was Charles Butterworth's, during *The Dusty Road.* Required action: Butterworth was to wriggle under a wagon, pulling a mule behind him. Nelson Eddy, who was in the scene, had been feeding lumps of sugar, between takes, to the mule. When the director called for action, Nelson dumped the sugar into Butterworth's back pants pocket. The mule saw it. And right in the middle of the scene, the mule suddenly wanted sugar. It took one nip at Butterworth's back pocket. Butterworth yelled. The back of his pants came off in the mule's teeth. The shot was spoiled. But the laugh was worth it.

CRACK of the month: Gary Cooper walks onto the set of *Beau Geste* and is confronted by fellow-actor J. Carrol Naish, who is normally very dark-skinned, black-haired. Naish's hair had been blondined, and his skin whitened with make-up. Gary stared in amazement at the change in his old movie friend—particularly the blonde hair. Then he started to laugh, and remarked: "Aha, I get it, Naish!—Paramount was afraid you'd look too much like Hedy Lamarr, eh?". . . . During *Juarez,* Paul Muni has to take only liquid lunches. He sips milk shakes, soups, and things through a straw, during lunch hour at Warners' commissary. Reason: his make-up for the *Juarez* role is such that it's almost impossible for him to eat solid foods without completely removing it. And Muni won't change character during day. . . . Nothing burns an actress so much as to be unrecognized. So this happened when Ina Claire was working in *I Take This Woman.* Ina was in a close-up. Director Frank Borzage wanted more illumination on her. He yelled to an electrician in the rafters to throw a stronger spotlight. "More light on Ina Claire," yelled Borzage. . . . "Who," yelled the electrician, "is Ina Claire?" . . . . Ina's eyebrows rose. . . . "Oh," she yelled, "so there's a *comedian* in the house!!". . . . And she wasn't smiling.

CASUALTY of the month was, ironically, a riding accident for riding star George O'Brien. . . . He didn't see a low-hanging tree branch right in front of him. And rode into it, full tilt, during a take in *A Knight in Ghost Town.* . . . George was swept off the horse. But escaped serious injury. . . . Gaggery in the jungle: On the *Tarzan in Exile* set, everything is ready. Maureen O'Sullivan is waiting on the set. Lights are ready. Cameras ready. Jungle beasts in the background, but no *Tarzan.* Director Dick Thorpe yells for Weissmuller. No answer. He yells again. No answer. Then he raises his voice in a horrendous howl: "Tarrrrrr-ZAN . . .!!!" From behind a screen comes Weissmuller's voice, in falsetto: "Jutht a minute, Mithter Thorpe. *Tarthan* ith powdering hith nothe!"

Welsh—But No Welsher

[*Continued from page* 46]

United Kingdom the tax starts at a minimum of five shillings in the pound and proceeds perpendicularly at full speed. I told her also that she was talking like a snob and a profiteer. Grousing about a high tax rate is like complaining about the unbearable weight of a diamond bracelet."

Milland himself will do all the work for which he can get paid, and be grateful for the privilege of doing it. He's had his share of idleness and drudgery since the day in 1929 when he was mustered out of His Majesty's Household Cavalry after serving a four-year hitch.

That regiment is a solid phalanx of mounted masculine glamor, with rigid requirements of birth, education and physique. Its uniform is replete with Napoleonic trappings, a gold helmet with a red horsehair plume, silver breastplates and backplates. The social life of the troopers is correspondingly picturesque and colorful, but the money rewards are slightly less than the necessary expense.

Accordingly, the month of the international market collapse saw young Mr. Milland, in mufti, accompanying a London actress acquaintance, Estelle Brody, out to the British International studios at suburban Elstree. His cavalryman's carriage and pictorial profile immediately won him a test and he was given inconspicuous roles in some run-of-the-mine pictures.

There was a distinguished precedent for his taking up with films. John Loder, a fellow-member of the Household Cavalry, had got a solid footing in English pictures and was to go on to play in such successes as *The Battle,* with Merle Oberon and Charles Boyer, and *King Solomon's Mines,* with Paul Robeson.

The only other Household Cavalryman whom Milland has encountered since he was mustered out was a driver who smashed up a handsome new Milland motor car in Hollywood. The culprit turned out to be an old troopmate in the royal bodyguard.

On the advice of his first film director Milland joined a repertory company touring the provinces to gain experience.

"For me, the whole thing was a bust," he admits. "From the outset I was frightened to death of the audience. I learned my lines and went through the prescribed motions, but I might as well have been a wax dummy from Madame Tussaud's."

AT THIS late date, after two long sojourns in Hollywood, the second eminently successful, the phobia of audiences still abides with him. At premieres to which he is dragged, he mumbles and stumbles through the few lines he must utter into the microphone. At the outset of his present vacation trip to Europe he was paralyzed by the fear that he would be called upon to make a personal appearance at the London opening of *Say It in French,* which was scheduled for the evening after his arrival in England.

This psychological quirk is something he has promised himself to overcome. Directors say that an audience is the only thing in the world he does fear. In hazardous fight, flight and warfare sequences Ray customarily dispenses with the services of a double, relying on his own well-coordinated brains and muscles to bear the brunt.

As he left California on completion of *Hotel Imperial* he had a couple of broken fingers, multiple lacerations about the body and a neat patch missing from his scalp. Result of disdaining a double in a cavalry charge which he was called upon to lead down a narrow cobbled passage.

To save half a day in the shooting schedule Ray volunteered to do the whole scene, without cuts, before three cameras turning simultaneously, to record the long shot, the medium and the close-up. The camera setup was arranged, he got his signal to charge and plunged forward on his mount in approved Household Cavalry style. After he had urged his horse up to the speed and momentum of an express train he perceived too late that the cameras were placed in such a manner that there was no space to pass them. Like the Light Brigade, he saw nothing ahead but oblivion.

Instinctively he shot the hooks into the horse's flanks and it responded gamely, clearing the first camera with a prodigious vault. But it landed flush on the second. The heaving exertion of the leap broke the cinch and Milland, horse and second camera

[*Continued on page* 88]

Jean Parker is blossoming out as Hollywood's newest glamour girl. Watch for her in the Hal Roach production, "Zenobia".

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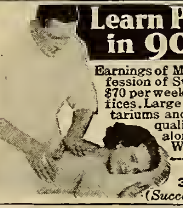

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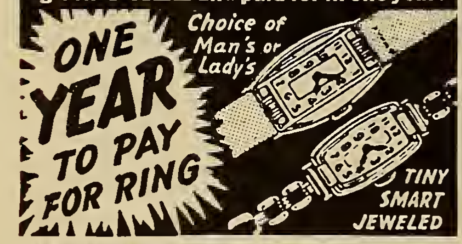
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She Dyed to Become a Star

[*Continued from page* 48]

if you even whisper the dreadful word within earshot of our feminine screen beauties, they'll immediately register horror, pick up their skirts, and beat it to hell—and—gone away from there like they were running away from the plague or something worse.

They thoroughly believe, now, what they've been told so often by those that are supposed to know all about "trends" and "cycles"—that if ever in a weak moment they accept a glamor role they're the same as a dead duck so far as their film careers are concerned. They're grown mightly fearful, from what they've read and heard, that their screen years are definitely shortened once they parade themselves across the silver sheet as glamorous, languorous ladies and a producer can't touch 'em with a twenty-foot pole for that sort of a part—not if he has a contract in six figures dangling enticingly from the end of it as bait.

But Jane ("Cookie" or "Small Fry") Wyman—well, she's different. And stubborn. And independent. She's going to tackle this glamor business with more than her usual vim, vigor and vitality. She's the "I'll Show You" girl from Missouri, now, instead of the "Show Me" miss and is all set for a campaign to bring this verboten word back to its former pristine standing.

"There was a time—and not so long ago, either," she says, speaking her piece like the independent little lady she is, "that glamor was quite the thing in this town. Then, for one reason and another—mostly box-office, I guess—it got itself mixed up with too much sex and when this three-letter word got bopped on the head by the movie fans and the Hays Office alike, its partner in crime suffered, too. Critics began to take haymakers at it and pretty soon it was shunned as though it were a disease.

"Well, despite all that, I still think glamor is a mighty handy asset for women to have—in pictures or out—and I'm willing to be a celluloid guinea pig for this Warner experiment. Perhaps I'm silly to gamble my screen career on it, but it's going to be interesting while it lasts."

JANE had a lot more to say about this glamor business, being particularly emphatic in regard to the fact that she wasn't going to be glamorous along the same lines as were the old-timers who used to make those reels literally smoke with what we nowadays like to call "ummph." No sir, says she. She's going glamorous in the modern, stream-lined version and if she doesn't "sort of jell" in a picture or two she'll start in where she left off. That's her story (and Warners, too) and we hope they aren't stuck with it.

Right now Jane is gambling her screen career against the success of a studio experiment and here's hoping Lady Luck flies in through the sound-stage door and perches on her shoulder during the shooting. She deserves a good break.

FOR weeks rumors had been rife, as we so quaintly put it in Hollywood, that Jane was to be dolled up into a glamor role and some of them had been caught by her attentive ears, but there had been nothing definite from the front office and, being a smart girl, she had refused to be the least bit inquisitive or curious.

And then came the day and along with it, a gabby guy who approached Jane near a set while she was sitting beside Joan Blondell and blurted out, to provide Jane with her most embarrassing moment, how she felt about stepping into Joan's cinematic shoes. Just like that. No warning at all.

"That question was such a bombshell," Jane says, "that I almost fell out of my chair. I know Joan must have been annoyed, but if she was she didn't show it. She's one of the finest women I know—and she proved it a moment later when she told this gabby guy 'that Cookie, here, could not only take her place, but do much better than I when she got it.' Whether she meant it or not—it was a nice gesture of friendship."

In fairness to Joan it might be well to state here that when all this happened she had definitely decided, with the full approval of Warners, to leave the lot and free-lance for a while.

Jane claims she started her screen career on a hunch and that may be true for who are we to contradict a lady. At any rate she saw an agent a week after she arrived in Los Angeles and a week later he had wangled a part for her in Universal's *My Man Godfrey,* starring Bill Powell and Carole Lombard.

Warners were so impressed with her work here that the studio gave her a test and a day later a contract. Which certainly was fast work even for Hollywood. A lot of girls, just as pretty and just as talented as Jane, for all we know, never get farther than a studio gate in a couple of months of Sundays, and if they get on a sound stage in a couple of years they call themselves lucky.

Let Jane credit the hunch with having a lot to do with her entry into motion pictures. The truth of the matter is, though, that once she got in, it was talent that kept her there—a talent that was inherited from her mother who had been an actress in France before her marriage.

HER school career from then on was colored with the drama. In St. Joseph and in Los Angeles where she attended high-school she played leading roles in all dramatic productions. Ditto when she left the West Coast to attend the University of Missouri.

"And then," she says, "I got interested in radio work and for several years sang on air programs in Kansas City, New Orleans, Detroit, New York, and Chicago. This kept me busy up until 1936 when I returned to Los Angeles and obeyed the hunch that started me off in motion pictures. It's all been rather easy, don't you think?"

We thought so, we told her, and added that it was tough not to be able to write about the days when she went hungry, when she was down to her last thin dime and last pair of socks without holes. What was the matter with her publicity department, anyway, we wanted to know. Surely Warner's crew of thinker-uppers could have manufactured a hard-time, hard-luck yarn about her. Honesty, we added further, wasn't the best publicity policy, in nine cases out of ten, not if you wanted to grab off extra space in the news and magazine columns. To that, Jane merely shook that blonde head of hers and said, Pop-eye-like: "I yam what I yam—and what are you going to do about it?"

Jane played in *Cain and Mabel* with Marion Davies and Clark Gable and after that in *Smart Blonde* and followed up these two pictures with *The King and the Chorus Girl.* "And then," she reveals, "my

[*Continued on page* 86]

Prize Letters

[*Continued from page* 17]

exhibit a justifiable pride in the knowledge that again a Yankee has gained preeminence in the field of artistic endeavour.—*Donald Leathers, Myrtle Ave., Fitchburg, Mass.*

BIG MOMENTS

$1 Prize Letter

LEGITIMATE theatre-lovers deny that the screen can dispute the superiority of the stage for the rare, once-in-a-lifetime thrill of "big moments in the theatre"—moments when an audience is wholly disembodied from its physical self and surroundings and "lives" utterly the drama staged before it. I have experienced this "big moment in the theatre"—once. But faithful and ever hopeful movie attendance has its rewards in big moments, too. For sheer soul-tingling emotional release, I nominate: the thunderous *Charge of the Light Brigade;* the terrifying realism of the fire *In Old Chicago* and the devastating cruelty of the sandstorm in *Suez.* These are big moments peculiarly the screen's that even my beloved stage could not hope to duplicate.—*Bernice Fox, Harding Ave., Ames, Iowa.*

MAKE NO MISTAKE

$1 Prize Letter

AS A medico I am especially interested in movies dealing with operations and the treatment of disease and I should like to pay a small tribute to a painstaking industry whose efforts at achieving authenticity are not always appreciated. I'll own up to having attended many a picture hoping to catch some handsome movie doctor pull a boner but so far I haven't had that pleasure. In former times movie medicos didn't seem to know the difference between a stethoscope and a scalpel and screen nurses were only beautiful background, but *now* just try to find the wrong instrument being used or a mistaken diagnosis made! It's uncanny. In a recent "pic" that had a pathological theme I noticed a very realistic touch at the end. The patient in a hospital, about to be discharged, was told by one of the nurses: "You pay your bill at the office, going out." The guy that directed *that* production didn't leave out a thing.—*D. W. Davies, M. D., Box 503, Vancouver, Canada.*

INFORMATION, PLEASE

$1 Prize Letter

THE production, *The Shining Hour,* presents a deep mystery to this movie fan to which there seems no logical answer. First of all they appoint a star-studded cast to a flimsy story which contains an occasional spot of entertaining dialogue. The real star of the picture has a secondary role—Miss Sullavan—for the wan, sad-eyed Joan is put in the lead. All this fuss for a weak story. I can't help wondering why. And the ending is the deepest mystery of all. The sister, played by Miss Bainter, hates her brother so intensely that she sets fire to her—the bride's—house. But all of a sudden, when the bride, played by Miss Crawford, sees an adjustment impossible and walks out, Miss Bainter turns to the husband and says, "Don't let her go . . . don't ever let her go!" Might I ask, what brought about the change? Does anybody know?—*Mrs. J. W. Wood, Edgerton Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

FACTS OF LIFE

$1 Prize Letter

MY MOTHER died when I was a little girl and I had no one close enough to talk to me as a mother should about the facts of life. As I am expecting my first baby in the spring, it would only be natural that I would face my ordeal with fear and trembling, imagining all sorts of terrible things. Just recently I had the privilege of seeing that wonderful picture, *The Birth of a Baby,* and the sincere, human portrayal of this vital subject, lifted a load off my heart showing me that motherhood was a perfectly natural thing, expertly supervised by wise Mother Nature and that I had nothing to fear. And so, from a grateful heart, I say, thank God for the movies and the sublime courage with which they dare portray hitherto taboo subjects.—*Mrs. Minnette Mills, 222 West 4th St., Charlotte, N. Carolina.*

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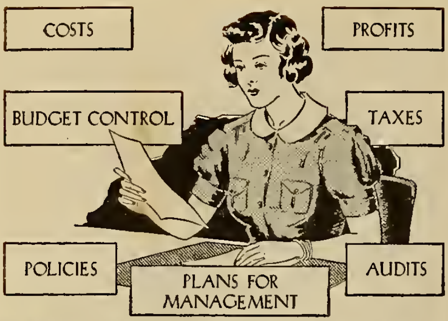

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PICTURE PARADE

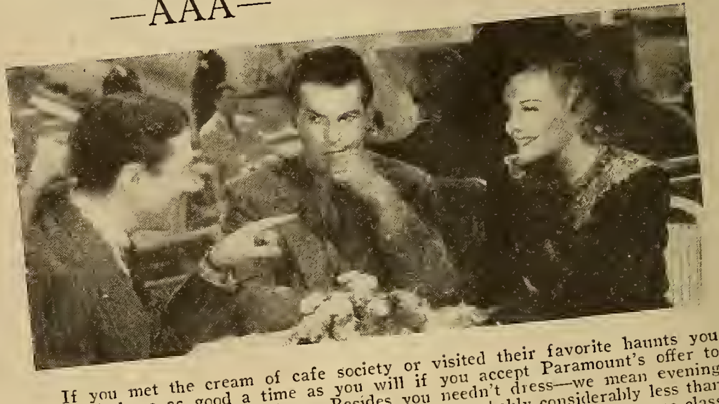
STAGECOACH

—AAA—

Producer Walter Wanger took Horace Greeley's advice and went west for the material for his current opus, *Stagecoach*. He went as far west as Arizona and as far back as 1885 and the result is a better-than-average Western. And while you get a certain amount of ridin' and shootin' and Indians—we'd be disappointed if we didn't, wouldn't we?—the hero isn't a horse-thief or a cattle-rustler, in fact there isn't any hero. The story is a novel one presenting a party of men and women traveling to Lordsburg and packs in a lot of drama, action and humor. The coach carries seven passengers—a young bride hurrying to her Army officer husband; a mysterious gambler; a woman with a past; a runaway banker; a whiskey drummer; a doctor who loves his bottle (and it isn't a medicine bottle); and a young fugitive—seven characters with seven different stories. The cast isn't star-studded but each performer is good and they well have to be because characterization is the high-point of this drama. There's Claire Trevor, John Wayne, Andy Devine, John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, Louise Platt, George Bancroft, Donald Meek, Berton Churchill.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

CAFE SOCIETY

—AAA—



If you met the cream of cafe society or visited their favorite haunts you couldn't have as good a time as you will if you accept Paramount's offer to introduce you to *Cafe Society*. Besides you needn't dress—we mean evening clothes, of course—and the price of admission is probably considerably less than the tip you would have to leave the hat check girl. Yet you meet the same class of people—gay, young, rich society girls and boys, newspaper columnists and cabaret entertainers—and you visit the same type of haunt—nightclubs. It's all very amusing and so is *Cafe Society*. The story isn't much but it doesn't matter because the situations are priceless and the dialogue sparkling. And when it comes to the cast, Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray and Shirley Ross, the principals, have never been seen to such grand advantage. In addition there's Claude Gillingwater, Jessie Ralph, Allyn Joslyn, Paul Hurst, Don Alvarado and a host of others. Cafe society's motto is never a dull moment and Paramount agrees with them, consequently you're amused every moment from start to finish.—*Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 74]

The Man Who Won't Be Typed

[*Continued from page* 65]

and pretended to be looking out of the window ashamed to let her see me, a full-grown man, an officer in the British Army, *crying* . . . a few days later I had a letter from my sister: John had been killed in action, on June 4th at a quarter to one in the afternoon!"

Rathbone's lips were still smiling. His eyes were not. He lit another cigarette . . . he said: "I smoke too much. . . . I am an extremist, I am afraid, an extremist about everything. . . ."

SO THIS "peculiarly successful career" of Basil Rathbone has not been achieved by means of passive acceptance. For here is *a man who has nothing for which he has not fought.* No one has ever given him anything. Not so much as an heirloom, not so much as a piece of silver which once belonged to his mother, not even a heavy gold watch of which he can say, "this belonged to my father." No one ever put money into a play for him. No one ever wrote a play for him. No one ever handed him a map of his life, saying, "Here you are, old man, all you have to do is follow the red line and the Pot of Gold will pop up at you at the end."

When he first went into the theatre against his parents' wishes, he earned, those first few months, four dollars and eighty-five cents a week. One pound in his English money. And he lived on bread and milk and kippers . . . "kippers at tuppence the pair," he will tell you. "It is only when we are making a real effort, using ourselves to the limit," he says, "that we know we are alive . . . yes, I loved it and I love it, all of it, the fever and the fury, the strain as well as the success.

"And one other thing I know . . . we should be free with our praise . . .and so reticent with our criticism. This is my religion, if you like . . . for whatever success we attain, any of us, we attain it, you may be sure, with strain and struggle. In any case, we should, I believe give liberally of our praise and sparsely of our criticism. Whenever I hear anything fine on the air, read anything fine in a book, I write that person about it. I always write. Because I have got to have people tell me when I am good . . . but only when I am good. . . .

"AS WHEN I played in *If I Were King* . . . and people came to me and said 'you were splendid' . . . *I loved it.* Nor did I deny it. I did not avert my face, mumbling with mock self-depreciation, 'Oh, no, not really. . . .' No, I said 'yes, it's the best thing I've done. It's as good as anyone could do it.' Why not? It's no thanks to me that I was born with a gift.

"I was born with a gift. It has taken me twenty-five years in the theatre to prove to myself that I can utilize that gift.

"Not long ago in New York, someone asked me, 'when did you first think that you knew anything about your job?'

"I answered, 'When I played in *The Captive*, on Broadway in 1927—*fourteen years after I went into the theatre*' For then for the first time I felt. I've GOT IT! I felt, not that I was the Master of my job but that it was no longer the complete and unpredictible master of me. I did not feel certain of all things, I felt certain of certain things.

"Nothing that ever happened to me that was bad but what was my own fault. When the bad things happened to me, I'd made the wrong choice. Nearly always. when we make the wrong choice there is something material to be gained. Not that I despise money. Far from it. I *like* money. But it comes second, or third . . . the only things that can really hurt us are the things we ourselves do . . . the things which we must admit to in our dark, little selves. for which we alone are responsible . . . the things which other people do to us are, nearly always, little things. . . .

"Yes, it's all terrific, Life . . . the things that are happening in the world today are terrific . . . the things that are happening in Europe . . . oppressions and persecutions, yes, even these . . . dictatorships, wars and rumors of wars . . . radio . . . pictures . . . electrical high-voltage of ideas . . . and everything is so close now, we're all so close . . . everything that happens, no matter what, no matter where, concerns you, concerns me, personally . . . people complain, 'there is no mystery left' . . . No Mystery! Bah!"

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PICTURE PARADE

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

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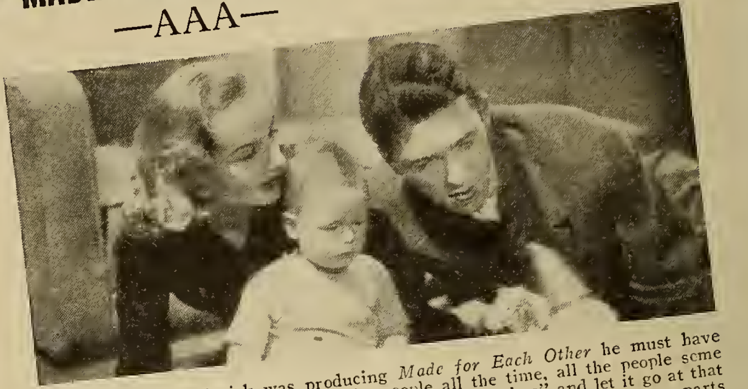


While David Selznick was producing *Made for Each Other* he must have thought, "You can please some of the people all the time, all the people some of the time, but you can't please all the people all the time" and let it go at that because that's just how you feel about *Made for Each Other*. There are parts that the women will be delighted with and there are scenes that the men will go for and there are even episodes that both will appreciate, but as a whole the first and last parts of the picture seem so unrelated that you can almost cut it in two and say this is for you, ladies, and this for you, gentlemen. It starts out as an amusing and realistic domestic drama but then somewhere in the middle you can feel Hollywood intruding upon this charming domestic scene with its splurging manners and disturbing this peaceful household with roaring airplane motors and blinding blizzards, making it all just too, too anti-climatic. Carole Lombard and James Stewart as the young impetuous lovers really seem made for each other on the screen and Charles Coburn and Lucile Watson contribute fine characterizations.—*Selznick-United Artists.*

THE OKLAHOMA KID

—AA½—

The cops and robbers are with us in this gun-totin', stick-'em-up, hard ridin' Western in which the plot carries you into the opening of Oklahoma to the land-grabbers and stake-claimers. It starts off on the theme of American empire building—and settles down to a feud between the upholders of the law and a gang of bandits—with the added counterplay of a "lone-wolfish" bandit in the figure of Jimmy Cagney. Cagney plays the role with admirable swagger, and can "two-gun" it like Bill Hart of old. He is also a whiz in the saddle. His particular foil is mean man Humphrey Bogart, as menacing as ever. The picture is crammed with some thrilling free-for-all fights—though suspense never seems to catch up with its livelier moments. It seems quite incongruous to witness the Kid stick up Bogart's emporium of vice—holding a few hundred toughies at bay—in a country where trigger-fingers are always itchy. Yet not one of the ornery hombres has a gun ready. Rosemary Lane—the romance—is brought forth in interludes the minute the gun-fire ceases. It is fairly rich in action—even exciting in spots.—*Warner Bros.*

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 66]

BABY-TALK: . . . it'll be twins, the doctors are telling Mr. and Mrs. Johnny (Scat) Davis! . . . Mrs. Irving Asher, who used to be No. 1 blonde star Laura LaPlante, has a date with the stork . . . the Andy Devines have a new member of the family, named Denny . . . Hollywood sympathizes with Margot Grahame (Mrs. Allan McMartin) whose date with the stork was interrupted by an automobile accident . . . happy over the blessed event she says is due in June or July is Mary Astor, still happily married to Manuel del Campo.

■

TOM BROWN and Natalie Draper can't seem to make up their mind. Hollywood's dizzy trying to keep track of their bust-ups and reconciliations.

■

MOST amusing romantic (?) note of the month:— just after telling news reporters that sure, he'd get married again "if I can find a gal silly enough to say yes," Bruce Cabot (he used to be married to Adrienne Ames, didn't he?) said he would probably take a vacation in the Bahamas— where he hopes to have a date or two with Brenda Frazier, "deb-of-the-year."

But of course, Bruce didn't mean it that way. Of course.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Walter Kane and Lynn Bari—
Did they go and secretly mari?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Headin' for the altar at very top speed:
Donald Briggs and Barbara Read!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
A twosome that wins the nite-clubbers' stares
Is Sari Maritza and boy-friend Lew Ayres.

■

MOVIES' biggest blockhead is having romance at last! In *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man,* Charlie McCarthy makes love to a wooden doll. Hope it doesn't go too far. Imagine a lot of li'l splinters. . ! !

■

MOST amazing thing about Hollywood to Vivien Leigh is NOT that she got the *Gone With the Wind* plum—but the questions people ask about her love-life.

Vivien is married. But separated from her hubby. He's a lawyer—"barrister," the English call it.

"Our lives were so far apart, and we saw so little of each other," shoulder-shrugs lovely Vivien, "that about a year and a half ago, we decided to separate. But we're still quite friendly and all that."

Oh, yes, admits the Leigh, she will most certainly be escorted about Hollywood by various Hollywood males. . . . Most definitely by Laurence Olivier.

■

BEWARE Note: Pay little if any attention to inevitable romance-rumors linking Richard Greene and Anita Louise. The answer will be simply that these two are being teamed in *Hound of the Baskervilles,* and they're being good friends on the set. That'll be enough to make the press-agents imagine offscreen romance. But it'll be eyewash. Greene's heart isn't Anita! And vice-versa.

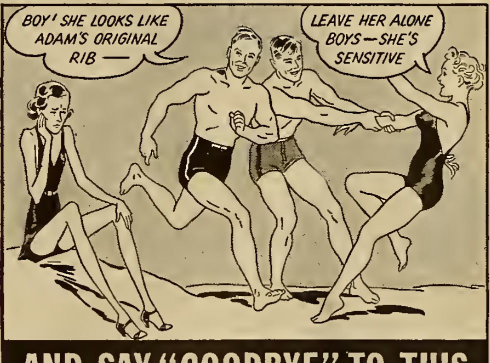
■

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest morsel of romantic gossip these dull nights is Leslie Howard's current secretary—an inflammatorily lovely little piece of French-English fluff by the name of Violet, whose secretarial duties seem to extend even to the point of being escorted here and there and everywhere by the charming Leslie. And what secretary wouldn't?

[*Continued on page* 76]

Posed by professional model

HERE'S A CHANCE FOR MANY SKINNY FOLKS TO GAIN FIRM FLESH—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LEAVE HER ALONE BOYS—SHE'S SENSITIVE

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy and life, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

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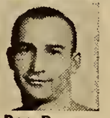
Anne Johnston

Gains 8 lbs., new nerves, new pep

"I became terribly rundown. I lost weight and my nerves were simply on edge. Then I bought Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt lots peppier and in 2 months I gained 8 lbs. With my new pep and new figure I've gained many new friends." Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.



Don Russo

Gains 14 lbs., new strength and energy

"I had been losing weight and had no pep or energy. I looked so bad I was ashamed to go out and meet anybody. Then I tried Ironized Yeast. In 3 months I gained 14 lbs. My new huskiness and pep has brought me lots of new friends." Don Russo, Phila., Pa.

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NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 75]

It's anyone's guess whether Janet Gaynor and Adrian are married. They wouldn't deny or admit it on recent Caribbean cruise

CUPID'S COUPLET: Cutest twosome I've ever seen—Wendy Barrie and Richard Greene.

About time you've caught up with the last man in Loretta Young's life, she fools you with new escort-like writer John McClain

POST-MARITAL NOTE: Since he married Bubbles Schinasi, Wayne Morris has gotten 3,000 letters and telegrams from his fans. They run about 17-to-one. For every 17 that congratulate him and wish him well, one bawls him out.

Costliest bawl-out in the lot was a 400-word night letter, from a lady in Utah, who said—she'd always hoped he'd stay single. Maybe she had hopes, huh?

The fastest-climbing star on the screen is Deanna Durbin who is shown singing a number in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*

■

PERSONAL NOTE TO ALL THOSE CHARMING PEOPLE WHO HAVE WRITTEN TO OL' MAN TATTLER ASKING ABOUT GARBO and BRENT: It looks like George is out of the running. Greta seems to be having none of him. Instead, Greta is remaining quite true to Leopold Stokowski, the symphonist. Right this moment, the two of them are week-ending together up at Santa Barbara, that snooty retreat a hundred miles up the coast from Hollywood. And Greta and Leopold, utterly ignoring the townsfolk's stares, do their shopping together up and down Santa Barbara's main streets.

The Memory Lingers On

[*Continued from page 67*]

with cool water before drying your face. That way you'll make sure there's no soap film left.

It's a rare skin that doesn't need a skin tonic or freshener—especially in warmer weather. Look in your mirror to find out if you need one. If you can *see* your pores (they're supposed to be invisible, you know) or if you find blackheads or oil, the prescription is—skin tonic. You might like to try the one I use, if you've never experimented along these lines. It's grand for tightening the pores and keeping blackheads from forming. And it's so mild that it can't sting the most tender skin. Be sure, after you use it, to let your skin rest for about five minutes before making up. That gives the freshener time to close the pores. There's no percentage in clogging your cleansed pores with make-up! Both the soap and the skin tonic have recently been re-packaged stunningly. You'll find them at the five and ten.

THE balmy spring weather that makes the oil glands on your face work over-time has exactly the same effect on the perspiration glands. Two baths a day are enough to remove most *body* perspiration—but they can't quite cope with the matter of underarm odor. The sweat glands are so thickly clustered in that area that extra precautions are necessary. Lately I've been using some tiny pads that are saturated with liquid anti-perspirant. They're as easy to use and as effective as any perspiration corrective I know. One pad, used to wipe off each underarm, checks the perspiration locally, and re-routes it to other less thickly clustered glands. The effect lasts about five days—a little more or less depending on your individual case. Thirty pads in a humidor jar cost about 50 cents (that's five months of social security) and there's a smaller size at a quarter. Want to know more?

So many of you ask me how the movie stars keep their hair looking lovely. And here's the answer. First they keep it scrupulously clean. When they're working, they have a shampoo every three days, otherwise once a week. They brush their hair five or ten minutes each day.

They're also careful to use a shampoo that cleanses thoroughly. Such a one is sitting on my desk right this moment. It's brand new—and I'm proud to tell you about it. The golden liquid isn't a soap, they tell me, but even in hard water it works into a thick creamy lather—like a flash. One sudsing melts away dirt and loose dandruff. One rinse removes all the lather, leaves your hair free of any dulling film, fragrantly clean and *sparkling* with the lovely highlights all men admire. If your hair tends to be fly-away after a shampoo, do try this new one—it makes even stubborn hair manageable. Best of all, you can try the thrilling new shampoo absolutely *free*. When you buy one large-size bottle at the regular price, you'll be given a medium-size bottle, at no extra cost, to try. If you don't agree that a single shampoo makes your hair soft and shiny as satin, just return the large bottle—and get your money back. Fair enough—especially when you learn that the price of both bottles is only 49 cents! Want the name?

One last bit of spring news. About nail polish this time. First I want to tell you about the two luscious new shades. They're both on the blue-red tones, one a little deeper than the other, and I'll guarantee you'll find them perfect for wear with your violet hat, or your fuchsia petticoat. I think you'll be interested to know, also, that the bottle has just won first prize in a packaging exhibit held recently. That's because its cap has a "Finger-Nail" design which shows the exact shade and gloss of the polish inside! Pick up the bottle, hold the "nail" up to your lips, against your dress, to decide whether or not it matches. And the price is only a dime.

Write me before May 15th if you would like the names of any of the products listed here. Be sure to enclose a stamped envelope (U. S. postage, please) with your address on it. Send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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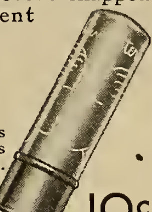

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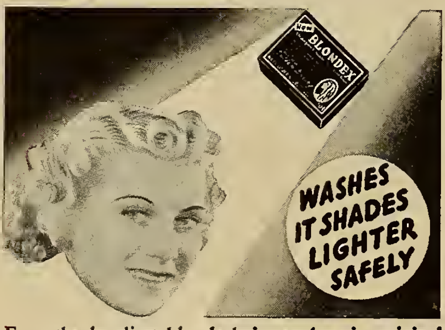
BLONDEX
WASHES IT SHADES LIGHTER SAFELY

Even the loveliest blonde hair can lose its original childhood beauty with the years. Remember, blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Do what millions of other blondes do. Use New Blondex, the special shampoo that washes it shades lighter and brings out the full radiant loveliness. the lustrous sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Fine for children's hair, too. Get it today at any good store.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

Marriage Is No Gamble If You're in Love

[*Continued from page* 41]

And I almost listened to them—almost believed that maybe marriage was too much of a gamble in Hollywood. That's hooey. *When you're honestly in love it's never too much of a gamble.*

"Any girl is emotionally insecure until she marries. You keep thinking, 'Is *he* the right one?' 'Should I do it?' and it's bound to react on your work if you're in a profession. Once you take the step those jitters disappear. I've gotten further along these last two years than ever before in my life."

So has Tony. He's risen from featured roles to leads. He could have a fifty-two week personal appearance contract at a handsome salary if he wanted to leave Alice for that long.

Of course they might have forged ahead like that on their own. Alice might have been nominated for the first Big Ten at the box-office just the same. But happiness is the biggest factor in success. And those two kids have found it.

"Naturally we had a lot of adjustments to make. For example, I like to be quiet. Tony loves to clown. He has more energy than any living person. I'm an ash-tray-emptier at heart and he spills ashes and music all over. Things like that have to be worked out. But it's simple if you can laugh together over them. And we do.

"Tony probably will always be travelling with his band when his studio contract lets him. I want to be free to go with him. That's why we have not bought a home here and we're not going to. Every spare cent goes into the old sock—government bonds and annuities. I don't think people in pictures have enough time to go into outside business and make a success of it. You haven't time for much really.

"In, say, three years I'd like a family. But not until I can give it the same attention my mother gave my brothers and me!"

During the last twelve months Alice's pictures have been overlapping. She went straight from *Alexander's Ragtime Band* into *Girl from Brooklyn* and while she did retakes on that picture she started work in *Tailspin*. It was a story built around four girls in a national air race. They built speed planes right on the set and hoisted Alice up on a crane, spun her around and shot oil into her face supposedly from a broken oil line. Alice has a terror of heights. When the picture is shown nobody will ever suspect that Mr. Tony Martin was lying in the bottom of the cockpit during those scenes to give her reassurance.

She had a two weeks vacation before she began the recording for *Rose of Washington Square*. Her work day commences at 6 A. M. and ends somewhere around 6:30 in the evening. "And I have just enough energy left to drag myself home and have dinner on a tray. Then maybe Tony and I have a game of backgammon.

"My 'night life' consists chiefly of going out for an occasional dinner or having a small dinner party here at the house such as we did the other evening."

They had a few of their closest friends in. Among them, Ben Oakland, the song writer (Alice has just finished collaborating with him on a new song, *I Promise You*) and Mrs. Oakland, Alice's stand-in, Helene Holmes, and her hairdresser, Gail Roe. After dinner the young Tony Martins put on a show. Tony acted as master of ceremonies. Alice sang and danced. They have a microphone with a loud speaker attached to a regular recording machine and everybody has to announce over it. Instead of a guest book they keep a permanent record of your voice!

The real reason for the recording machine, however, is so they can rehearse at home. From the play-back they know exactly how their songs and dialogue will sound on the screen. And that is the only voice or dramatic "lesson" Alice has ever had.

"*Any one who can talk can put over a song for entertainment.*" That's the honest belief of the girl who is called the best song plugger in the country. Gordon and Revel, any of the top song-writing teams, will tell you all Alice has to do is sing a number once for it to be a hit.

How does she do it?

"First," she said, "you've got to remember you are telling a story in the song. Study the mood of it, *feel* it—and then paint a picture with the words. For instance, if you're gently 'thanking someone for the memory' you're going to express it differently than if you are going to town with *Alexander's Ragtime Band!*

"I usually speak the words first to the music in order to get the rhythm and sense of them. When you want to get emotional, slow up the tempo. That is one of Rudy Vallee's secrets in singing a romantic ballad. He does it slowly, almost a half-beat behind. But you speed up for humor and pep.

"For example, *Baby, You Look Good To Me!* should be sung with plenty of zip. But that other line in the same song, 'I'd like to introduce you to my mother,' implies tenderness and feeling. Linger over that."

The only two rules for voice Alice has are—

Alice Faye and Tony Martin have been married two years. From now on they'll have a "run-away" marriage. Run off to some place and have a good time

To sing so everyone can understand you.
Never breathe in the middle of a word. It breaks the continuity.

"When you're telling a story," she explained, "nobody cares about any fancy cadenzas or trills. But they do want the point emphasized. So get the punch line in the song and stress it. Usually it's the last line like it is in *I Married An Angel*.

"I believe that any person with any natural ability whatever and half an opportunity can succeed."

LAST year Alice turned down $100,000 in radio offers because she didn't have the time or strength to give them. She has never learned and never will to take her picture work as a matter of course. Every ounce of energy she has goes into it. On the first day of each new production she usually runs a temperature of 101 degrees from sheer nerves. Knowing this, her old pal Tyrone Power—who plays opposite her in *Rose of Washington Square*—brought a flock of mechanical beetles on the first day's shooting. He kept her so busy racing them between scenes, with the whole company standing around making bets, that she had no time to worry.

"Every day I have off while we're making a picture I spend right in bed resting. That's why I fixed this room up the way I have—because I spend so much time in it!"

Her bedroom is really three-rooms-in-one. There is the sunny closed-in porch where we were sitting, with a couch, radio and piano. Opening directly onto it is a chintz-draped room with a four-poster bed. And beyond that is her dressing-room—all done in soft blue and mirrors.

"Having a nice room of my own somehow has always been important to me. Probably because I wanted one so much as a kid. If you've ever lived in a crowded Brooklyn flat you learn to appreciate space and sunlight—and quiet!

"Speaking of that, you know I was on a farm during my two weeks vacation. It was in Ohio, seven miles from the nearest town and," chuckled Alice, "no modern conveniences like hot or cold running water. You just went out and pumped your own. Did we have fun! . . . We'd walk for hours over those brown, stubby fields.

"I went to Detroit with Tony for his personal appearance there but I didn't stay the whole time. The Ben Oaklands were with us and this farm belongs to Mrs. Oakland's family so she and I went down.

"From now on Tony and I are going to some quiet spot like that after each picture. We're going to build a little cabin in the woods at Lake Arrowhead. Not one of these elaborate twelve-room Hollywood 'shacks.' A real shack. And there's a spot in Honolulu I love—when we have time for a sea trip. That's going to be part of our 'run-away' marriage."

"What's this I hear?" said a voice from the doorway. And there was Tony, big and dark and smiling. "Something about *quiet*? I don't suppose Alice told you what happened by the dawn's early light in New Mexico. Our train stopped in some cute little snow-bound town for a few minutes and out she popped. I wasn't dressed yet so she brought back enough snow to stop a plough. Down my tender, boyish neck it went, into my face. . . . *Ugh!*"

"Tony!" yelped Alice, "you're spilling ashes all over!" A pillow went sailing in his direction.

"Quiet," he breathed. Suddenly they both burst out laughing.

"Just tell the world," said Tony, "there's nothing I like better than running away with my wife!"

"Amen," said Alice.

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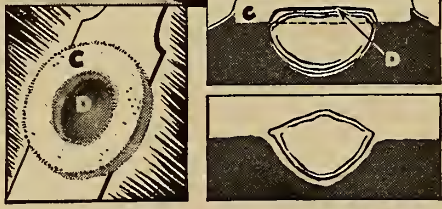

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CAN NOW BE YOURS IN 5 TO 15 MINUTES

A REAL BLONDE??? No but you'd never know it, write so many enthusiastic users of **LECHLER'S "569" INSTANT HAIR LIGHTENER.** An antiseptic white cream that lightens only where applied, to an even shade of blonde. Not a rinse or a wash. Easy to apply.

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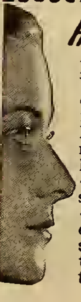

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Now you can fade away freckles, loosen blackheads, clear up surface pimples and other externally caused blemishes, by using famous, quick-acting Nadinola Cream. Unlike most creams, Nadinola speeds up the natural process of exfoliation. Its gentle action helps to clear and whiten dark, dull, rough skin—quickly starts you toward a fresher, smoother, softer, more alluring complexion—the kind that men admire and women envy. Used and praised for 40 years by thousands of women. Only 50c at your drug or toilet counter. Satisfactory results guaranteed or your money back. Get Nadinola today!

Hollywood Declares War on the Dictators

[*Continued from page 29*]

eating a banana was chopped out of a recent picture when it played Japan. With the masses paying the bulk of the high cost of the rape of China, only the very rich can afford bananas.

Hollywood did its best to please the dictators, as well as everybody else.

Before Hitler, Hollywood had made a world-famous picture, *All Quiet on the Western Front*—depicting the horrors of War as experienced by a small group of German boys. Germany saw it and applauded it. After Hitler, Hollywood attempted to make a sequel, *The Road Back*—depicting the after-effects of war on a small group of German boys. Hitler's objections were so strenuous that, in placating him, the picture ended by being a weak travesty of what it had set out to be. It had more slapstick than drama in it.

In the novel, *A Farewell to Arms*, the retreat of the Italian army motivated the hero's desertion. But when Hollywood went about picturizing the story, Mussolini raised violent objections to any suggestion that the Italians had ever retreated. Hollywood heeded his objections, weakened the story.

These are only two examples of what Hollywood has been willing to do to keep the good will of the dictators. But within the past year there has been no pleasing them. They just don't like American movies. They made that plain. And the reason why is also plain now. They are out to make the world a feasting place for Fascism (or, in Stalin's case, Communism). And anything democratic is to be stamped out, if possible.

In their own countries, they have stamped out freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of religious worship, freedom of opportunity. They have substituted bullets for ballots. They have perverted justice. They have legalized intolerance, and enforced it with tortures that take civilization back to the Dark Ages. They have turned men into slaves of the state. They have turned women into breeding machines to produce soldiers. They have made children play at war. They have persecuted the wealthy, robbed them by force. They have taken what they wanted from defenseless neighbors. They have made the bombing of women and children a tactic of war.

EVERYTHING they stand for is antagonistic to democratic ideals. Why shouldn't they bar American movies?

And with the dictators declaring war on Hollywood, why shouldn't Hollywood declare war on the dictators? There is nothing to lose now, everything to gain.

In a dictator-threatened world, Hollywood's remaining audience isn't easily entertained. Especially by the same old story about boy-meets-girl, boy-pursues-girl, boy-wins-girl. It wants the movies, like the newspapers and the radio, to keep up with the excitement of the times. It wants the movies to say something vigorous about the things that matter more to free people today than ever before.

Hollywood has known this for some little while. But it has taken Hollywood time to throw off the old fear of displeasing somebody, somewhere. Time, and an outspoken, fearless President, asking Congress for a huge appropriation for national defense, saying that dictator countries menace the democracies of the world, including the United States. . . .

If Washington isn't afraid to awaken patriotism, at the price of displeasing the dictators, why should Hollywood be afraid? It isn't, any longer.

One proof of this is Hollywood's recent complete shunning of Leni Riefenstahl, Nazi Movie Star No. 1. A far more complete shunning than that given Vittorio Mussolini, son of Il Duce, a couple of years ago.

Vittorio came to Hollywood for a three-month stay to learn something about American ways of making movies. He was given quite a welcome by some of our biggest names. This sickened a thoughtful handful. They bought space in the trade papers to print photos of wounded women and children in Ethiopia and Spain, where he had served as a flier, and to publish quotations from his autobiography, to the effect that War was "fun." No one was flattered after that to shake his hand. Signor Mussolini became so uncomfortable that he stayed barely three weeks.

Leni Riefenstahl is a woman—an attractive woman. To the best of anyone's knowledge, she hasn't machine-gunned cripples or dropped bombs on children or ballyhooed War as a glorious adventure. But she has been seen often enough with Adolph Hitler to be billed in Berlin dispatches as "Hitler's girl-friend." The Hollywood Anti-Nazi League bought space in the trade papers to warn her that this was enough to make her unwelcome in Hollywood, which she was about to visit. She didn't believe the Anti-Nazi League could be speaking for all Hollywood. But, this time, it was. Not one star wanted to meet her, not one studio would open its doors to her.

That's how Hollywood feels today about the dictators—and their friends.

M-G-M bought the play, *Idiot's Delight*, several years ago. Mussolini protested against its being filmed. He apparently suspected that playwright Robert E. Sherwood meant to suggest that a certain somebody delighted in War, since the soldiers in the play were Italian. Anyway, his protest was heeded—then. But last Fall the story was yanked out of its pigeonhole. *Idiot's Delight* is now a picture.

True, the setting of the picture is a mythical Alpine country. The soldiers don't speak Italian, but Esperanto, the would-be international language. The picture is far more concerned with the amorous dalliance of Clark Gable and Norma Shearer than with the horrors of War. The indictment of War is pretty weak. But the fact that *Idiot's Delight* has been filmed, even in expurgated form, is proof of Hollywood's new independence of the dictators. Mussolini didn't want it filmed in any form.

One of the pictures you will be seeing this spring, despite the violent protests of Germany and death-threats against all players known to be in the cast, is *Confession of a Nazi Spy*. Germany might well be upset over this picture. It is not a fictional story; it is a factual story. It depicts in exact detail the discovery, arrest and conviction of a Nazi spy ring in the United States. It will shock America into a realization that President Roosevelt was not joking when he said that dictator countries menace America.

It took courage to be identified, in Nazi eyes, with this picture. George Sanders, Lya Lys and Francis Lederer—once a Czech, but now an American—had that kind of courage. So had the Warner Brothers, who dared to produce it.

Nor do the Warners intend to stop with this one anti-Nazi film. They have writers working on a story to be called *Concentration Camp*—another factual expose, based on the recollections of men who lived to be refugees. Warners also have announced *The Bishop Who Walked with God*—the life-story of Dr. Martin Niemoeller, who dared to worship his God in a way different from Hitler's. Paul Muni may play the role.

Muni has just finished the title role of *Juarez*, which also boasts Bette Davis, Brian Aherne and John Garfield. This reminds the world what happened, the last time a European power invaded North America. It tells the story of Emperor Maximilian, who, with all his army, could not conquer liberty-loving Mexico, led by a peon named Juarez.

CRUSADING to make Americans proud of freedom, Warners have already produced several historical shorts about the founders of our independence. (Moreover, they will furnish any of these shorts, free of cost, to any school, lodge or patriotic organization asking for them.) Now they are turning their attention to liberators south of the Rio Grande, too—Bolivar, San Martin, O'Higgins and others. With *The Monroe Doctrine*, they remind all the Americas of their union for protection against European invasion. With *Son of Liberty*, they will remind the intolerant that a Jew, Haym Solomon, helped finance American independence.

And Warners aren't stopping here. In *Wings of the Navy*, they made Americans conscious of their first line of defense. With *John Paul Jones*, starring James Cagney, they will make Americans conscious of their traditions as sea fighters. With *The American Way*, they will tell the story of a German immigrant and his wife and the opportunities that they and their son, and their son's son, find in America.

Samuel Goldwyn is producing *The Exile*, starring violinist Jascha Heifetz—a story of a great musician driven from his native land by race prejudice, who finds sanctuary in America. Goldwyn is also thinking of doing a picture about Benedict Arnold, the traitor—to help make un-Americanism unpopular. And he also expects to give every freedom-lover something to think about in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*.

It has been years since any studio has been Great Emancipator-minded. Now, suddenly, this spring of 1939, two studios are. Henry Fonda is doing *Young Lawyer Lincoln* at 20th Century-Fox.. Where some overdue attention is being given to American inventiveness and stick-to-it-iveness in *Alexander Graham Bell*, starring Don Ameche. Just as, in *Submarine Patrol* not long ago, some overdue attention was given to the Splinter Fleet and the daredevils who helped make America safe (?) for democracy twenty years ago.

Whatever Jesse James may have been in real life, 20th Century-Fox recently pictured him as a good American who simply went berserk. Getting across the point that injustice makes American blood boil—and stay hot.

Until this spring of 1939, no producer ever thought of asking audiences to stand up during a picture. But during *Let Freedom Ring*, audiences not only stand up, but cheer, hearing Nelson Eddy sing, "My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty . . ."

M-G-M, responsible for this bit of patriotism-arousing, is about to produce *It Can't Happen Here*, the Sinclair Lewis story banned ever since it was bought several years ago. A bitter story of what could happen if Fascism ever diseased America.

In *Babes in Arms*, Mickey Rooney will tell the world, in song, that "in the good old U. S. A. every man is his own dictator."

M-G-M's *Northwest Passage*, like Paramount's *Union Pacific*, Warners' *Dodge City*, 20th Century-Fox's *Panama Canal* and Selznick's *Gone With the Wind*, will reawaken America's never-say-die spirit.

Paramount is planning *Air Raid*—dramatizing the horror of civilian bombings. And *Invasion*, on which a million will be spent—showing what might happen if an unnamed foreign power suddenly attacked us.

Universal is doing *The Spirit of Culver*—an appeal to the Americanism of young America.

Frank Capra is preparing *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, which will forcefully remind Americans that their government is of the people, by the people, for the people.

BUT the picture that will really make the dictators froth at the mouth is Charlie Chaplin's first talkie. It is a crime, in their countries, to joke about them. And Chaplin will go beyond joking; he will ridicule them. And, come fall, the picture will be seen in all countries where "the people are still permitted to have a sense of humor."

It started out with the title, *The Dictator*. Now, since Mussolini has added his furious protest to Hitler's, Chaplin has changed the title to *The Dictators*. He is guarding the plot, as he is himself being guarded. All he will reveal is that he is playing a dual role. One character will be a downtrodden derelict, shell-shocked into silence by the World War; the other will be a bombastic dictator who looks like him.

Hollywood has declared war on the dictators, and started militantly defending democracy, not only on the screen, but off it.

The biggest radio broadcast in Hollywood history was the program put on last December 14th, Rededication Day of the Bill of Rights. Every Hollywood name worth mentioning was either on or at that broadcast, which was designed to rouse Americans to re-appreciate their freedom in a world menaced by dictators.

Last January 30th, at a rally that jammed Los Angeles' vast Shrine Auditorium, movie stars dramatized Hitler's six-year reign of terror, adopted a slogan "Quarantine the Dictators!" and launched a campaign to obtain 20,000,000 signatures to a "declaration of Democratic Independence," to persuade Congress to put a ban on trade with Germany.

Among the original signers of the Declaration were such stars as Melvyn Douglas, Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson, Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Joan Bennett. A Declaration that says, among other things:

"We accuse the leaders of Nazi Germany . . . of 'a design to reduce the world under absolute despotism' . . . They bring chaos and disunity into sovereign nations and then seize and dismember them. They send their agents to spy upon us. They organize Bunds to spread their vicious doctrines in strident contempt for our Democracy and its institutions . . . We, a free people, have continued to support by trade and commerce this enemy of our liberty and our peace. This, our conscience will permit no longer."

. That is strong language. Hollywood, this spring of 1939, is convinced that it is time for strong language.

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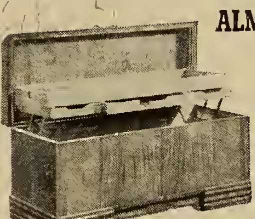

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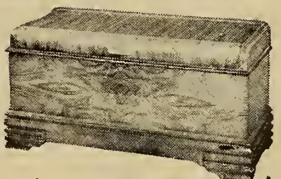

Right: Roos cedar chest with UTIL-TRAY (as pictured below) that rises when lid is lifted. Matched American Butt Walnut Veneer Exteriors. $29.75

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Below: Note the new UTIL-TRAY—self-rising, tilts up, lifts out, gives chest added utility. American Cathedral Matched and Moon Crotch Walnut Veneer Exteriors. $19.75

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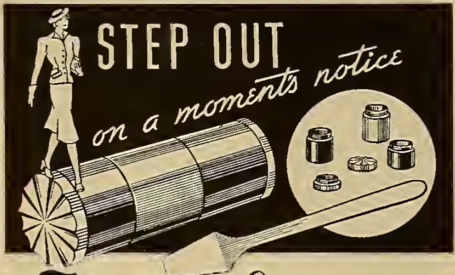

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Pep Up with Pineapple

[*Continued from page 64*]

materials. Just before serving, pour over tart French dressing to which curry powder is added in the proportion of 1/4 teaspoon curry powder to 1 cup dressing.

Mention of light desserts must not be allowed to slip by without including an extremely unusual Hawaiian dessert, as feathery as thistle-down, refreshing to the eyes and taste, and acceptable on almost any summer menu. Here it is:

LANAI DELIGHT DESSERT

2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
1/4 cup strained lemon juice
1 cup canned unsweetened pineapple juice
1/2 cup sugar
2 egg whites, stiffly whipped
1/2 cup moist shredded cocoanut
1/4 cup shredded toasted almonds
1 cup canned crushed pineapple, drained

Soak gelatin 5 minutes in lemon juice. Heat pineapple juice to scald, add sugar and soaked gelatin, and stir until dissolved. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly whipped whites, cocoanut, almonds and crushed pineapple, and whip until frothy. Serve in individual sherbet glasses, and garnish lightly with additional cocoanut and almonds. (Serves 6.)

Reversing the order of the menu, and coming back to the first course, what could be more cooling and also zestful against summer's lagging appetite, than the following simple fruit cocktail with the accompaniment of its zippy cocktail sauce?

TROPICAL APPETIZER

Grapefruit
Canned pineapple gems
Avocado cubes
Stuffed olives
Cocktail sauce

Halve grapefruit, remove pulp, and scallop edges. Combine equal amounts of pineapple gems and cubed avocado. Fill grapefruit shells with this mixture, and chill thoroughly. Garnish with stuffed olive and serve with cocktail sauce, passed separately.

Cocktail Sauce: 1/4 cup tomato catsup, 2 teaspoons fresh grated horseradish, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoon salt, grains celery salt. Blend thoroughly, and serve well chilled.

Another tangy suggestion for a fruit cocktail is to add a half-teaspoon or more of flavorful bitters to the fruit juices, blend, and pour over the cocktail, and also over many summer salads. In making refreshing frozen sherbets, likewise add a dash of bitters to the fruit mixture.

THE new form of "bite-size" pieces or cubes of canned pineapple will be found especially convenient for making many other hot weather food delights. Thus, these midget cubes may be added to any fruit gelatin, molded in a ring, and the center filled with cream cheese, mayonnaise, etc. As salad ingredients they offer a pleasing change from the more familiar pineapple rings, and will be found more easy to combine with other fruits and vegetables, which have been cut in cubes or chunks for salad mixing. Try your favorite pineapple salads with these new bite-size morsels, and you'll find them extremely easy to eat!

Canned crushed pineapple is an old favorite, but just as serviceable this season as ever, in making frozen desserts, sauces, sundaes, and for putting substantial pep into the wide variety of summer drinks with which the hostess regales her guests.

"In the good old summer time," it's always time for a tall long glass of something cool and refreshing. And *how* refreshing is pineapple juice! A natural tang, zip or "whoosh"—call it what you will—simply sparkles from this bubbling natural tree-ripened fruit juice! Use it alone over crushed ice, or combine it with many other fruit juices, and you are always sure to provide your guests as well as your family, with a pause which picks them up, no matter how scorching the weather! Here's just one of the dozens of luscious summer beverages possible with canned pineapple juice.

PINEAPPLE-LOGANBERRY PUNCH

5/8 cup sugar
1 cup canned unsweetened pineapple juice
1 cup canned loganberry juice
1 pint charged water
Crushed ice or ice cubes
Pineapple gems
Fresh logan or raspberries
Mint leaves

Dissolve sugar in mixed fruit juices. Chill. Just before serving, add charged water, and pour over ice in tall glasses. Garnish with 2 or 3 pineapple gems and whole berries, and insert mint spray at side of glass. (Grape-juice may be substituted for loganberry juice.) (Serves 6.)

Of course it is impossible in so short a space as this to even touch on the other luscious or refreshing uses of all pineapple products. There's pineapple pie, for instance, pineapple pudding, pineapple gingerbread, and various methods for using pineapple with chicken, ham and other meats, in true Oriental high style. Did you ever cook ham slices with pineapple strips, and add honey just before serving? Did you ever make a chocolate custard pudding around the top of which pineapple dice or gems were embedded like fruit jewels? Have you ever tried that tonic to end all tired feeling, a rhubarb pineapple punch? If not, or even if you have, send at once for the special leaflet, and get these and other recipes free.

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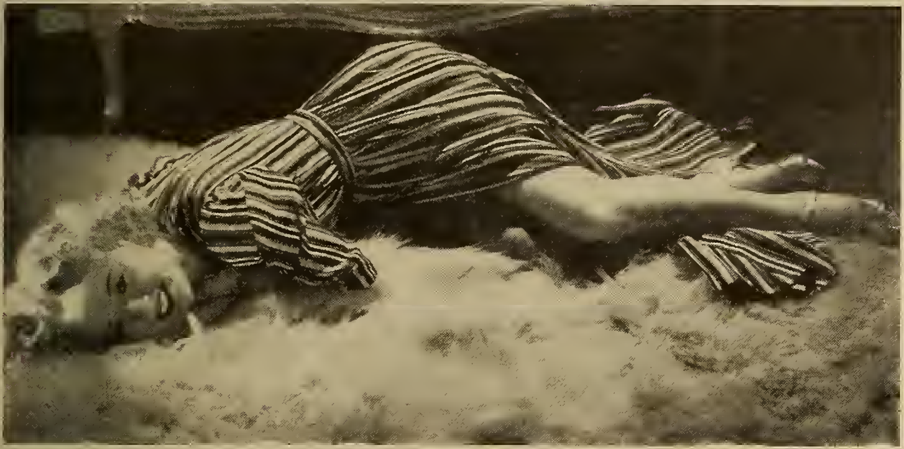
THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page* 59]



Newest newcomer to be photographed on a white bear rug is Sheila Bromley—whose blonde loveliness will be seen in Warner pictures. She's in *Nancy Drew, Reporter*. With the bear rug initiation over, Sheila will next be photographed in swim-suits

Mary's Reminder

■ Neatest social gesture of the season was the sending of white orchids by Mary Pickford, ex-Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, to Lady Sylvia, current Mrs. Doug Fairbanks. Mary sent 'em to Sylvia to wear to the Elsa Maxwell party she gave. Point of the gesture is this: It was an open letter to Hollywood hostesses, from Mary. Telling all that Mary has no objection about being invited to parties where her former husband's present wife is also a guest—provided, of course, that Mary's present husband is also invited. . . He's Buddy Rogers, in case you didn't know. Or did you?

Ex-Mrs. Colman Opens Shoppe

■ Down in Laguna Beach, some two hours south of Hollywood on the Coast Highway, there's a new little women's sports shop. It's been opened by a lady called Thelma Raye Colman.

Thelma Raye Colman used to be the wife of Ronald Colman. She's an English actress. For some time she's been trying to make the grade in pictures—but didn't get places. So she's turned to the sports shoppe for a living. . . And wouldn't it be amusing if Benita Hume should drop in some day, to pick up a little trifle . . . ?

[*Continued on page* 84]

Jeanette MacDonald, who won recent contest as most popular femme star in Hollywood, is next seen in *Broadway Serenade* where she does a number with the boys dressed as Alpiners—against Alpine setting. They go into skating clinch without skates

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For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.
Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 83]

■ To Hollywood, the current concert tour that's being made (as this is written) by Nelson Eddy is an Acid Test. It's the acid test of Hollywood's pet tenet that a gr-r-r-r-reat romantic star goes phooey when he marries . . .!

And so Hollywood sits back and waits to see what turnouts Nelson will receive this tour, as contrasted with previous tours. Nelson, newest bridegroom among movieland's heart-swatting film heroes, always drew great crowds of adoring, worshipping women to his concerts. Eddy and M-G-M both threw thumbs down on the true stories of some of the things that happened on those tours—the invasions of Eddy's hotel room by dithering females; the ruses they pulled to get backstage to touch his hand; the letters they sent him; the phone calls, the crowds. Nelson, blue-pencilling stories of such things behind his horn-rimmed glasses, used to say such yarns weren't dignified. But now, despite all that hush-hush, Nelson is just as interested as anyone else in Hollywood about whether or not the mobs of ladies will still storm his concerts.

Equally interested, no doubt, will be Mrs. Nelson Eddy, who used to be Mrs. Ann Franklin before Nelson eloped with her right under the noses of everybody—even including his studio, which hadn't any idea his intentions were that immediately matrimonial. Of course, Ann is with Nelson on his tour. It's a honeymoon.

Eddy himself, and his admirers, insist that his marriage will not detract from his box-office. He thinks that's largely Hope speaking out loud. Dick Powell's fan mail took a walloping nosedive right after he married Joan Blondell, and not even Nelson Eddy can overlook that. And mark this!—the femme-fan reaction to Nelson's wedding will play a mighty decisive part in whether or not two other he-man stars of the films take the matrimonial leap soon: Bob Taylor and Clark Gable . . . Odd, isn't it? that they're both M-G-M-ers, too!

Caught 'Em Napping

■ Still on the subject of the Eddy marriage, it's the truth that it was a surprise all around. Not even the insiders of Hollywood knew marriage was that close. They knew Nelson had been that way about Ann for months. But marriage—?

Eddy smugly laughs at the sneak he pulled on everybody with his elopement. He grinningly remarks that he tried to tip everybody off—sang "I Love You Truly" and "Promise Me" on his radio program just before the elopement . . .!

But hell!—every gal in the radio audience probably thought he was singing that to HER, not Ann . . .! ! !

Going "House of David"

■ Hollywood looks like a convention of the House of David, these days. All the glamor boys are letting their hair grow. Not because it's fashion, but because of their roles . . .

Ty Power did it for *Jesse James*. *Dodge City* grew Errol Flynn's locks long. Brian Aherne and Paul Muni are longhaired for *Juarez*. Bob Burns has to keep his long. So does Gary Cooper. And even Nelson Eddy, whose silvery hair is one of his touchiest prides, had to let it go long and straggly for *Song of the West*.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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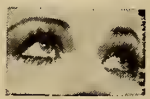

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Quilted satin seems to be quite the vogue—not only in evening clothes but also in swim-suits. Here's Gale Sondergaard displaying the quilted touch in one of the bathing-suits she'll be wearing this summer. Gale's next picture is *Never Say Die*

Call Me Deborah!

■ Latest name-changer in Hollywood is Katherine de Mille. She wants to be named Deborah de Mille. Hubby Anthony Quinn, who's perfectly willing to be known as Anthony Quinn, (but NEVER as either Mr. Deborah or Mr. Katherine de Mille), doesn't mind.

Reasons for the change of name are two: The name Katherine has always depressed her. Besides, it's numerologically more auspicious for her to use the name Deborah than Katherine, a soothsayer told her—for a fee. . . . While de Mille changes her name, Margaret Lindsay changes her hair. It's going red again.

Light-Slapping Loy

■ Myrna Loy is NOT going to knock out that cafe owner with a right to the jaw, in *Lucky Night.* M-G-M biggies decided it wouldn't look lady-like. So Myrna will just slap him.

Airsickness

■ Giggle of Hollywood is the news that Olivia de Havilland took airplane wizard Howard Hughes down to the beach amusement park, the other night—and Howard got so dizzy on the merry-go-round that she had to take him home!!!

Loved Claudette for 60 Years

■ Meanest gag of the month: Don Ameche sent a 70-year-old extra, with long white beard, around to Claudette Colbert's dressing-room, to say:

"Excuse me, Miss Colbert, but I just want to tell you that I've been one of your greatest admirers ever since I was a little boy. . . ."

Lending that necessary romantic appeal to *It's Spring Again* are James Ellison and Jean Parker—and by the looks of the armful of hugging, James and Jean surely go for each other in a big way. Jean's a lap-sitter here—James is NOT DRIVING a car

Bothered by Constipation?

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She Dyed to Become a Star

[*Continued from page* 70]

climb up the ladder got more difficult. Some of the rungs must have been missing, I guess, because I stayed just where I was despite my efforts to get ahead."

To keep her busy so that she could earn her keep, Warners let it be known in the proper places that she was available for loan-outs and quicker than a strip teaser can shed her duds, Mervyn LeRoy, who had left Warners to produce and direct pictures for M-G-M, put in a plug for the miss from Missouri and a week later she was working in *The Crowd Roars*, the picture that presented Robert Taylor as a he-man.

And, by the way, there's no truth to the report that a property man had to glue a toupee on fighting Bob's chest in the picture.

Jane, of course, was tickled pink when she learned that she had a chance to play in this Taylor picture—and she was smarter than a whip, too. With a head of hair as black as the inside of a deserted coal mine Jane decided to go blonde so that there would be a contrast in the sequence in which she would have to appear with Maureen O'Sullivan.

When she arrived on the set for the first day's shooting Director Thorpe nearly threw a fit. The part called for a brunette, he said in no uncertain terms and Jane thought she was a goner. He relented, however, after the first rushes—and Jane has been a blonde ever since.

"Blonde hair makes me feel fresh and clean," she says. "Maybe it's a crazy reason why girls go light-headed, but it's true so far as I'm concerned. I've felt happier, more lively and gay since I dyed. And I'm never going to change."

WELL, the little lady may have something there at that. At any rate it's as true as the number on your social security card that ever since her hair changed color her career has picked up considerably. Following a loan-out to 20th Century-Fox to appear in *Tailspin*, Warners, all hopped up over the nice things the critics and fans were saying about her, decided it was about time that they called her back and put her to work on the home lot.

She did real well in *Brother Rat* and her performance in *The Kid from Kokomo* has—or will—when it's released, shoot her up another five rungs on the cinematic ladder of fame.

Warners' new glamor girl is not only talented in respect to the art of acting, but she can likewise fling a mean pen when it comes to writing. She's got several short stories to her credit, and they've actually been published!

When she isn't acting or playing poker or writing, she sits down in front of a drawing-board and designs a new dress. For exercise she whacks a tennis-ball back and forth or straddles a horse and goes lickety-split up and down (we mean this literally because we've seen her ride) a bridle path.

She's five feet, five inches tall in her bare tootsie; she makes friends easily; she has a grand sense of humor and, since her marriage to Myron Futterman (wed in 1937 and divorced in 1938), she has no romantic interest. Plenty of boy friends, of course, but none of them makes her heart miss a beat. Or so she says.

And that's Jane "Cookie" or "Small Fry" Wyman, the Miss from Missouri and Warners' latest glamor girl.

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Why Men Fall in Love with Merle Oberon

[*Continued from page* 53]

no one recognizes me, I think, Ha, I got away with it! It's like playing Hide-and-Seek all the time, it's *fun!*

HER deepest satisfaction in life has come, I learned, not from her screen successes, not from the laurels placed on her brow but from the fact that, "my Mommie lived long enough to see that I'd got what I wanted" . . . from the fact, too, that in her mother's last years she was able to give her *everything*. . . . Merle speaks of her mother constantly . . . she speaks of where her mother lies, now, in a quiet, little country churchyard in England, green and filled with peace, close by the home of one of Merle's closest girl-friends. . . .

I said, "No one ever really leaves the screen . . . they say they will, they almost never do. . . ."

"I will," said Merle, "and one thing in my favor is that I *don't belong in Hollywood.* In England, my friends are non-professionals, almost all of them. I find it easy, there, to stop being a screen star. I can easily be a perfectly normal woman, living a perfectly normal life. That's what I want to be . . . when we are on the screen we can do so few of the *other* things . . . things for and with other people . . . we have to be careful of ourselves, of our faces and strength. . . . I don't *want* to be careful with myself, stinting, sparing. . . ."

I learned that Merle has bought a house in Regents Park, London; that she is "doing it over" in the Regency period . . . taking delight in bringing to life in her home that gentle, vanished period of time. . . .

I learned that she rises at six o'clock every morning and, with her maid, jumps into the ocean for a swim and *swims* . . . on the way to the studio she sleeps in the back of the car, the seat piled with baby pillows . . . I learned that she loves Chinese food, curry, chocolate cake . . . she says: "I eat like three horses, I'm *always* hungry. . . ."

I learned that she loves music, the music of Brahms and Mozart, the Scheherezade suite . . . she keeps a radio by her bed . . . she reads everything, especially histories, biographies, philosophy . . . she doesn't read many novels, thinking most of them a waste of time . . . she did love *Rebecca* . . . she never wastes time if she can help it, aware, as young as she is, that Tempus Fugits "with almost indecent haste" . . . she spends her time on the sets, between scenes, knitting sweaters for her best friends, for her friends' children . . . she has only one fear, the fear of high places, being subject to vertigo . . . she has "a great yearning to be domestic, to cook and bake and 'put up fruit,' but—one doesn't have the time. . . ."

Her most dramatic memory is of her recent automobile accident in London . . . she came to, on the pavement, and only knew who she was because she heard people calling her name . . . "It's Merle Oberon," they were chanting, over and over, "It's Merle Oberon . . . Merle Oberon . . . Merle Ob-er-on. . . ." She didn't know where she was, London, Hollywood, Paris or where . . . the only thing she remembered was telephone numbers . . . she says: "Dr. Freud would find my memory for telephone numbers interesting, I'm sure, I *never* forget a phone number, not even with concussion of the brain. . . ."

Her happiest memory, to date, is of the time when she was making *The Dark Angel* . . . she said: "I laughed, laughed, laughed my head off with David Niven . . . everyone on that picture was so perfectly charming, David, Bart Marshall, all of them . . . we had chocolate ice-cream at least half-a-dozen times a day . . . everyone was so enthusiastic and gay I couldn't believe it would be a good picture, it all went too easily."

Her most significant memory is of seeing the silent version of *The Dark Angel,* in India, when she was twelve years old. She had seldom been to the movies before that time. She had certainly never thought of becoming an actress. When the film showed on the screen the child sat, transfixed. Not a word did she speak. She scarcely remembers what she thought. But when she emerged from the theatre she told her mother that she was going to be an actress, and that one of these days she would play in *The Dark Angel*. . . . And when, ten years later, Samuel Goldwyn told her that she was to play the heroine in *The Dark Angel* Merle confounded Mr. Goldwyn quite utterly by saying, calmly, *"I know."* She says, now, matter-of-factly, "I did know."

Deeply fatalistic, believing that some things are "written," Merle has worked out of being superstitious, realizing that superstitions have their roots in the darkness of Man's intellect. She used to be superstitious about piebald horses, picking up pins, birds flying in at windows. Now her only superstition is when anyone says to her, at the beginning of a picture, "this is going to be a knock-out" . . . then she knocks her knuckles red on wood!

She is, admittedly, "no kind of a business man" . . . during her recent experience in court she was asked whether she understands income taxes. She answered, "No, I don't think anybody else in the world does, either." When she was asked whether she had ever held any other job save that of acting, any job where she'd had to "use her head" . . . she said, innocently, "I once worked in my uncle's office and was fired. I was once a dancer, too, but I don't think you have to use your head for that. . . ." But maybe that's being a pretty slick "business man," at that. Since judge, jury, even opposing counsel were all, as it were, asking for the Oberon autograph when day was done. . . .

SHE thinks that the workers of Hollywood, the crew, electricians, carpenters and the such are "the nicest people in Hollywood" . . . she doesn't only theorize, either, not Merle, she spends time with "the nicest people" . . . she likes nothing better than to spend a day deep-sea fishing with some of the boys from the studio . . . she's a terrific pessimist . . . always expects the worst to happen and has the disconcerting habit of *saying so.* On a recent fishing trip off Catalina, the boat listed in an alarming manner . . . "I know that it's going to capsize and we will all be drowned," announced Merle, "I *know it.*"

Her face lies, I say. I think that it does. I don't think that you would know these special things about Merle, just from seeing her on the screen . . . her honesties and franknesses, her warmths and generosities, her faults and foibles, too. I feel that I learned a lot about Merle during an afternoon spent with her on the set of *Wuthering Heights.* I feel that I got to know her a great deal better than I had ever known her before. I hope that you feel the same. . . .

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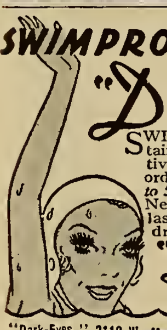

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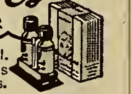

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Welsh—But No Welsher

[*Continued from page 69*]

wound up on the cobbles in an ignominious heap.

For a while it looked as if the unit would be laid up for repairs, but work was resumed immediately after lunch and *Hotel Imperial* was completed two days under schedule. Ray hasn't seen the picture. It's the second one he has completed recently and failed to get a peek at.

"BY BIRTH I'm British," he declares. "That is to say, Welsh. The Welsh are the only true Britons and I can prove it. The English are contaminated by cross-breeding with Normans, Angles, Saxons and such Johnny-Come-Latelys as the Danes.

"To satisfy yourself that the Welsh are the only truly British race in the isles, all you have to do is consult any botany book or natural history text published in England. There you see the name of each species rendered in two ways, the English and the British. In all cases the British mode of spelling is always the same as the Welsh."

Language as such, and the varying modes of speaking it, have a strange fascination for this polyglot swashbuckler. "Actors' English" as it is uttered by the fashionable West End leading men, he abominates. Unaccented American, as spoken on both coasts of the continent, he regards as the ultimate refinement of English speech.

In Hollywood social life Milland detects a deplorable stiffness and lack of variety. For that reason he likes to mingle with strangers to whom his name means nothing and who are not immediately constrained to sift him out of a number of other "names," classify him according to his relative importance, and treat him accordingly. He enjoys being ribbed by the irreverent.

AMONG all the studio denizens of his acquaintance his favorite is a chatter-writer for a fan magazine, a flippantly philosophical fellow who has been an invaluable guide to Milland in interpreting the Hollywood state of mind. The two often sit gabbing through whole evenings, with the actor chiefly on the receiving end. On the eve of his European vacation, Ray invited his crony to go along, expense-free, but the chap's pride wouldn't permit him to accept.

As a true Welshman, and therefore automatically a music-lover, Ray feels distinctly inferior about his inability to play any instrument. On his return to Hollywood he has sworn a terrible oath to master the piano.

"I'll find the time somehow," he promised. "If necessary, I'll make it; put my horse in pasture and hire a man to stand over me with a whip and make me practice. Frances Marion, the scenario writer, is three times as busy as I am and she made herself into a veritable piano virtuoso by practicing in her office while waiting for people to show up for appointments. I'm going to interview her about her musical experience. Maybe some of her persistency will rub off on me."

Static electricity, real and figurative, crackles off the finger-tips of this determined young ex-trooper. When he takes two steps across a carpeted floor he gives off live, glowing sparks.

"Taxes?" he jeers. "Bring 'em on. The more I pay, the more I keep. Never let it be said that prudent Milland ever shrank from earning an honest shilling—er, quarter."

Read the story of *Lucky Night,* starring Myrna Loy and Bob Taylor, in this month's MOVIE STORY

Dodge City, starring Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn, is fictionized in the same big issue

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	53 A	D	V	E	N	T	U	R	E	S	S	

ACROSS

1. Latest MacDonald-Eddy film
10. Judge Hardy in person
11. A Christmas ——
13. Descriptive of Anna May Wong's raven locks
14. —— Meins directed *His Exciting Night*
16. Mickey Rooney's real name
17. His last name is Mix
18. Descriptive lists of parts in in screenplays
19. Miss Arden's first name
20. Alice Faye's native state (abbr.)
22. The titled fortune hunter in *Next Time I Marry*
24. Flanahan in *Thanks For the Memory*
25. Myrna in *Peck's Bad Boy With the Circus*
27. Gang leader in *Panamint's Bad Man*
30. *Flight To* ——
31. First name of a blonde comedienne (poss.)
33. Jack Randall was starred in —— *of Fighting Men*
35. His first name is Charles
37. Initials of Tony Martin's wife
39. Wing Foo in *Charlie Chan in Honolulu*
41. William Powell's native state (abbr.)
42. —— *Give a Million*
44. Star of *Carefree* (poss.)
45. *Torchy Gets Her* ——
46. Many movie theatres open at this time of day
48. Feminine lead in *Comet Over Broadway*
49. Milton Militis in *Convicted*
50. A star of *Dawn Patrol*
52. Connie in *Broadway Musketeers*
53. Edith Fellows had title role in *The Little* ——

DOWN

1. What the author supplies for a motion picture
2. *They* —— *Forget*
3. Cary Grant's birthplace (abbr.)
4. Edward Earle's initials
5. Dick Purcell and Ann Sheridan played opposite in *Mystery* ——
6. Initials of Mr. Craig
7. Male lead in *Say It In French*
8. —— *Concession* was a Lombard-MacMurray film
9. Mr. Wong and Charlie Chan —— mysteries
10. What Jimmy Durante's English is apt to be
12. Feminine lead in *Youth Takes a Fling*
14. Elizabeth in *Heart of the North*
15. Anna's surname
21. *Of* —— *Hearts*
23. He played opposite Gloria Stuart in *The Lady Objects*
25. His last name is LeRoy
26. —— *With Wings*
28. —— *Relations*
29. Charlie McCarthy often wears a top ——
32. Aunt Elizabeth in *His Exciting Night*
34. Bette Davis and George Brent play opposite in —— *Victory*
35. Hansen in *The Storm*
36. To perform as does Ray Bolger in films
38. Remember —— Finch, John Bunny's screen partner?
40. *There Goes My* ——
41. —— *Honeymoon*
43. Freddie Bartholomew portrayed —— *Jeff*
45. —— *Attacks the World*
47. Frances Dee celebrates birth in this month (abbr.)
49. She starred in *Every Day's a Holiday*
51. "The" in French film titles
52. —— *Chump*

March Solution

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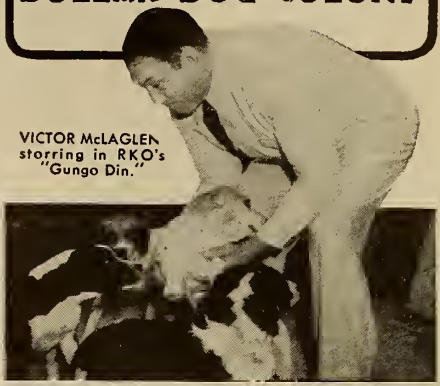

VICTOR McLAGLEN starring in RKO's "Gunga Din."

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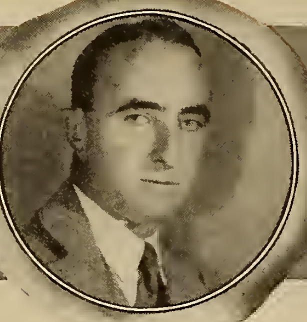

BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

WITH Hollywood actresses who didn't get the assignment of that *O'Hara* girl in GWTW ribbing each other: "Is my face Scarlett?" And actors who didn't get the *Butler* man's assignment cracking back: "Is my face Rhett?"—with the GWTW casting settled permanently now that Vivien Leigh will put the Georgia spitfire through her paces, Hollywood has turned to other things for headlines. Such as becoming flag-conscious through dedicating itself to selling America in terms of rousing patriotism.

As is told in this issue of MOTION PICTURE in the article, Hollywood Declares War On The Dictators, Hollywood has finally realized something that the dictators have known for a long time: Democracy won't vanish from the earth until it vanishes from America. And American movies can awaken people to the attractions of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Well, come to think of it, the American flag is a pretty fine flag to wave—and Hollywood has the power through the medium of the screen, to bring forth all that Old Glory stands for. Hollywood is not only bringing out ideas that are contrary to democratic principles—such as showing the contrast between our individual liberty and the regimentation that stifles all individual thought and effort—but it is also crusading to make Americans proud of their freedom through emphasis on star-spangled Americanism.

The founders of our independence are being humanized. And men who have made America great will shortly have their lives dramatized—like Alexander Graham Bell. Two of the most thoroughly American plays on Broadway will eventually reach the wider scope of the screen—*Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and *The American Way*. Yes, Hollywood has awakened to the dangers that confront us. And is off to a headstart in making us appreciate our freedom in a world menaced by dictators. The Navy, the Army, military schools, Congress—dozens of other ideas based on the American theme, will forcefully remind us that our government is of the people, by the people, for the people. And as far as Hollywood is concerned it isn't going to let this form of government perish from the earth.

Should Go American All The Way

HOLLYWOOD may have its frivolous moments. It makes too many inconsequential pictures for one thing—pictures that are far from being adult entertainment. Bingo never spells Socko. But now that most of Hollywood's product is banned from dictator countries it needn't tread lightly in fear of their ideas of censorship. It can make pictures for Americans now—and in doing so hit a higher level. It needn't be afraid of offending foreign censors—a fear that has ruined more than one picture and made us wonder why it was produced at all. Now it can "trow de woiks"—with our sense of decency, courage and fair play governing the operations.

And while we're about it, haven't we had just about enough of foreign star importations? No American star would be accepted on a foreign screen unless this star spoke its language perfectly. Over here we consider it cute if the foreigner speaks English with an accent. We call it charm. Over there an American accenter would be called an ignoramus. Take away the foreigner's accent on our screen and their combined talents wouldn't loom as large as the tip of Bette Davis' little finger. So long as Hollywood is going American it should send the majority of its "furriners" packing—and concentrate on discovering new American faces. For after all, the Shearers, Gables, MacDonalds, Loys and others in their early thirties who have starred for years can't go on forever. The kiddies like Mickey, Shirley, Deanna and Jane will be playing kiddies for some time to come—all except Mickey, who might, any day, decide to play a bearded prospector.

If Hollywood's youngsters coming up aren't showing sufficient talent—then it should weed out these clutter-uppers and keep searching for Future Gables and Loys. Most of the talent is on the other side of 35. Hollywood can't keep going indefinitely with the Tracys, Colmans, Rathbones, Powells, Munis, Gables, Robinsons, Shearers, Howards, Marshalls, Astaires, Marchs and the *freres* Barrymore. Their ages won't permit it. But where are the Rathbones and Gables of tomorrow? Where are the actors to come from—those definitely beyond the pretty-boy stage? If Hollywood can't find them then it'll have to concentrate in lifting the pretty boys out of the sugar-plum juvenile heroics into the red meat of characterization. Until some of those beautiful bucks grow up their pictures will be on the jitterbug side.

We Have With Us

MEANWHILE, we do have Cagney whose *Angels with Dirty Faces* establishes him as a finished character actor. But he should put his two-guns and that super-super Stetson in that trunk in the attic and leave 'em lay. He does not belong in Westerns—even though most of our bandits (Billy the Kid, Jesse James, etc.) were about Jimmy's size. We do have Humphrey Bogart, the most sinister menacing man on the screen. I hope they'll be giving him another *Petrified Forest* soon. He hopes so, too. But even when he's gunning in those wacky Westerns his characterization nearly lifts them out of Grade B ratings and Bingo pastures. We have Henry Fonda whose homespun characters always fit their background. We have John Garfield—a Muni and Rathbone in the making.

There are others who make up this nucleus of talent—not forgetting the distaff side, exemplified in Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan, Nancy Kelly, whose emotional range is increasing with every film, and who cultivates under-emphasis in her portrayals—a remarkable trait for so young an actress since most of them go in for facial contortions when they're not "dead-panning" to preserve their beauty. We have Jean Arthur an actress of many moods—one who can capture all of them in the "plottiest" of stories.

Hollywood should keep on developing the talents of these players by putting them in full-blown-in-the-bottle pictures. And then keep a weather eye on the lookout for players like them. The American woods are full of them if producers will just forget to look along the banks of Europe's Seine, Rhine, Danube, Po and Volga—and look toward the banks of America's Wabash, Mississippi, Hudson, Columbia, Ohio, Missouri, Red, Arkansas, Platte, Connecticut, Colorado, Yellowstone—and even that usually dried-up trickle, the Los Angeles river. Living near, and on, and by the banks of these rivers is talent, American talent. It only needs to be discovered. If these rivers can furnish us our songs, they can also furnish us the Gables and Shearers of tomorrow.

1 Maybelline Eye Shadow comes in six flattering, lovely shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

2 Maybelline famous smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Shades — Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

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MYRNA LOY

HEDY LAMARR'S MARRIAGE—THE INSIDE STORY

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packed with new thrills ... new glamour ... new "everything" that you need for conquest tonight

Amazing New "Perma-Color" Principle Keeps Lips Thrilling Many Hours Longer!

News in lipstick! Important, thrilling news! The glamorous SAVAGE you have known so well now becomes the New SAVAGE *Thril* LIPSTICK ... a big, full-sized lipstick in a dashing swivel case!

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But most important of all is the *thrill* of discovering that these jungle-ish shades with their lustrous, shimmering highlights are the true essence of romantic adventure in its maddest whirl. The very first night you wear one of them you'll find out how much more attractive SAVAGE reds really are.

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The New SAVAGE *Thril* LIPSTICK, now at all toilet counters, is the size and quality usually sold for a dollar . . . worth millions in glamour . . . yet only 25¢. This price certainly suggests that you indulge the luxury of several shades — for different costumes!

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Your smile is YOU! It's precious—guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A STUNNING gown is a sure-fire attraction to make a girl a standout, but after that it's up to her smile!

For nothing is more pitiful than the girl with the breath-taking gown—and the dull and dingy smile. She's the one, of all people, who shouldn't ignore "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf from her book, yourself, and *do something* about it. For no gown—not even a French import from the last boat in—can do much for the girl with the sad little smile. Let other things go if you must, but don't neglect your teeth and gums.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* It may mean nothing serious. Very likely, he'll tell you that your gums have simply grown weak from lack of exercise—and you can charge *that* up to our modern, soft foods. Then, like so many dentists, he may suggest "more work—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation increases within the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Don't court trouble by waiting for that telltale tinge of "pink." Instead, get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of attractive men and women, to brighter teeth . . . healthier gums . . . and the smile you'd like to have.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

APR 29 1939

"I WANT TO GROW UP!"

Those are the words of Shirley Temple—who has now reached her tenth birthday. Shirley has been one of Hollywood's busiest stars and now that she is emerging from her babyhood days, she and her company are looking forward to bigger and better stories. In July MOTION PICTURE there will be a story of the Shirley who "wants to grow up"—one told in her own language. This July issue also features sparkling stories of such headliners as Henry Fonda (soon to be seen as "Young Mister Lincoln"), David Niven, Bob Young—and other intimate features revealing life in Hollywood. To say nothing of lively art and latest gossip of the stars. Order the July issue now from your newsdealer!

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LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVII. No. 5 JUNE, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

By HARRY LANG

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

Peggy Carroll has no intention of going into the water. Just because a girl wears a bathing suit doesn't mean she can't get all prettied up—just in case she has a flirtation

ISN'T it just too perfectly lovely, how nice and respectable and cozy this town is getting to be? What with all these nice young married couples sitting around the home fires like Hedy Lamarr, the new Mrs. Markey. . . . And Mrs. Joan Crawford-Fairbanks-Tone, that gay divorcee, all but married to young Mr. Martin, that nice writing man, as soon as the courts say she can be legally free from Mrs. Tone! And that Oberon girl, from London and Tasmania, all set and ready to marry that nice Mr. Korda, who makes moving pictures in England. Not to mention Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, who are just so close to marriage that they've even got their honeymoon trip to Africa all figured out . . . and there's Clark and Carole.

Why, next thing you know, there just won't be a single glamor girl in Hollywood. They'll all be nice, respectable married ladies with husbands, and maybe the producers'll even have to ask their husbands if it'll be all right for their wives to go kiss other men—oh, just for the camera, you know . . . !

Well, anyway, the Hays office ought to be glad that all these unmarried couples are getting around to being married ones. It'll certainly take a load off the Hays office's mind (if any).

BUT—what about the box office?

[*Continued on page* 14]

Announcing

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The story of Juarez, Mexican flame of freedom . . . moulding a fiery-hearted people into a nation that toppled a throne! . . . The story of Carlota, empress to Maximilian . . . burning her fateful romance into the pages of history! . . . All in a glorious human drama sweeping through scenes never matched in action, splendor and power! See "Juarez" at your theatre soon! The picture that shows how great the screen can be!

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CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

WHEN the John Carroll-Steffi Duna divorce becomes final, wonder which'll beat the other to the next I-do?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Joanie Crawford and Charlie Martin—
Life's just a bowl of partin' and startin'.

Irene Hervey, who will be the first hostess for Movieland Tourists this summer, may greet you in white seersucker playsuit

IT WASN'T any surprise at all to Hollywood, when Joan finally did file that divorce action against Tone. As a matter of fact, Hollywood wondered how she waited that long. What with going so beeg for Charlie Martin that they established what amounts to some new kind of record in Hollywood's romance-annals: they appeared three times in one day to share meals—at the Victor Hugo for lunch, for dinner, and for late supper!

No. Not breakfast.

Why, Charlie almost followed Joan to New York on her recent holiday.

Not to be outdone by Irene, Claire Trevor shows a sylph-like figure in yellow print cotton playsuit. Note sea-shell ornaments

HOLLYWOOD giggled, though, when (right after she filed for marital freedom from Franchot) Joan and Charlie attended the preview of (of ALL titles!) *Let Freedom Ring.*

■

AT THIS writing (but don't depend on it to be at all a permanent arrangement) the Jackie Coogans

[*Continued on page* 18]

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE JEAN PARKER

Find thrilling new Beauty in

MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!

Featured in
THE HAL ROACH
PRODUCTION
"ZENOBIA"

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

ELSA: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your *eyes?*

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing *new* way, and the only *true* guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll *love* it!

ELSA: *You're* proof that it's perfect for *hazel* eyes, Joan! But *my* eyes are *blue!*

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

ELSA: And they discovered that *eye* color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! *It's the color of your eyes!*

JOAN: Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!

JOAN: And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!

JOAN: With Marvelous, you look lovelier *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! *(65¢ in Canada)*

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City F W-639

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

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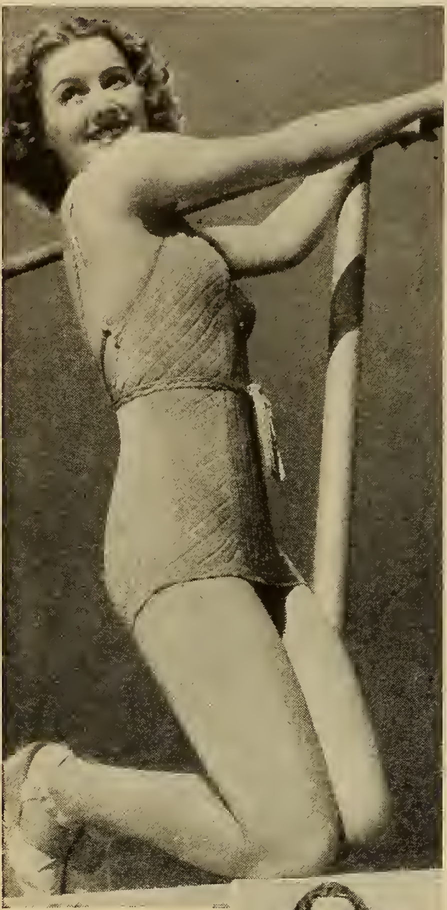
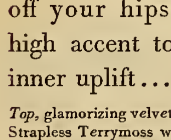


Ellen Drew starring in Paramount's "The Lady's From Kentucky."

Don't be a



Suzy-Droopy

FLOATING BRA robs your waist of wrinkles . . . slims inches off your hips, to give beautiful high accent to your bust! A real inner uplift . . . a perfected control!

Top, glamorizing velvet Lastex knit, $5.95. *Small illus.,* Strapless Terrymoss with cords to tie in front, $6.95

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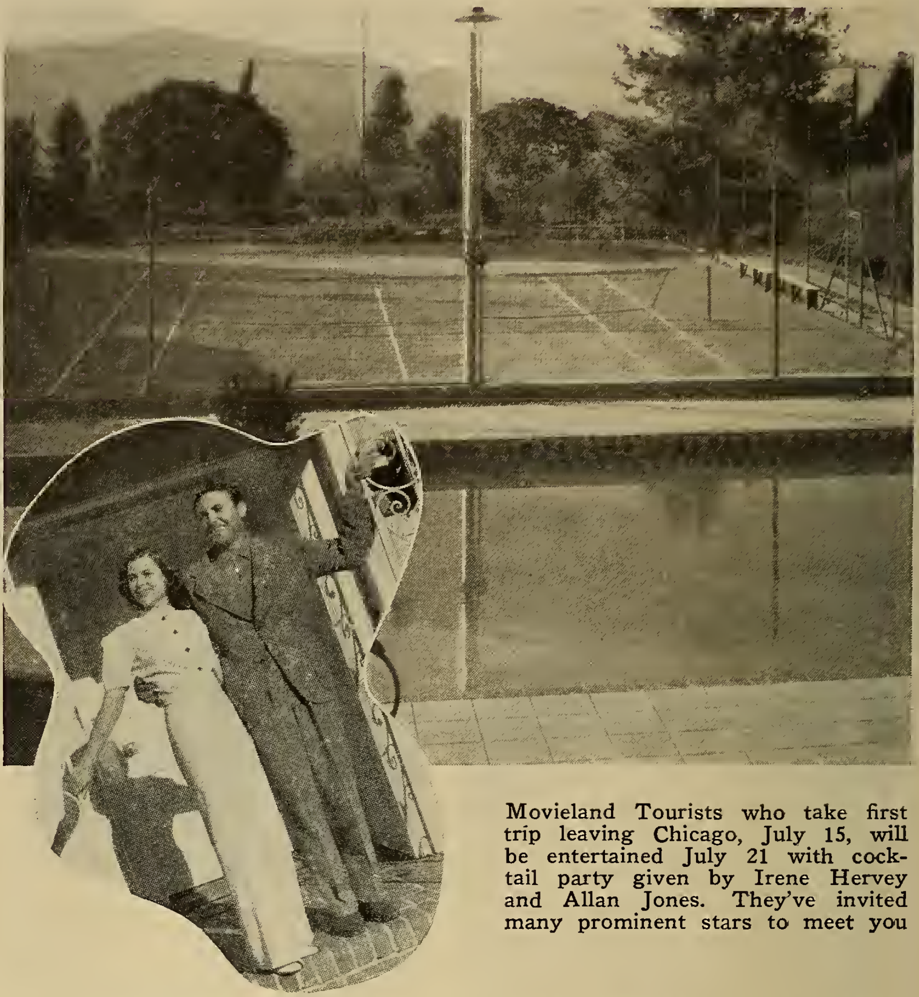

Movieland Tourists who take first trip leaving Chicago, July 15, will be entertained July 21 with cocktail party given by Irene Hervey and Allan Jones. They've invited many prominent stars to meet you

HURRY AND HOP ABOARD THE MOVIELAND SPECIAL WHICH MAKES TWO TOURS TO HOLLYWOOD THIS SUMMER. FOR YEARS YOU'VE DREAMED OF TAKING A TWO WEEKS' HOLIDAY IN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO ENJOY THE GRANDEST VACATION YOU EVER SPENT. MEET THE STARS—BE ENTERTAINED BY THEM

"I WAS a member of your Movieland Tour last summer and I can truthfully say that those were the happiest and most exciting two weeks that I have spent in all my life."—G. S.

"It was a very delightful trip and I want to congratulate you."—A. M. B.

"I am just filled with the glory of all we saw on our trip. I never even dared to anticipate such a marvelous vacation as this."—M. W.

"We certainly had a grand time. Why not plan another one next year?"—K. H.

If the editors of MOTION PICTURE Magazine had deliberately solicited testimonials—in fact, if we had hired expert advertising men to write them for us—we could not have procured more glowing tributes than those which poured into our offices from enthusiastic members of last year's Movieland Tours. The above excerpts are chosen at random from literally dozens of unsolicited, spontaneous letters which now occupy a very proud place in our files.

After reading those sincere, enthusiastic letters of commendation we decided to take K. H.'s suggestion and go it one better. So for this summer Fawcett Publications, publisher of your MOTION PICTURE Magazine, has arranged two opportunities for you to enjoy the grandest, most thrilling vacation you ever spent.

For years many of you have dreamed of spending your two weeks' summer holiday on a trip to Hollywood, have yearned to meet your favorite stars in person, watch the cinema hits of tomorrow being filmed on giant sound stages, go behind the scenes in California's fas-

HOLLYWOOD

Above is view of swimming-pool and tennis court on magnificent estate of Victor McLaglen—who, as host, will give fine party for those preferring to take Second Tour, arriving in Hollywood, August 11

cinating movie colony. Well, this year's Movieland Tours not only include a luxurious transcontinental train trip climaxed by three thrilling days in Hollywood but have also been planned to allow you to visit San Francisco's spectacular $50,000,000 Golden Gate International Exposition.

Hollywood host and hostess for the first Tour, arriving in the movie capital on July 21, are the popular film stars Allan Jones and Irene Hervey. Allan and Irene, one of the best-liked married couples in filmland, have arranged a cocktail party at the swanky Bel-Air Stables, owned [*Continued on page* 90]

USE THIS COUPON

MOVIELAND TOURS
360 North Michigan Boulevard
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name..

Address..

City..

State..

MP-2

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!
Cashmere Bouquet
FRAGRANT SKIN HAS SUCH ALLURE! THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
GIRLS WHO BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET ALWAYS SEEM MORE GLAMOROUS! THE DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER OF THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR. AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS...LEAVES YOUR SKIN ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!
YOU'RE ALWAYS SO EXQUISITE, DARLING...JUST LIKE A LOVELY, FRAGRANT FLOWER!
MEN ADORE THE DELICATE, FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE THAT SURROUNDS A GIRL AFTER A BATH WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!
Cashmere Bouquet
10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores
THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

TIP FROM CUPID

A Light Touch

is the *right* touch
in face powder

LUXOR
"*Feather-Cling*"

The face powder that sits lightly—stays on smoothly

There's no invitation to romance in a heavily over-powdered face. So choose Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with *a light touch.* Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send this coupon.

FWG—6-39

Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.

I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . . Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2 . . . Brunette . . . Rose Rachel (very popular) . . .
Send my *free* trial package to

Name..............................
Address..............................
City.............................. State..............................
(*This offer not good in Canada*)

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 14]

Here's this Charlie Martin again giving Joan Crawford a rush at preview. Say, it's beginning to look serious, don't you think?

have reached some sort of new understanding. . . When Jackie came back from his tour (during which, by the way, Betty Grable made hey-hey at the niteries with various escorts, particularly including Ken Murray, the gadabout!) he and Betty got together and kissed and made up and told the question-askers that they were going to team up again.

Part of the deal is Jackie eating his words about not living with his in-laws. Because the Coogans will live with Betty's parents. Jackie explains it by saying he won't be in town long enough anyway to go house-hunting, because he'll be off on another personal-appearance tour any moment, practically.

■

WHAT is there about these D-apostrophe boys that gets the gals?—

Here's Alexander d'Arcy, for one, getting himself escorted around to the nitespots with so many lovely ladies, the latest for instance being Joan Bennett, the look-like-Hedy gal. And the other being Pat di Cicco, whose little black book must have more telephone numbers in it than the New York City directory. Pat's latest twosomer is Joy Hodges, the engagement-gal. Wonder if Pat can keep his often-an-escort-but-rarely-a-fiance record clear with Joy, whose record is often-a-fiancee-but-rarely-a-wife.

Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel still have Hollywood wondering when they'll wed. They won't smile for camera. A tiff?

Wayne Morris gets cuffed around a bit by Maxie Rosenbloom in *Kid from Kokomo.* He couldn't keep eyes off Jane Wyman

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Ronald Reagan and Janie Wyman—
Seem to have their heart beats neatly rhymin'.

[*Continued on page* 21]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

NEWEST party-precaution in Hollywood—before throwing a shindig, the host or hostess telephones around, to be sure there isn't another big-time party being planned for the same night. . . There have been too many conflicts, recently. Worst double-party night of the social season was that night that Edgar Bergen threw his big affair, and Connie Bennett had a big party the same evening. It was tough on the guests who didn't want to offend either—because one was a costume party, and the other a formal, so it wasn't easy, like popping from one party to the other, to keep both hosts pleased. . . . Most hilarious impromptu party of the month—was the night Cliff Edwards picked up his ukelele, right in the middle of dinner-time at the House of Murphy, and went into his old-time famous song number, "It Had to Be You!" . . . At the tables were such as the Harold Youngs, the Tony Martins (Alice Faye, to you!), the Ben Oaklands, Shirley Ross and Ken Dolan, Betty Compson with Maxie Marks, and others. . . . They got into the spirit. When Cliff finished in a burst of applause, up jumped Julie Ballew, to join him in "Chain Store Daisy." Then Bob Murphy himself teamed up with Cliff, in a spontaneous comedy number that wowed 'em. . . . And that's the way things are in Hollywood, children. Sotch fon!

IT ISN'T everybody who can have a birthday kiss seen 'round the world . . . But then, everybody can't be Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, the happy newlyweds, even yet . . . You see, Ida had just finished her movie, and Louis had just finished a stretch of convalescence at Palm Springs, after an attack of flu or something . . . So Louis called up a lot of their friends, told them to shake a leg over to the Cafe LaMaze, and staged a sudden birthday party for Ida. The press-agents heard of it (how odd!) and sent notices to the newspapers, who sent cameramen. And right in the middle of Louis' birthday kiss to Ida, plop went the flashlights. And the pictures went 'round the world . . . At the party: Irene Hervey and hubby Allan Jones, George McDonald and wifie Jean Parker, Jimmy Ellison and Gertrude Durkin, John Carroll and Frances Robinson, et al . . . In memory of days they spent together in Chicago, ex-Chicagoans headed by Alan Curtis and Jack Carlton, and including Tom Collins (the actor, not the drink) and Tom Neal and Truman Bradley and Tony Allan, all now actors in Hollywood, staged one of those progressive parties the other night— They started at Collins' Hollywood apartment, with cocktails . . . Then they scuttled over to Allan's house, where they had green turtle soup . . . At the apartment shared by Neal and Carlton, came the next course—salad and spaghetti . . . Thence to Truman Bradley's. He has a southern mammy as cook, so that's where they had fried chicken, with all the trimmings. By that time, they were in Beverly Hills. My, how these things do move . . . ! That left Alan Curtis' place, on the hillside. That's where they wound up for dessert, coffee—and the drinks.

COSTUME party of the month—was the Billy Gilberts' "Great Lovers of History" party at their San Fernando Valley ranchito. . . . The Gilberts themselves dressed up as John Alden and Priscilla, after John had spoken for himself, John. The guest list included the Bradley Pages, as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Lew Landers as Maximilian and Carlotta; the Joe Penners as Romeo and Juliet (ee-MAGine!), Dave Rose and Martha Raye as Tristan and Isolde, tee hee; Hal Mohr and Evelyn Venable as Helen of Troy and her boy friend, Mr. Paris; Dorothy Lamour as Aphrodite, hmmmm; Fay Shannon as Duharry; Wendy Barrie as Queen Elizabeth, the old bawd!; Mimi Olivera as Pocahontas, and where was Captain John Smith?; Buster Keaton as Cyrano de Bergerac, with a yard of nose; Allan Lane as Benvenuto Cellini, the old baddie; and Danny Webb as Balzac—sotch stories! ! !

GONE are the "juniors" of yesteryear. Here are the new juniors of today—the Hollywood "younger set," which changes from year to year . . . No longer is the filmland "younger set" composed of Tom Brown, Patricia Ellis, Johnny Downs, Toby Wing, Jimmy Ellison, that crowd. They're grown-ups, now. The "Younger Set" of this day, in movieland, is made up of—Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Georgianna Young and the Dead End Kids! . . . Jive-topper of the crowd is Jackie Cooper, who has organized a band called "Cooper's Clambake Cats." His rival is Frankie Thomas, who subscribes to the theory that all this jive stuff and swing and jitterbugging is on the way out, so he's organizing a "back-to-the-waltz" movement, which he calls the "Anti-Jitterbug Club." Funny thing is that all the members of this newest younger set belong to BOTH sides! . . . Anyway, it doesn't matter. Mickey Rooney expresses it best when he says:—"Aw, it's all for kids, anyway." . . . Belles of the crowd are Judy Garland, and Georgianna Young, with Bonita Granville and Helen Parrish also in the running.

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!

People would like you if you'd only use Mum
A Well Wisher

AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special* care!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant...more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like *you!* It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. It's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG

I ALWAYS USE MUM AFTER I'VE BATHED. A BATH CAN'T PREVENT ODOR -- MUM CAN.
TO HERSELF: THANK GOODNESS FOR MUM. EVEN ON THIS WARM NIGHT JIM FINDS ME SWEET.
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins

First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Talk Turns to Tampons

WONDER WHAT TAMPON I SHOULD USE?
FIBS*—IT'S THE KOTEX* TAMPON —SO IT MUST BE GOOD!

The Invisible Way! Fibs, the Kotex Tampon with *new exclusive features,* really solves the problem of days when less protection is needed. More comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

BUT HOW ARE FIBS BETTER?
YOU SEE—ONLY FIBS ARE "QUILTED" AND...

Quilting—so Important! Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—keeps the soft cotton sides in place—thus increasing comfort and lessening the possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert.

OH, THEN THEY MUST BE EXPENSIVE
NOT AT ALL — FIBS ACTUALLY COST LESS

Yes, Fibs Cost Less!... Only 25c for a full dozen. Try them next time. Mail coupon now for trial supply FREE.

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FREE!

Please send me FREE trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

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PICTURE PARADE

LOVE AFFAIR

—AAAA—

We used to sing "In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love," but now when we turn on the tap in our shower we sing, "In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of *Love Affair.*" We're not getting personal, mind you, we are only referring to RKO's and Leo McCarey's scintillating, charming, romantic *Love Affair,* starring Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. Of course, if it were humanly possible we'd like to make it personal with Irene Dunne, or if we were of the female species with Charles Boyer, but then again we think it would be a crime to break up the beautiful *Love Affair* of Irene and Charles. In addition to Miss Dunne and Mr. Boyer (we could fall in love with her, too), there's Lee Bowman, Marie Ouspenskaya and Astrid Allwyn and they all lend their charms and Maurice Moscovitch talents abundantly. Like an excellent chef, Leo McCarey knows how to prepare, blend, cook and season his dishes to your taste. And *Love Affair* is the most perfect dish of the season—a perfect blending of drama and comedy, well seasoned with charm and sincerity.—*RKO-Radio.*

DARK VICTORY

—AAAA—

We've been sitting around all choked up with emotion and waiting for that lump in our throat to melt before we tried to tell you what we thought of *Dark Victory* but the days are slipping by—in fact deadline's right 'round the corner—and there doesn't seem to be any relief in sight, so here goes. Anyway, if the publicity people—those experts at adjectives—admit that they are at a loss for words of expression who are we to make fools of them? And so all this is by way of telling you that *Dark Victory* is the strongest drama portrayed on the screen and that Bette Davis' performance can be compared—and most favorably for Bette—with a Cornell or a Hayes or if you're a grandmama, with Bernhardt or Duse. Besides Bette, there's George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan and a newcomer, Geraldine Fitzgerald, who, if she continues to do as well as she did here, will some day give Bette a bit of competition. It is a tragic tale about a beautiful, spirited young girl who has everything to live for but only about four months to live.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page* 22]

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 18]

HOLLYWOOD, having talked itself out and wondered itself silly over Kay Francis, is now reduced to the pathetic state of sitting back and waiting to see what the outcome will be—will she or won't she marry this Baron Barnekow?

Months ago, when she announced that she and the Baron were going to be married, Kay made a grand gesture of quitting movies forever and ever and ever and ever. And now, it is announced that Kay is coming back to the screen. She's going to team up with Carole Lombard in RKO's *Memory of Love.* The studio and everybody is careful to make it plain that Kay is NOT playing a supporting role to Carole, but a role equal in importance to Lombard's own.

But aside from that, Holly-would like to know if this all means that Kay's romance with Baron Barnekow is phooey. And whether the marriage, often postponed, is now definitely cancelled. Kay herself and the Baron still hold out that they'll be mrandmrs some day, but won't be definite. Meantime, Kay and he spend much time together. But they've bought no license. Anyway, not yet, as this is written. And it's been a long, long time since Kay quit to marry.

■

OH DEAR, it's enough to drive an observer dizzy!—June Lang's going around with Carl Laemmle, Junior again, ho ho hmmmmmm. . . .

HOLLYWOOD is in a pet! Positively in a peeve!—if these Tony Martin's don't split up soon, Hollywood will be definitely angry. Because all along, Hollywood has been whispering that it can't last and that Tony and Alice are due for the scrap-heap. Only trouble with all that is this—after all these months and months and months of that sort of thing, Tony and Alice seem to be even deeper in love than ever—

When Tony, out with his band, gives out with the voice, he always announces some time during the evening that he's dedicating his next song to his wife. And then he sings, "I Married An Angel," which is awfully nice, ain't it?

And at home, Alice keeps a big picture hanging on her bedroom wall. It's a silly-looking picture. Just a photograph of a bare patch of floor!—but it's a photograph of the spot of floor in the courthouse at Yuma, Arizona, where she and Tony stood that day they were married.

■

THERE seems to be a difference of opinion between Margaret Roach's parents and Margaret Roach's engagement-ring-finger about whether or not she's betrothed to Robert Paige. The Roach seniors say Margaret isn't engaged at all. . . But there's a ring on her finger.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Quite soon to marry, just as like, 'll
Be Eddie Stevenson and Gertrude Michael.

■

MOST surprised couple in Hollywood were the Lionel Atwills, that night they were at a friend's house and heard a radio-chatterer tell the world that they're separating. . . The Atwills didn't know it at all, it seems. It's still news to them.

■

YES, yes, yes—the Wally Beery's have announced their separation, after fifteen years of married life, on the grounds that they "just can't seem to get along together."

BUT—your ol' Tattler is willing to lay a little bet right here and now that by the time you read this, they'll be all made up and living happily together again. It's no secret at all that each of them is willing and ready to call the separation off but neither, right now, seems to want to make the first overture. So their mutual friends are at the smoothing-over process, and it's practically a cinch that they'll have a reconciliation.

And when they do, little Carol Ann will be the major item that will have achieved

[*Continued on page* 23]

Beauty is a flower—**make it blossom in Your Skin!**

THIS LOVELY NEW YORK BRIDE SAYS:

I wouldn't know where to turn for a complexion soap if I didn't have Camay! For no other soap I've ever tried has quite the same fragrance. And its creamy lather always seems to freshen up my skin!

New York, N. Y. (*Signed*) VIRGINIA FRYE
April 20, 1939 (*Mrs. John H. Frye, Jr.*)

EVERY GIRL has possibilities for charm . . . a chance to win romance! Don't miss *yours!* Listen to Mrs. Frye's advice. "*Your* skin has a natural loveliness," she says, "so help bring it out with Camay!" She knows that Camay's searching cleansing is so caressingly *mild*—so wonderfully *thorough,* that it helps make any girl attractive!

You'll like Camay—for your complexion, and to make your *bath* a daily beauty treatment, too! Wouldn't you like to help keep back and shoulders as soft and smooth as your face? Then get three cakes of inexpensive Camay today! Soon you'll see why gentle Camay is such a wonderful aid to daintiness, to all-over loveliness, to truly exquisite skin!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

HOW TO GET
the best
NAIL POLISH
you ever had

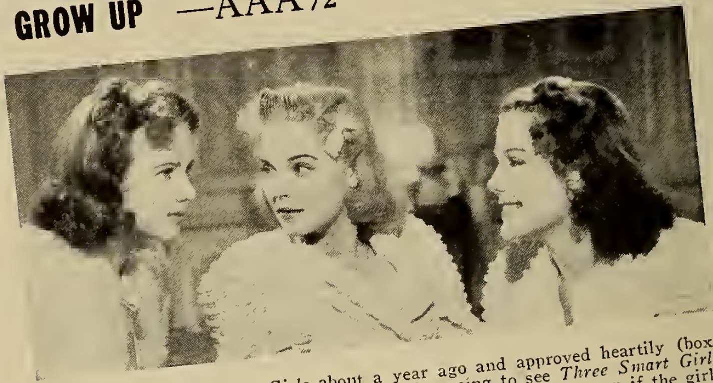
This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You'll Get
DURA-GLOSS
VISIBLE COLOR
LAUREL
10¢

Here's the **only** way to get **perfect** nail polish —
1. the bottle-cap is coated with the actual nail-polish, so **you see how it will look** when dry and glossy.
2. this bottle cap is shaped like a fingernail so you can **hold it beside your fingernail** (and beside your **dress or accessories**) and tell exactly what colors will suit you.
Dura-Gloss is the polish that gives you this **new way** of selecting **colors.** Try Dura-Gloss today. You'll never be satisfied with any other! It's the **best polish** money can buy (goes on better, lasts longer). 10c.

DURA-GLOSS
Lorr LABORATORIES
PATERSON, N. J.

PICTURE PARADE

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP —AAA½—



You saw *Three Smart Girls* about a year ago and approved heartily (box office receipts told us about that), now you're going to see *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*, and you are going to approve of that, too. Because even if the girls have grown up they have retained the sweetness and sparkle that made them so popular with all of us. But, maybe you are one of the very few who didn't meet the girls, so let us introduce you. There's *Penny Craig*, the youngest (Deanna Durbin) and her older sisters *Joan* and *Kay* played respectively by Nan Grey and Helen Parrish. You want to know the girls' parents so let us introduce you to *Mr.* and *Mrs. Craig* better known as Charles Winninger and Nella Walker and as you are going to call on the *Craigs* (are we taking things for granted?) you will get to know *Binns* (Ernest Cossart), the philosophical butler. Frequent callers at the *Craigs* are Robert Cummings and William Lundigan who are courting the girls—and frequent conversation, love—always a charming subject. Songs will be offered by *Penny* and for a laugh, there's Charles Winninger the absent-minded father.—*Universal.*

MIDNIGHT —AAA½—

It was *Cinderella*, wasn't it, who was almost found out at midnight? Well, our supposition is that this enchanting fairy story was the inspiration for Paramount's *Midnight*, a sophisticated romantic comedy starring Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. Yes, *Midnight* is fantastic, too, but in this world of bitter reality a bit of whimsy acts like a good tonic. So we're not going to condemn the authors for their elaborate imaginings but are going to thank them—and you will, too—for making us forget for a while all those horridisms excepting romanticism. And while we're passing out bouquets, here's one for you, Claudette, and one for you, Don. And the rest go to John Barrymore, Mary Astor and Rex O'Malley. Some posies, too, for the clever dialogue which strikes such a responsive chord in the belly (that's where laughs come from isn't it?). *Eve Peabody* (Claudette Colbert) is the princess, of course, only they call her Countess and it tells of her romantic escapades in Paris where she arrives penniless after a trip to the Monte Carlo gambling tables. *Midnight* is the enchanting hour so don't miss it.—*Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 76]

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 21]

the reunion. It's pretty tough to give anything as sweet as Carol Ann up for six months out of every twelve—which is what each of the Beery's would have to do if they went through with their separation arrangement.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
A tisket, a tasket, a taskin, a tiskin—
When you see Loretta Young, you'll see a Robert Riskin!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Gregory LaCava and Doris Nolan
Have again started their romance rollin'.

■

TWO years is a long time to wait for a honeymoon, but that's what Jimmy Ellison and Gertrude Durkin have had to do. When they married, in 1937, Jimmy had to rush off to Annapolis for a moving picture job. Ever since then, they've been trying to get enough time off for a trip together. Finally, they've got it—and as I write this, they've got the tickets to Honolulu all bought and paid for.

■

PROBABLY, by the time you read this, there'll be still a third Mrs. Tarzan (and I don't mean Maureen O'Sullivan, either!) Johnny Weissmuller, indefatigable in real life as on the screen, is going to try matrimony again. This time, he's picked one Beryl Scott, a San Francisco gal NOT in moving pictures. Beryl is a sportswoman, who can swim nearly as well as Johnny, himself. As this is written, the plan is for them to marry any day at all, back in Florida.

And meanwhile, Johnny's most recent ex, Lupe Velez, professes a complete disinterest in Johnny's matrimonial plans. As for herself, she's keeping dates with Wooly Donahue, that million-heir.

■

SNICKERSOMEST twosome in Hollywood is this Joan Fontaine-Conrad Nagel thing. They've been running a romantic merry-go-round for so long now that practically nobody's interested any more in whether they're serious or not. Despite the lack of interest, however, Joan announces that she doesn't think she'll marry Conrad, after all. She says she doesn't think "two people in this profession can be happily married."

Now, isn't that original? And just too, too thrilling for words?

■

RICHARD CARLSON, who is one of the many ex-boy-friends of Janet Gaynor, is now in New York, where he's squiring Joan Valerie around the gay-spots. Janet is just a memory.

In Hollywood, Janet is back from her trip to far places, on which Adrian the stylist accompanied her. They've set no wedding date, but still say they will marry. However, Janet has said that before.

■

BABY-TALK: . . . it's a baby girl at the Director George Archainbauds and they've named her Alyce . . . and the Ronnie Colmans won't say yes or no to questions about are they cradle-shopping! . . . at the Leland Haywards (she used to be Margaret Sullavan) it's a baby girl. . . Old Doc Stork has an early August date with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Foran

[*Continued on page* 82]

Get rid of that telltale DANDRUFF with LISTERINE Antiseptic

Sensational tests prove Listerine Antiseptic relieves and masters dandruff. 76% of patients of New Jersey clinic got relief.

THINK of it, dandruff whose origin defied science so long now yields to a new delightful treatment.

Its cause has been discovered—a queer bottle-shaped germ called Pityrosporum ovale, which is found in the scalp, the hair follicles and the hair itself.

Quickly killed

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, kills these germs.

Freed of the parasite that saps their vitality, scalp and hair improve in appearance in a surprisingly short time. Itching is alleviated, and the scalp and hair soon take on new vigor and lustre.

The Listerine Antiseptic treatment takes the place of those smelly salves and dressings that treat dandruff symptoms but not its cause.

Easy...delightful...quick

If you have any evidence of dandruff, all you do is douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp once or twice a day. Follow it with vigorous and persistent massage. It's the most delightful, stimulating treatment you ever heard of and gets results that simply amaze you.

Every day we receive enthusiastic letters telling how Listerine Antiseptic checked dandruff in a much shorter time than that shown in exhaustive clinical and laboratory tests.*

Don't wait until dandruff becomes an advanced infection; if you have the slightest symptom, start the Listerine Antiseptic treatment now. Even after dandruff disappears, it is wise to use Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals to guard against reinfection.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

DO OTHERS OFFER SUCH PROOF?

***Clinic and laboratory prove this:**

1 That dandruff infected rabbits treated regularly with Listerine Antiseptic showed a complete disappearance of dandruff symptoms at the end of 14 days on the average.

2 A substantial number of men and women dandruff patients of a great midwestern skin clinic, who were instructed to massage the scalp once a day with Listerine Antiseptic, obtained marked relief in the first 2 weeks, on the average.

3 Seventy-six per cent of the dandruff patients of a New Jersey clinic, using Listerine twice daily, showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms at the end of 4 weeks.

Strange
BEAUTY CUSTOMS

Noble Ladies Bathed in Peach Blooms

During the reign of De Medici, women in search of charm bathed with peach blossoms which they gathered at dawn.

Modern Girls Use **DJER-KISS**

Today, girls stir the pulses of those around them...with the romantic, exotic fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin...you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Velvety talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Dorothy Lubou hears Doug, Jr., in Waldorf Empire Room say he's not carrying torch

THE younger Fairbanks has finally come of age. He's nearer thirty than twenty, to be sure, but he's dropped those affectations of manner and speech that's kept so many people from discovering what a really nice kid Beth Sully Whiting has been harboring under her roof these two months... For the first time since a complex childhood Doug's been taking it easy... No new romance, though he dated Ginger Rogers on two successive nights... No torchbearing, though there are those who say his wooing of Zorina was serious. It wasn't...

Toby Wing (Mrs. Merrill) is a mother

NANCY KELLY managed to be out every time Eddie O'Brien, the young *Henry IV* actor, called her at the Sherry-Netherlands during her recent Gotham visit. So you can forget those printed reports hinting at young love... The 17-year-old starlet's real—but real!—heart is a CBS radio singer, Howard Phillips... Nancy's friends are saying that she neglected to call any of them during her Eastern vacation... One of her girl chums reluctantly admits that a little success has made a lot of difference....

ELAINE BARRIE BARRYMORE tossed a cocktail party for her former suitors... During the festivities, which Mama Jacobs supervised with ill-concealed triumph, John looked in, and was introduced around... Elaine has won over her severest critics. She is limiting John's drinking, his spending money, and his idle periods... It's been years since Jawn has shown such an interest in his work... Too bad the cameras never did justice to Elaine... She's quite a beauty, coolly intelligent and has a really nice sense of humor... A more serenely

[*Continued on page* 95]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

I SAW far less of the Hollywood gals at Palm Springs this month than I expected to . . . Now, don't get the idea that they are neglecting the place—on the contrary, practically everyone was there. But they are definitely keeping *covered up*! . . . There were fewer abbreviated shorts suits and far more playsuits with long coats than I saw last season . . . I asked Bette Davis, who was sunbathing at La Quinta, how come? Bette said that she could only answer for herself; that she loved sunbaths but could not risk the danger of burn or even a heavy tan with the picture schedule she had to maintain . . . Which was reason enough for wearing the long-sleeved patio coat of white linen. The coat was made with an attached hood lined in brilliant blue-and-white print which Bette pulled up to protect her head from the sun. Worn with the coat was a *floor*-length full skirt of the print . . . Jane Wyman is another advocate of the full-length skirt with her play-suits. Jane had just finished playing a hectic game of badminton in a halter-neck playsuit of saddle-tan silk linen—with very abbreviated shorts. But when she came over to join Bette and me, she quickly slipped into a bolero and long, wrap-around skirt of natural linen . . . Incidentally, Jane is a firm believer in the flapper school of dress. She told us that a lot of the younger gals are highly in favor of the short hair cuts, knee-length skirts and high-waisted blouses that made the 1920's a fashion period of its own . . . Jane described for us a new golf outfit she has, with its circular black wool jersey skirt *seventeen* inches from the floor. With it she wears a striped tub-silk blouse that tucks into the skirt one inch above normal waistline . . . Just as she was telling us about this costume, Florence Rice appeared wearing a skirt-and-blouse combination of the same type. Florence's gored skirt was of thin grey wool and was topped by a blouse of grey and green-checked wool. Around her very slim waist she wore a narrow green leather belt . . . This blouse-and-skirt business is grand news to us gals who have to use tricks to extend our wardrobes. With a couple of skirts and blouses of matching or contrasting colors and materials, there is no end to the variety of outfits we can dish up.

NOT all the gals were keeping covered that day—at least two were actually swimming. One of them was Rosemary Lane in a white lastex bathing suit. The suit fitted Rosemary like something I could never wear, and was given an added touch of umph by a bunch of brilliant red rubber poppies pinned on the front . . . Maris Wrixon climbed out of the plunge and into the best-looking beach coat—white waterproofed silk, lined with brilliant cerise terry cloth . . . When she sat down with the bunch of us she pulled needle and yarn out of her bag and started to crochet! Yes—it's crochet now, a lot more than knitting, that the gals are doing in the spare time and on the sets . . . Maris was working on a turban of fuschia colored cotton, and said she was going to make a mesh wimple to match it . . . She told me that Geraldine Fitzgerald started all the gals at Warners crocheting when she crocheted a snood for every frock in her wardrobe—and all between scenes on the set of *Dark Victory* . . . And just a tip from me to you, honey—watch out for those snoods! They're going to be the most popular head covering this summer, particularly for gals with hair of the longer lengths. They're cool, comfortable and the perfect protection from wind.

IF YOU think this snood business is going back to grandmother's day, wait till I tell you of the petticoats that *show*, that I saw at the Beverly Derby one late dinner time . . . And what a spot I put myself on! . . . Jean Arthur stopped at my table to speak to me and I very confidentially whispered "Charlie's dead," knowing any gal would like to be told that her slip was showing. But Jean just laughed and told me I was the one who was dead if I couldn't see the slip of dainty eyelet-embroidered organdy that peeped from the circular skirt of her hyacinth wool frock exactly matched the organdy collar and cuff trimming and was *supposed* to show! . . . So I kept my eyes open (and mouth tightly closed) after that, and noticed other fashions that were returning to favor. The hemline as a place for decoration was one. I remember my mother's full-gored skirts with row upon row of braid around the hems . . . Jane Bryan swished thro' the door wearing a full skirt of navy serge. Around the hemline were sewed ten rows of tiny pearl buttons. Just try to walk and *not* swish when you're wearing a full skirt weighted at the bottom like that. With her navy skirt Jane wore a wine-colored sweater and a navy serge bolero with the same button accent around the edge.

FOURTEEN rows of very narrow ruffles accented the bottom of Lola Lane's printed wool challis she wore that night. And Lola came over to my table to tell me the story behind the dress. Lola loves to design her own clothes, and had designed this dress with its tight waist and full skirt trimmed with self fabric ruffles. Howard Shoup, who designs clothes for some of the gals at Warner's, saw the dress, and wants to copy it for Lola to wear in her next picture. And when you can get a designer to admit some one else's idea is worth copying—you've got something . . . I looked around the Derby to see what other ideas I could catch for you before I called it a night, and got a hand wave from Marie Wilson, the cutie. If that gal's dumb, it's like a fox. Because around the neck of her severely plain black wool dress Marie had fastened a crisp white embroidered *baby's bib*! And fastened it down in the front with a little gold pin. If you don't think that trick and her big eyes made a head-turning combination—I give up . . . You'll have to wait 'til next month for current formal fashions, 'cause your gal friend couldn't take any more after she saw Gracie Allen walk in wearing a hat with real flowers growing on it! . . . Don't believe me if you don't want to—but there it was! A black hat of the flower-pot shape, with moss on top, in which was growing brightly blooming flowers. I had to ask her what? and how?—so she told me. The plants are some sort of parasitic fungus growth that feeds on air and water which she gives them—so help me!—with an eyedropper!

Mlle. Chic.

Max Factor
★HOLLYWOOD

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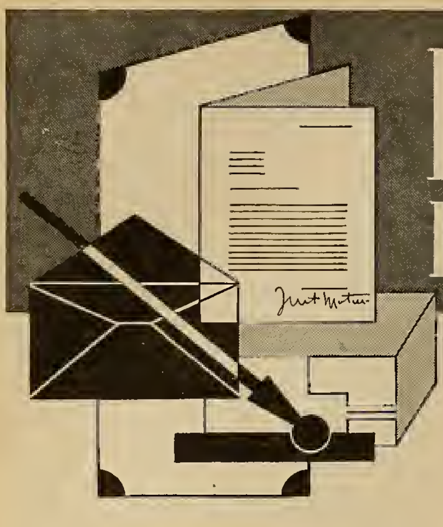
NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY____________ STATE________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light . . . ○	Blue . . . . ○	BLONDE Light ○ Dark ○
Fair . . . . ○	Gray . . . . ○	
Creamy . . . . ○	Green . . . ○	BROWNETTE Light ○ Dark ○
Medium . . . ○	Hazel . . . ○	
Ruddy . . . . ○	Brown . . . ○	BRUNETTE Light ○ Dark ○
Sallow . . . . ○	Black . . . ○	
Freckled . . . ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	REDHEAD Light ○ Dark ☐
Olive . . . . . . ○	Light . . . ☐ Dark . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ○
SKIN Dry ○ Oily ○ Normal ○	AGE	



PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

ABLE GABLE
$15 Prize Letter

Clark Gable

A FREE SOUL made Clark Gable a screen star and completely converted the public's taste for movie heroes from the Valentino type to the more virile brand. Then Gable emerged from *It Happened One Night* not only a brighter star but in an entirely new light and put the emphasis on umph rather than menace. In *San Francisco* he proved, by striking a priest and still retaining audience sympathy, that the movie public wanted realism from its heroes, no matter how obtained. But in *Idiot's Delight* he proves once and for all that he is a sincere actor. The whole picture revolves around him and he maintains the rapid pace with never a letdown, dominating scene after scene with fine acting rather than personality. His dancing won't cause Astaire to lose any more hair, but with Les Blondes providing background no scene could be very bad. Everyone hopes that the legendary *Rhett Butler* of *GWTW* will reveal still another phase of the versatile Mr. Gable.—*Robert Finlay, 8003 Willow Street, New Orleans, La.*

LIVE AND LET LIVE
$10 Prize Letter

MOST actors, it is my belief, sometime in their career experience a period of unpopularity. Through no fault of their own, they are panned and ridiculed by people in all parts of the world. Before long, if that actor isn't broad-minded and level-headed he will descend the ladder of success to obscurity. There should be a way to stop this foolish pastime but, unfortunately, there seems to be none. To live and let live should be everyone's motto with emphasis on let live. Lately I've been reading a lot concerning Robert Taylor and his "waning popularity" among men. If ever an actor "took it on the chin" and then came back smiling it was Mr. Taylor. So come on fellows, let's jump on the Taylor band wagon and give this truly great guy a chance to show that he's really a man's man.—*C. R. Lash, Jr., 353 Sycamore St., Marysville, Ohio.*

THE WHOLE SHOW
$5 Prize Letter

Shirley Temple

I AM a Shirley Temple fan which is not an extraordinary statement to make. In fact I have many friends who are Shirley Temple fans or used to be. If there is any reason for a decrease in Shirley's popularity it isn't because she can't act. To my estimation she is one of the best child actresses on the screen. I don't think there should be any reason for Shirley to fade out of the picture when she reaches the so-called awkward stage as so many predict, but it is getting to be so that if you have seen one of her pictures you have seen them all. Why can't she be just part of the story and let her act as do such kids as Virginia Weidler and Dickie Moore? Why must she always be the whole show?—*Jeanne Brown, 18469 40th N. E., Seattle, Wash.*

MORE POWER TO YOU
$1 Prize Letter

Tyrone Power

MAY I call you Tyrone? I feel that I know you as a very good friend. I have seen you in most of your pictures but I have been disappointed and sad that the studio would make such a mistake as casting you in *Jesse James*. You were very good in it as far as acting goes but Jesse James was a scoundrel and you made him a hero. Your public likes you too much to see that happen. Let us see more of you as you were in *Love Is News* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. We will all root for you and hope then that Tyrone Power will be starred in pictures for years to come.—*Aline Belliveau, 81 Bennett St., Waltham, Mass.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one *hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

STARS AND STRIPES
$1 Prize Letter

LET us have more historical pictures dealing with America. Depict for us the humane, heroic, yes, even glamorous, qualities of the builders of our democracy. Pictures, which will inspire patriotism in the hearts of Americans. Give us something to believe in. Make us proud. Play on our emotions. After all, that is just what the totalitarian states are doing, and who shall say their motives are not ulterior? It's the greatest propaganda in the world. We really have ancestors to be proud of. Make us see . . . make us feel . . . how they struggled and suffered. Give us the thrills and romance . . . the human aspect. Give our educators the high sign and we need never fear a dictatorship in America.—*Lillian Lecuyer, 271 Elm Street, Westfield, Mass.*

PEP
$1 Prize Letter

I AM not razzing American actors but personally I don't think they have any pep or gallant spirit. I get a bigger thrill out of Errol Flynn, Patric Knowles, David Niven and Louis Hayward because they are gay, romantic, dashing and have pep. They keep you guessing from one minute 'til the next. I am a full-blooded American but I am always more thrilled by those dashing actors than by most American males. Please either give us gay, handsome, dashing American actors or import more British pep.—*Rebecca Anne Carey, N. Washington St., Oswosso, Michigan.*

WISDOM
$1 Prize Letter

John Garfield

I'D LIKE to add my insignificant but determined voice in praise of Warner Brothers for their fine work in 1938. Warners have always been a pioneering studio and 1938 saw them introduce more new talent than any other company. Instead of playing up phoney and tiresome glamor girls, Warners injected a new, refreshing spirit to the screen with natural, sincere and talented young people like Priscilla Lane, John Garfield, Eddie Albert, Jane Wyman and Jeffrey Lynn. The result was excellent pictures like *Four Daughters* and *Brother Rat* with the promise of more of the same in the future. Other studios would do well to follow Warners lead with more emphasis on youth and talent and less on glamor and ballyhoo.—*Alfred E. Scott, 3953 McDonald Ave., St. Louis, Mo.*

YOU CAN'T BLAME TY FOR LOVING ANNABELLA

By ROGER CARROLL

NOW THAT TY PREFERS THE COMPANY OF ANNABELLA TO OTHER SCREEN LOVELIES (AND IMPRESSIONABLE MR. P IS HARD TO PLEASE) YOU AND HOLLYWOOD ARE TAKING NOTICE OF HER. DON'T BE TOO SURPRISED TO SEE A WEDDING

PEOPLE who work in the movies lead such precarious lives that a number of other people make nice fat livings, foretelling the future for them. Usually, these predictions are strictly private. That way, errors of foresight don't get ballyhooed. But recently one Hollywood seeress advertised her confidence in her art by telling a Los Angeles newspaper what she saw ahead of certain Hollywood stars. Among other things, she prophesied that Tyrone Power would marry this year.

The lady astrologer didn't go so far as to say *whom* Tyrone would marry. But since he has been seen with no one but Annabella for the past six months, the implication seemed plain enough.

Tyrone won't discuss the prediction. Neither will Annabella. In fact, they have made a pact not to talk about each other, or their possible romantic emotions, for publication.

This is vastly irritating to a large section of the population. People are perishing from curiosity, wanting to know how the little French star became the choice of personable Mr. Power, who could have his pick of Hollywood's fairest.

They have read almost nothing about her, except in connection with Tyrone. They know almost nothing about her, except what they have seen in her two American pictures—which haven't awed them too much.

They have the hazy impression that she is interesting chiefly because Tyrone finds her so.

It hasn't occurred to them to give her credit for being interesting in her own right. Which, unquestionably, she is. Otherwise, she wouldn't rate as a star. And Tyrone never would have looked at her twice.

But the public isn't to be blamed [*Continued on page* 61]

After unhappy union with Viennese munitions tycoon, Hedy Lamarr flew to Hollywood to become its ace glamor queen. She swept men off their feet but none impressed her till she met Gene Markey

Joan Bennett was once wed to Markey and as a brunette bears a resemblance to Hedy

The newlyweds are spending honeymoon on hilltop home 3 miles from any neighbor

Hedy's MARRIAGE--

THE INSIDE STORY

BACK OF THE RECENT HEADLINES—"HEDY LAMARR ELOPES WITH GENE MARKEY"—IS A FANTASTIC DRAMA INVOLVING TWO WOMEN AND THREE MEN. AS IT MAKES A GOOD MOVIE SCENARIO, *MOTION PICTURE*, JUST TO BE DIFFERENT, GIVES IT TO YOU AS A SCENARIO. LIGHTS! ACTION!! CAMERA!!!

By JAMES REID

"HEDY LAMARR ELOPES WITH GENE MARKEY."

There was dramatic surprise in that headline and the news dispatch that went with it. But the newspapers missed the story *behind* that headline. The inside story, untold till now. A story that would make a good outline for a scenario by an ace Hollywood writer. Like, say, Gene Markey. It involves two women and three men. And, scene by scene, it has fantastic drama.

The story opens on a night in April, 1937. . . .

A young Hollywood actress is admitting something to a woman reporter that she has admitted to no one before, except herself.

The woman reporter has been around Hollywood a long time. She has been the first to hear the same admission from other young actresses; has expected to hear it, and taken it in stride. But this time she is as stunned as everyone else will be in the morning, seeing the headline.

If she had been asked to name one star from whom she would never hear "I want a divorce," she would have said, "Joan Bennett." And here is Joan Bennett telling her, "I want a divorce."

For more than five years, Joan and Gene Markey have been partners in "Hollywood's perfect marriage." It has been ballyhooed as such, with Joan's and Gene's complete consent. For five years, they have been the supreme example of two professional people who have found a magic formula for happiness. Joan has given countless interviews on the subject. Most alluring young actresses soft-pedal their marriages, if any. Joan has highlighted hers—prouder of her success off the screen than her success on.

She and Gene had been married on March 16, 1932. People had shaken their heads at first. It wouldn't work out. She was in her early twenties, and he was in his late thirties.

But these two handsome, intelligent, successful people had been "Hollywood's happiest." Inseparable, gay, devoted. And mutually mad about a little girl named Melinda, born to them in February, 1934.

Now, suddenly, Joan says she wants to be free, set Gene free. Why? She says they have become incompatible. That says nothing.

Insiders predict that, after a decent lapse of time, Producer Walter Wanger will also be divorced and that, when both their divorces are final, they will marry.

Certainly they begin to be seen together—although Justine Johnstone Wanger doesn't get *her* interlocutory decree until April, 1938.

Meanwhile, Gene again becomes a Hollywood man-about-town, seen with various glamorous stars. But he gives the impression of not caring for any of them half so much as he still cares for his ex-wife. In the finest Hollywood divorce tradition, they remain affectionate friends. He is often at her house—to see Melinda.

The scene shifts, to a mansion in Vienna, where a slim young brunette with gray-green eyes is virtually a prisoner. The time is summer, 1937.

[*Continued on page* 73]

For more than 5 years Joan and Gene Markey were considered Hollywood's perfect marriage

Chas. Boyer introduced Hedy to Walter Wanger—who introduced Hedy to Joan Bennett—who introduced Hedy to Gene

Reginald Gardiner was Hedy's constant companion at parties till Gene stole her for keeps

SHE DARES TO BE DIFFERENT

By **KATHARINE FRINGS**

JEAN ARTHUR IS THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD —THAT'S BECAUSE SHE DARES TO BE DIFFERENT. AS FOR ACTING, SHE'S HELL-BENT-FOR-REALISM

JEAN ARTHUR may be the girl whom nobody in Hollywood understands—but that's not because she's a freak, or because she has any strange "act." Everyone in Hollywood says "She's just different." The only way in which she actually differs from a goodly number of other celebrities is that she is completely natural and normal, and that she refuses to put herself on a celebrity's pedestal.

Jean is the girl who really doesn't believe in her own fame. The only time she really believes she is an important cog in an important wheel is when she is at work on a picture, and then she is dead serious, impressed with the importance of her work, and with what she can give to it. But as for the colorful, glamorous side of screen fame, she isn't even conscious of the fact that these things could and do belong to her.

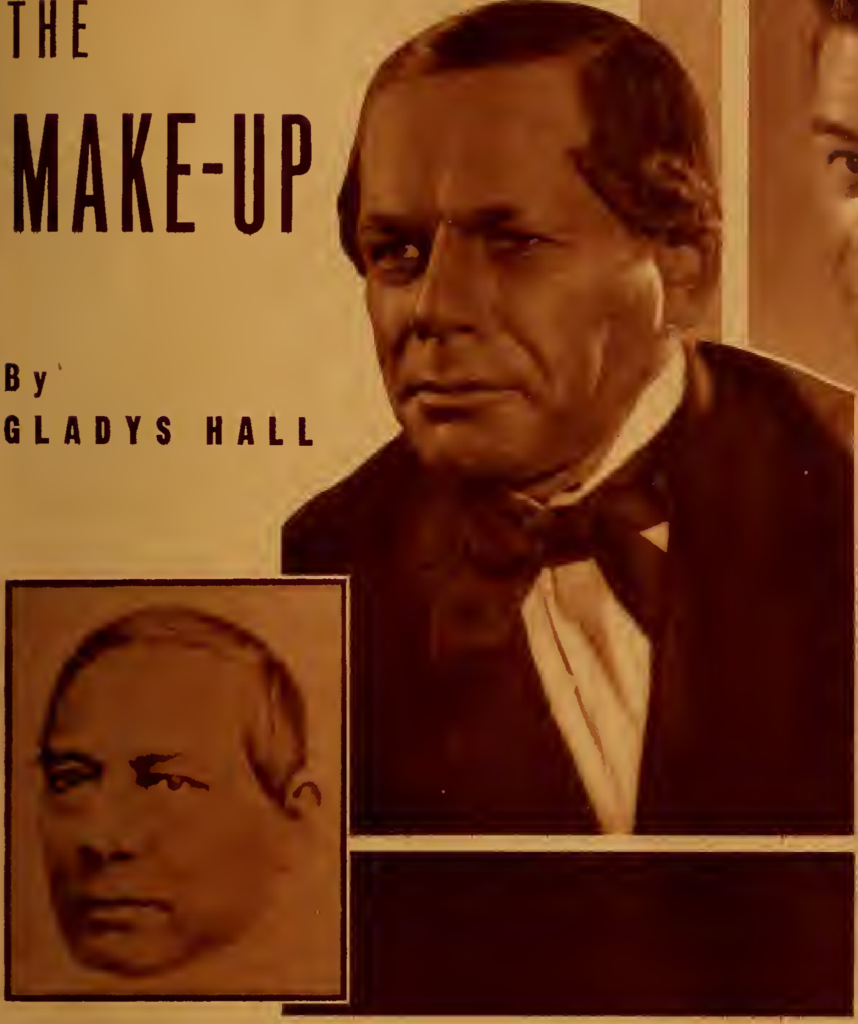
Leaving a theatre where she had seen a preview of a picture featuring Virginia Bruce, some months ago, Jean was approached by some autograph seekers. Jean shied away and said to her companion, "They must think I'm Virginia Bruce. Come on, let's hurry and get out of here." She wasn't using it just as an excuse to get away. She sincerely thought that the fans had been mistaken, and that in realizing their mistake they would be disappointed.

Again, in New York, sitting in the famous "21" club, one evening, a group of important theatrical people entered. Among them was Mrs. George Kaufman. Jean allowed her to pass, without speaking. "Maybe I *should* have spoken," Jean worried afterward, "but I was so afraid she wouldn't remember me." It is the people who aren't stars who usually worry that a star they met once may not remember them. With Jean, it's always the opposite. It happens not only now and then in her life, but constantly. It sounds like an inferiority complex, and perhaps it is, but this particular indication at least is a pleasant and refreshing one.

Less pleasing, to write particularly, is Jean's [*Continued on page* 81]

THE MUNI BEHIND THE MAKE-UP

By
GLADYS HALL



As the Mexican patriot Juarez, Muni has accomplished another triumph of character make-up. Photo, left, shows how accurately Muni came to real figure shown in inset. Note moods of expression in bottom strip—a credit to his creative art

BACK OF THE MUNI OF *PASTEUR* AND *ZOLA*—WHOM YOU'LL SOON SEE AS *JUAREZ*—IS A MAN WHO CONSIDERS HIMSELF A REGULAR GUY, A GOOD WORKER BUT NO GENIUS. AS HONEST OFFSCREEN AS ON, HE DISSECTS HIS PERSONALITY FOR *MOTION PICTURE*—THE FRANKEST INTERVIEW HE HAS EVER GRANTED

T*WENTY-ONE years ago Muni was told that he could not live.* Not, at any rate, unless he took things in semi-invalid fashion; not, emphatically, unless he gave up so much as the very thought of working. Heart, the doctor said.

That was twenty-one years ago, when Muni was just beginning. At first, his vehement youth shocked by this warning of mortality, he walked with careful footsteps. He avoided climbing stairs. He wondered about his work. Then he began to ask himself questions. Then he began to evolve a philosophy. Then he achieved, he says now, "the right mental attitude."

So he could not live if he worked? Not long, at any rate. But would he be living if he did not work? No, he would not. Then wasn't it better, infinitely better, to take his life in zestful gulps while he had it rather than to eke it out, meanly, sparingly, over long, parsimonious years? Yes, it was. Muni continued to work, flipping his heart as the coin in the game, heads or tails, he wouldn't pause to look. . . .

Then he married. He did make some attempt at regulating his life, three punctual meals a day instead of meals at odd times or not at all—more hours spent out in the sun, a few hours less each day on airless back-stages. But even more did the right mental attitude help and heal. Not wishing, he [*Continued on page* 78]

WHY FRED ASTAIRE IS DESERTING HOLLYWOOD

By
DAN CAMP

FED UP WITH DANCING—FED UP WITH HOLLYWOOD, FRED HAS GIVEN HIMSELF A FOUR MONTHS HOLIDAY IN FAR-OFF PLACES TO FORGET IT ALL. WHEN MONOTONY OF CONSTANT HOOFING WEARS OFF HE'LL BE BACK, PROBABLY DANCING WITH A NEW PARTNER—ELEANOR POWELL

THERE'S a venerable trick on which many thousands of dollars have been won in wagers. It seems you offer to bet your victim any amount of money in the world that he can't eat broiled squab for dinner every night for thirty consecutive days.

"Broiled squab?" he'll echo. "Why, broiled squab is a delicacy. It's one of the most delicious things in life. I love it. I could eat broiled squab every night from now on."

So he bets you. And you win!—because, human nature and taste being what it is, it's simply IMPOSSIBLE for any individual to take such concentrated monotony. The mind, the stomach, the body rebels. It can't be done. Monotony is the most unbearable torture in the world. Even the ancients knew it. No matter how wonderful a thing is, you can't take it forever—or even for a little, long while, unbroken.

Now wait. I'm getting around to it. . . .

Dancing with Ginger Rogers is probably one of

When Fred has danced with Ginger—as he's dancing here in *The Castles*—for so many hours, days, weeks, months and years can you blame him for going away, and chucking it all?

the most lovely experiences any man could ask. Making love to her, and vice-versa, is unquestionably a bit of heaven. But it's probably like broiled squab. I mean: you dance with Ginger Rogers eighteen hours a day for seven days a week and four weeks a month and month after month . . . you look into her eyes and she looks into yours, and you tell her you love her and she tells you she loves you, and you do that hour after hour, and day after day, and week after week, and month after month—and jeepers-creepers, after about the 'steenth month, you'd even be willing to do it with, say, the dowager queen of Abyssinia, for a change —ANY change. . . .

And that, I think, is the answer to the question that's biting Hollywood, these days. The question that's biting Hollywood is: What's biting Fred Astaire. And the answer, in my own lowly opinion, is "Ginger Rogers."

So now the studio, and Fred, and his manager, and his press-agent, and Ginger herself, will up and scream and denounce me. They'll be awful, awful mad at me. Because none of them like to have it said that they aren't getting along together just too sweetly for words.

Well, I haven't said it.

I don't say it. Undoubtedly, they're getting along splendidly together. But they're probably so blooming sick and tired of each other that they'd just as soon take a vacation. That's no argument. Of course, they're not fighting. Fred has known Ginger since she just got out of didies, I think. He and she were friends, fully six years before they ever danced a step together. Did you know that? They still are. You can discount completely all those rumors you heard that they were on the verge of murdering each other during making of *The Castles*. They weren't. They were just as good friends as ever.

BUT—Fred Astaire, I believe, is fed up on dancing with Ginger for the screen. It's like too much broiled squab. He's danced with her every working hour, every working day, every week, every month, every year for so many years that it's now torture, I imagine, to even think of doing another single step with her—for a long, long time.

So what?—why, so Fred Astaire is shoving off from Hollywood for more months than any movie star aside from him DARES to do. Fred is going as far away from Hollywood, and Ginger, as he can. If he dances and she dances, she'll be dancing on one side of the earth, and he'll be on the other, and each'll probably be wondering if that's far enough.

Fred goes away, then—and Hollywood, which knows too, too well how dangerous it is for any star, even an Astaire, to drop away from his public for a few months, wonders why he's doing it. I think I've given you the reason. Maybe the studio'll call me a liar; maybe Fred will. Maybe everybody will. I've been called a liar before. You get called a liar very much, in Hollywood. But very often, time proves you're right. I'll take my chances with time, and I'll repeat: Fred Astaire is taking his current powder away from Hollywood simply because

[*Continued on page 72*]

Fred is leaving the Hollywood scene—NOT through any spat he had with Ginger. In fact they are very chummy. He just wants to escape the constant routine

YOU CAN'T CENSOR

THE NEW LOVE-MAKING TECHNIQUE ON THE SCREEN IS CENSOR-PROOF. IT ALL STARTED WITH HEDY IN *ALGIERS* AND HAS SPREAD RAPIDLY AMONG THE "SAY-IT-WITH-A-LOOK" GIRLS. BUSYBODIES ARE STUMPED. FOR WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT—YOU CAN'T CENSOR THE LOOK IN A WOMAN'S EYES!

THANKS to Hedy Lamarr, fans old enough to know the facts of life are going to see some adult film entertainment in the near future. Touches that delight most grown-ups have already reached the screen, unscathed by censors, but they constitute only the experimental beginning.

In *Ecstasy,* one of the most censor-heckled films of all time, Hedy showed Hollywood that the look in a woman's eye can sizzle with sex. Then in *Algiers,* her equally torrid glances gave sophisticated grown-ups the whole gamut of thrills, but left the kiddies only gently and innocently interested, with no mystery in mind that parents had to explain away afterward. The film industry had been handed a solution to its most perplexing problem: how to deal with the sex side of life in a grown-up way, without over-educating the youngsters.

The new method satisfies any objections that intelligent and sincere reformers would raise. And it will outwit the cranks and crackpots, whether it pleases them or not. You can't censor the look in a woman's eyes!

The public hasn't heard much about it, because producers have been hush-hushing with their usual caution. But the new love-portraying technique has spread rapidly since Hedy introduced it. Already we can name off-hand, as a partial list of its better exponents, Dorothy Lamour, Merle Oberon, Miliza Korjus, Alice Faye, Ann Sheridan, Isa Miranda . . . and, particularly, Charles Boyer on the masculine side.

Our home-grown beauties are providing plenty of competition for the sexy exotics. They quickly learned what had hitherto been considered a foreign art: how to show fascination, temptation, yielding, romantic rapture, ecstasy and so on, with eyes alone.

Just as important as having actresses who can "give out" is the fact that American audiences are gaining sophistication.

Europeans have had the edge on us in the past, in ability to read a woman's feelings when she lets her eyes betray them. That is because Continental love-making has never been as blunt as ours. European eyes have been used to flag down romance instead of our "Hi-ya, toots; how's about a date?" And "Hello, handsome—don't mind if we do." European eyes "proposition," and also respond, while our habit is to make our advances with forthright words or even more forthright paws.

Quite likely the screen's new technique will change all that. We copy film fashions in clothes and manners, so we will probably take a few hints about our private-life love-making from Hedy and the "say-it-with-a-look" girls.

LET'S be more explicit about the nature of the new technique, as it affects the sophisticated audience, the kiddies, and the censors. It is evolving into a procedure li[illegible]he scene begins with two fully-clothed people. It is [illegible]ary that the set include anything so shocking as a [illegible] a bed, even in an adjoining room. At the beginn[illegible]ero and heroine can be seen registering that mild in[illegible]ach other which, hitherto, has had to pass for love. T[illegible]old hands. Or even kiss—but only for [*Continue*[illegible] 64]

THE LOOK IN THEIR EYES

By STAN DAYTON

Bold love-making went out of style after Gilbert and Garbo shocked censors. New style using eyes came in with Hedy and Boyer in *Algiers*

Stars who say it with eyes are top to bottom, Hedy Lamarr, Merle Oberon, Isa Miranda, Miliza Korjus, Dorothy Lamour and Ann "Umph" Sheridan

The candid camera catches Martha Raye, above, in one of her candid bathing-suits she'll be awearin' this summer. . . . At Martha's right, top, Groucho Marx in the role of *Gunga Din* waters Carole Lombard's orchids while Cary Grant is trying to hold back a belly-laugh. . . . Below them, the camera catches Deanna Durbin just as she's ready for a mouthful. . . . Bottom, l. to r., Jeanette MacDonald does a swing number in the Gay Nineties manner for *Broadway Serenade*. . . . Lynn Bari shows us her good battin' form. . . . Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake (look at the clinging vines) give us swing in the 1939 jitterbug style

OUR OWN NE

CANDID SHOTS OF THESE

WS CAMERA

HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Top, l. to r., finds Director David Butler takin' directions from Joan Blondell on how to crochet . . . Baby Ellen stars in first picture as mama and papa Powell lend support . . . The ceremony over, Wayne and Bubbles Morris seal it with kiss . . . Center, l. to r., Helene Mohler has petting party . . . Jane Wyman falls for some one . . . Arthur Hornblow catches John Barrymore with pants down . . . Right, Claire James shows well-filled stockings

JITTERBUGS

Maxie Dorf and Midgie Dare, exponents of the shag, do a jitterbug sequence in Warner Bros. *Naughty but Nice.* Now that the jitterbugs are in the movies, exhibitors better put in a stock of strait jackets 'cause there will be no holding down the cats, alligators and rugcutters when Max and Midge give

Maxie and Midgie, garbed in what the best-dressed jitterbugs wear, face each other, take stance and go off in a strut

Now warming up, the distance between them lessens and Maxie gets a hold on Midgie so he can throw her for a loop

The loop completed, they grow hotter and Midgie goes to Maxie's head. Hold tight, Midgie, or you're riding for a nice fall

Maxie may be down but he isn't out. Bet he'll be up and swinging Midge around before you can count three. Aren't they the cats?

As you can see, Midge isn't a gal to let her fellow down. She picks him up and now it's Maxie's turn to take a piggie-back ride

ARE IN THE MOVIES NOW

Midgie feels like a kid again while Maxie totes her around piggie-back. This must be a hangover from childhood days. Yeah man

The next step is leap frog and Midgie takes a turn at supporting Maxie. This younger generation certainly know how to play fair

The alligators are warming up to each other now and you find Midgie sitting in Maxie's lap. Are they beginning to lose self-control?

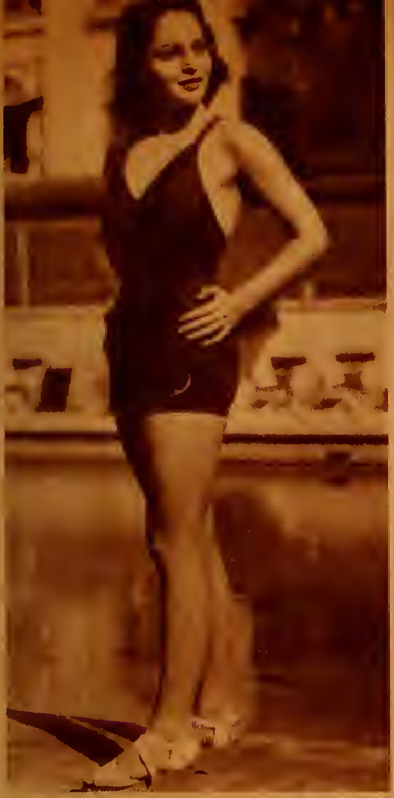
The cats (Siamese?) seem to rub each other the wrong way so they take steps in the opposite direction. Can they can-can?

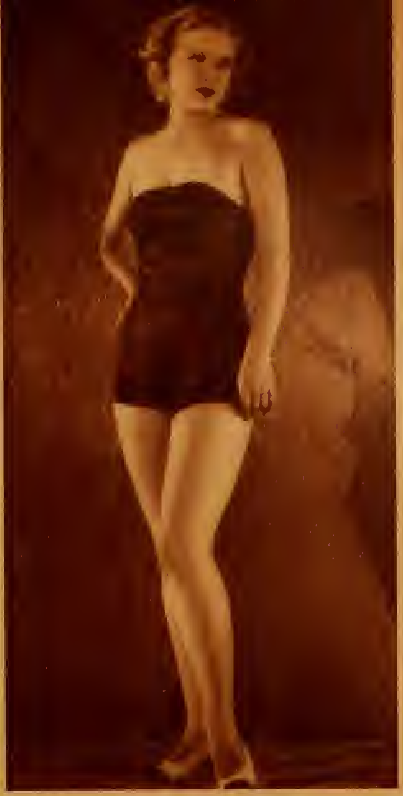
The rugcutters are close together again and Midge is holding on for dear life as they go to town with a last, mad whirl

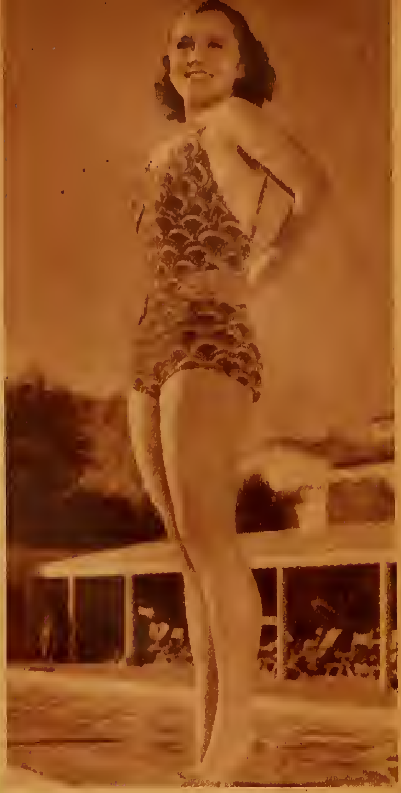
SUIT-A-BELLES IN THE SWIM

Joy Hodges goes swimming in the pool in a Manchester West Coast suit of bronze satin lastex with separate trunks, brassiere halter top. Print is copy of fronds of seaweed in blue, green, white

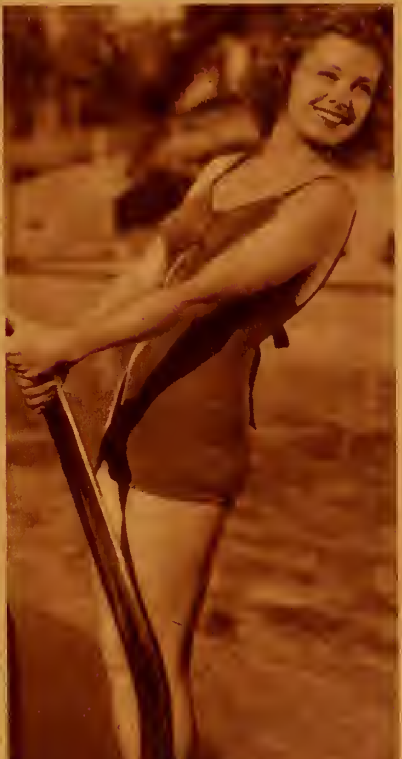
Joan Woodbury has a very swim-suitable figure and will take the sea and sun in stride. She models a Gantner one-piece streamliner, featuring a low back

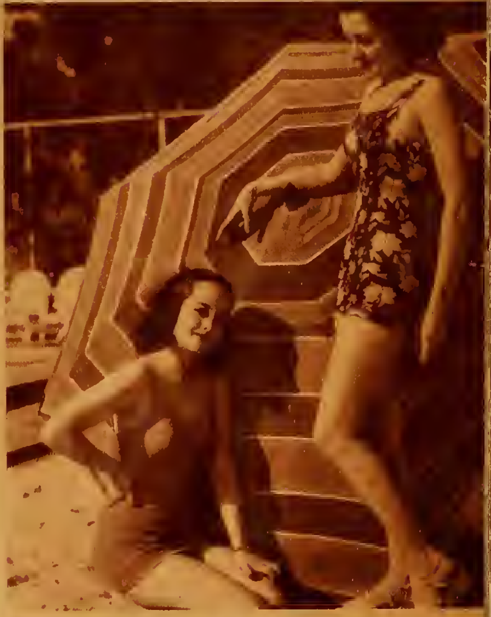


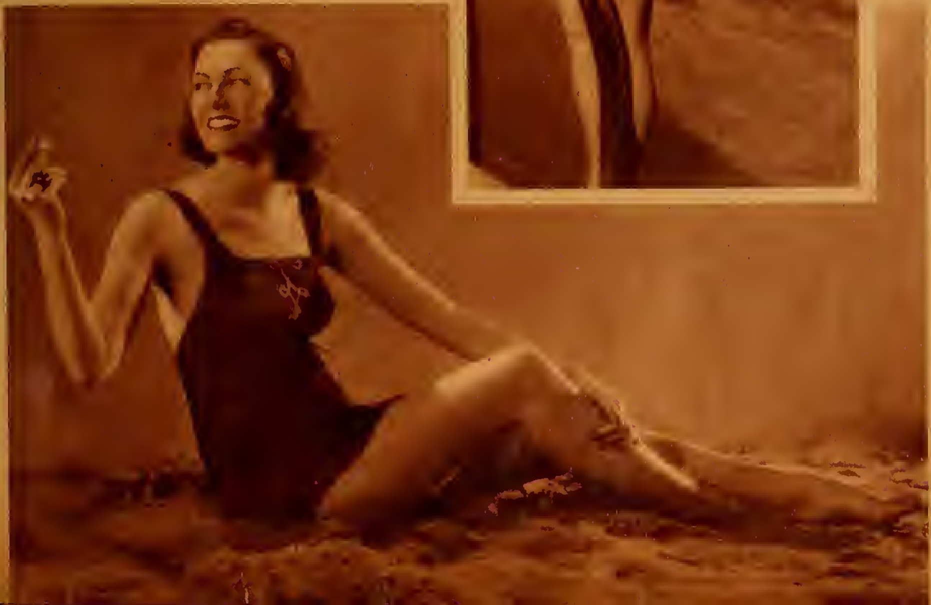


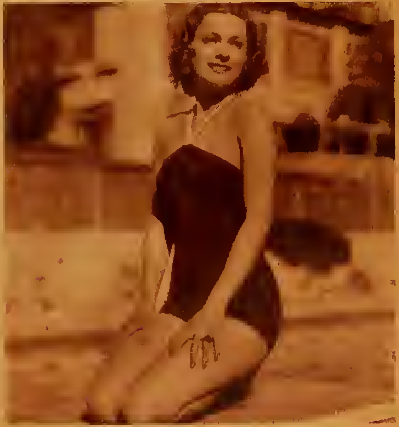


Featuring what the 1939 bathing girl will wear this summer are top row, l. to r., Frances Leslie in Jantzen Sun Panelle of knitted-in lastex for figure molding. Note Vee neck and slenderizing lines... Jane Woodworth models BVD sea satin strapless maillot of satin lastex. Has hidden straps for active swimming. . . Vivian Coe favors West Coast Manchester's wool lastex of sky blue with rainbow print. . . Center, l. to r., Ellen Drew wears a Gantner Floating Bra striped suit with two-tone effect. . . At parasol are Frances Leslie in Jantzen Sun Panelle and Kay Griffith in Jantzen "Moonflower" knit-in print of lastex. Backline is deeply cut, repeats square motif of neckline. . . Below, l. to r., are Dorothy Lovett modeling BVD's flared skirt suit of dual knit and self lined with embroidered bodice and adjustable self straps. . . Ellen Drew models Gantner's two-way Floating Bra suit of Terrymoss lastex. Suit can be worn strapless or with the white satin cords tied in front



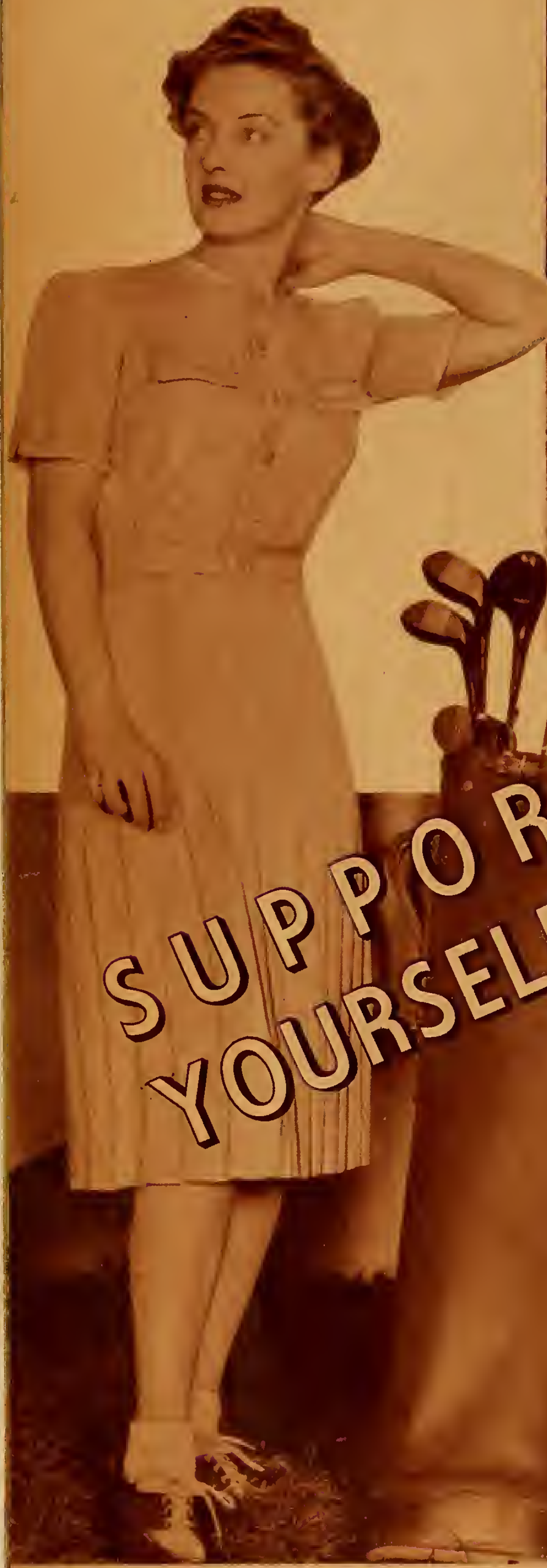






SUPPORT YOURSELF...

By
CANDIDA



Keep out of briar patches if you ape Joan Bennett's one-piece suavalona play suit

Deanna Durbin's pink satin frock deserves a prize, too. Note the covered shoulders, molded midriff

The news about Bette Davis' classic dress is the collarless neckline, three-tiered pockets and pleats stitched over the hips for a slim silhouette. . . . It's up to par and so are the shoes

After the bird goes Ann Sheridan in her badminton garb of yellow sharkskin two-piece play-suit. It has plenty of action without sacrificing that important o-o-mph

A dutch cap and embroidered organdy and organza gown make Rita Hayworth a smart as well as a beautiful bride

Mrs. Powell (Joan Blondell to you) bids her handsome Dick good-bye. She's off for a bike ride in her shapely blue slacks topped with cyclamen cardigan

That's no wrong number, Bette Davis. Small prints are good, and so are nipped-in waists

1. Shades of Scarlett O'Hara's 17-inch waist! It's Gossard's boned "Bodice" in black, white or peach satin. Just what you need with your basque, dirndle or gypsy-inspired dress. $3.50

2. Two-Birds-With-One-Stone Dept.: Up-lift your bust *and* protect your print dresses with one of Kleinert's Braforms (bra plus shields). They wash beautifully and cost around $1 and $1.50

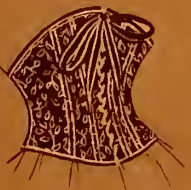
3. Remember the gallery when you golf! Wear this comfy but curve-controlling Foundette by Munsingwear. Light-weight with V-bones to prevent rolling at waistline. Cheap at $4

4. A bra for evening gown, playsuit or what-have-you is Maiden Form's slick "Variation." The straps can be arranged halter-wise, X-wise or in low-back style. The price is $1

5. It will be "Love All" when you play tennis in perky playsuit and Hickory's "Duranet," one-piece panel crotch pantie. The detachable garters make it very versatile. Price $3.50

6. Perfect for middle-aisling in a fitted gown is "Scoop," Hickory's foundation of white woven lastex with satin panels front and back and lace bra. Also comes in Nutra, a nude tint. Both $5

7. Slim your waist, curve your hips under fitted evening gowns in Flexees' Lace Lastique girdle that extends three inches above waistline. Antidote for that noticeable spare tire. $7.50



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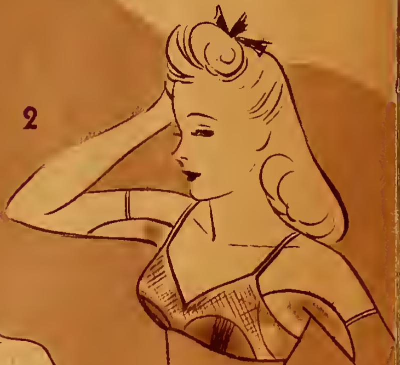

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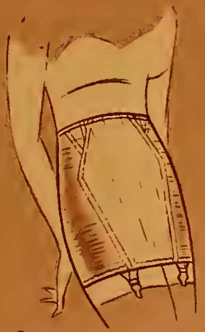

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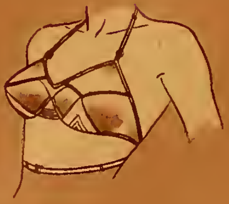

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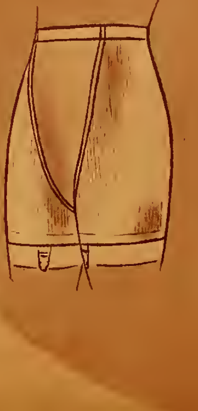

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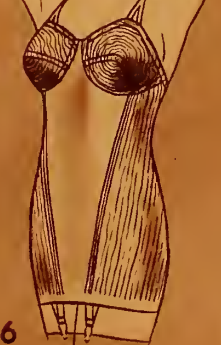

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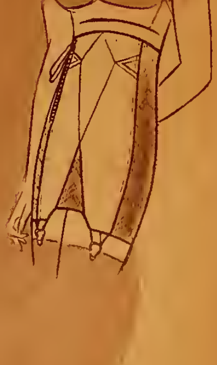

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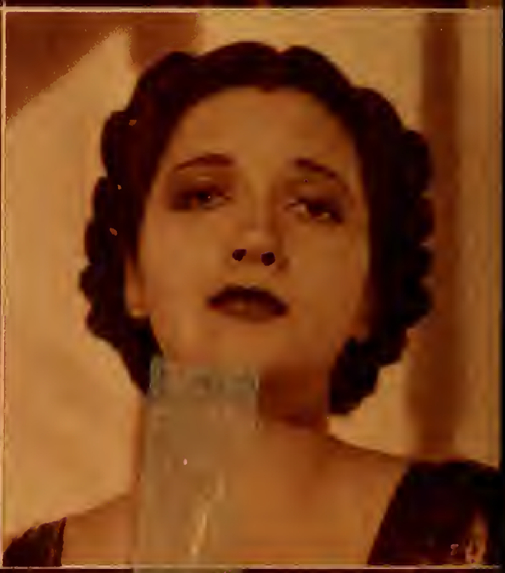
Look for these under-pretties in department stores and shops or write to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Do Stars

Joan Crawford—2 Marriages

Margaret Sullavan—3 Marriages



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MAKE POOR WIVES?

By JOHN SWAIN

MOVIE ACTORS USUALLY MARRY MOVIE ACTRESSES. THIS HUSBAND TELLS WHY HE THINKS LOVE FLIES OUT THE WINDOW WHEN FAME COMES KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

IN THE matter of whether or not stars make bad wives, I can't venture an opinion. I can only give facts. Because I married a star, and learned as I went along.

Being prejudiced, I'm not nearly as competent to weigh both sides of the question impartially as is someone who hasn't reached his conclusions the hard way. So I'm just going to dish up the crumbs of knowledge that came to me over the trial and error route, with the thought that after reading my views some other husband might like to give the sunny side. And if one does, I'll read every word he writes. Because I'd love to know how the other one per cent lives.

The usual method of alibi-ing the writing of personal experiences is to say an editor suggested it. No editor suggested this. It was my own idea.

A couple of months ago a coming youngster with a naive idea of blending romance with a career asked me: "Now be frank; don't you think a star can be a good wife?"

I answered with the candor she so fervently sought: "An animal trainer told me one day," I said, "that cats can perform. But he added that he'd hate to have to make one do it."

She was a better actress than I suspected: for with one look she put me in the dog-house. So I explained why I felt as I do, and quoted from my own experience. She then suggested I hire a hall. But I think this is better. So—

Some people try to milk calves. Others to ride steers. Still others to discover perpetual motion. I only tried to live with a star.

Faith (I will call her Faith since that isn't her name) and I first met over cocktails in a friend's home. She was as beautiful off the screen as she was on. The discovery gave the obstinate little tug toward this girl that I had always felt at her pictures—a real toe-hold. And this time I didn't try to slap it down with the things I knew about stars.

Instead, I spread myself.

Maybe the drinks had brightened my line, or had made Faith an easy audience. Or maybe it was what my white monkey-jacket did for me. Anyway, we got along.

Within a week we had got along to the point where my big ambition was to be the man necessary to Faith's happiness; to handle the affairs she vaguely referred to as bothering her, and to give her a chance to live a normal life when away from the studio. I wanted to make a chance for her to enjoy a woman's natural place in the scheme of things. I planned to build a fence around her private life and her home that the studio busy-bodies couldn't crash at any hour of the day or night.

But seven years in pictures [*Continued on page 60*]

Stars Who've Stayed MARRIED To One Man

Irene Dunne, Ruby Keeler, Frances Dee, Madeleine Carroll, Gladys Swarthout, Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy, Maureen O'Sullivan

Stars Who've Had 2 Or More Husbands

Joan Blondell, Margaret Sullavan, Ginger Rogers, Martha Raye, Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Joan Bennett, Kay Francis, Virginia Bruce, Miriam Hopkins, Mary Pickford, Mary Astor, Hedy Lamarr

Irene Dunne—1 Marriage

Ginger Rogers—2 Marriages

HOLLYWOOD

Stars are moving from Hollywood foreground, over mountain passes in center to Valley in rear

British stars having a love for country life, it didn't take Patric Knowles long to find choice country home at Toluca Lake

Among the new occupants of a Valley home are the Lane sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola. They love the valley's good earth

Bob Taylor's ranch house is one of the showplaces of Northridge

By WALTER LAMB NEWTON

TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL HOLLYWOOD IS MOVING BY THE THOUSANDS INTO "NEW CAMPGROUND" OF SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, THE NEW MOVIE CAPITAL

THE conversation ran something like this:

"No, I don't think I like that window there—no, not at all. We'll make that into a French door leading right out into the garden—but oh! If that whole wall were taken out, a perfectly lovely sun-room could be built on and then—"

"Hey wait, Glenda! Where do you think you are—on a set? This is a *house*. Those walls are solid. And that fireplace you want to move is made out of real bricks. Gosh, if you make all the changes you've talked about in the last hour, it's going to cost you a young fortune."

"Well, I don't care. It's going to be fun fixing up this old house just the way I want it. And I'll probably have a lot more ideas before I get through."

IS MOVING

You can even find a Queen's castle in the Valley, now that Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow have finished building their rancho home—one of the show places

Here's how San Fernando Valley looked in 1926 before movie stars moved in and took over land

Hugh Herbert was one of the first stars to move into the open spaces of the Valley. He wouldn't trade his place for all of Hollywood

Spencer Tracy says there's no place like home. You can well believe him

—As she most certainly did. So many, in fact, that they spilled out into the garden, too. On another day, we would have found Glenda perched atop a wall, directing a gang of tree-movers: "Now that tree over in the corner. It doesn't look right to me. And besides, it spoils the view. Let's move it over this way and see how it looks."

The tree-movers grin, but they get busy and soon the big tree is over where Glenda thought she wanted it, only it still doesn't quite suit and necessitates another shift before a hole is dug and the tree stops its wanderings around the garden. But there are others—and all day long the men lug young forest giants around to please Glenda's fancy.

That's the way they tell the story of how Glenda Farrell started the process of remodeling the house she bought back in 1930, out in the "wide open spaces" of San Fernando Valley, six miles from Hollywood. Now Glenda lives in a brand new home which she later built there and she is looked upon as one of the "pioneers" of the horde of picture people who have been discovering the possibilities of living out in "The Valley."

For Hollywood most certainly is moving! During the past few years there has been

[*Continued on page* 83]

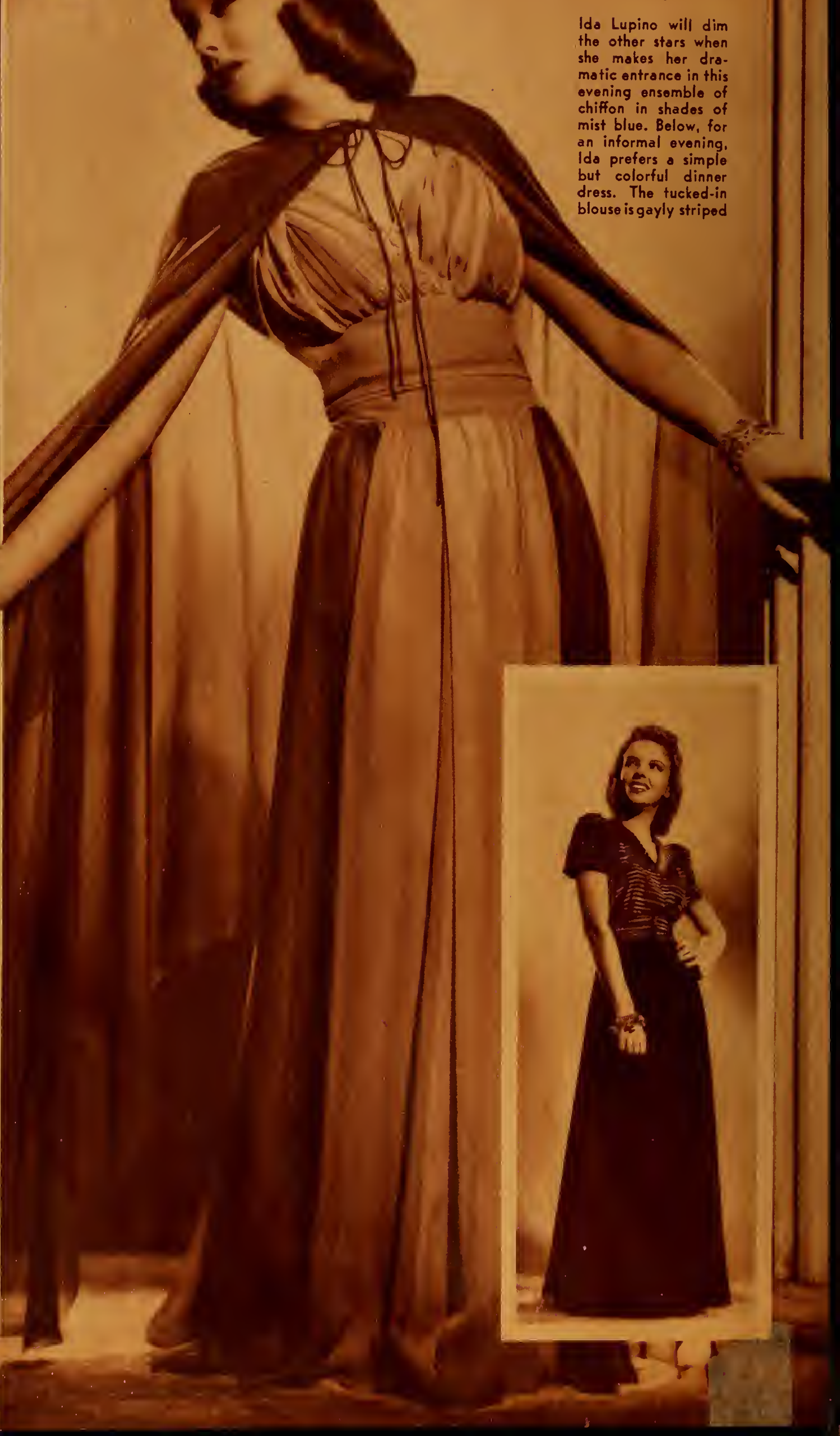
GOWNS and

A white toyo with navy trim is Ann Rutherford's choice for casual wear

Annie goes high-hat—and it's toyo again. Trim is knotted felt

Color stars in Lana Turner's silk sport hat. It's iris purple

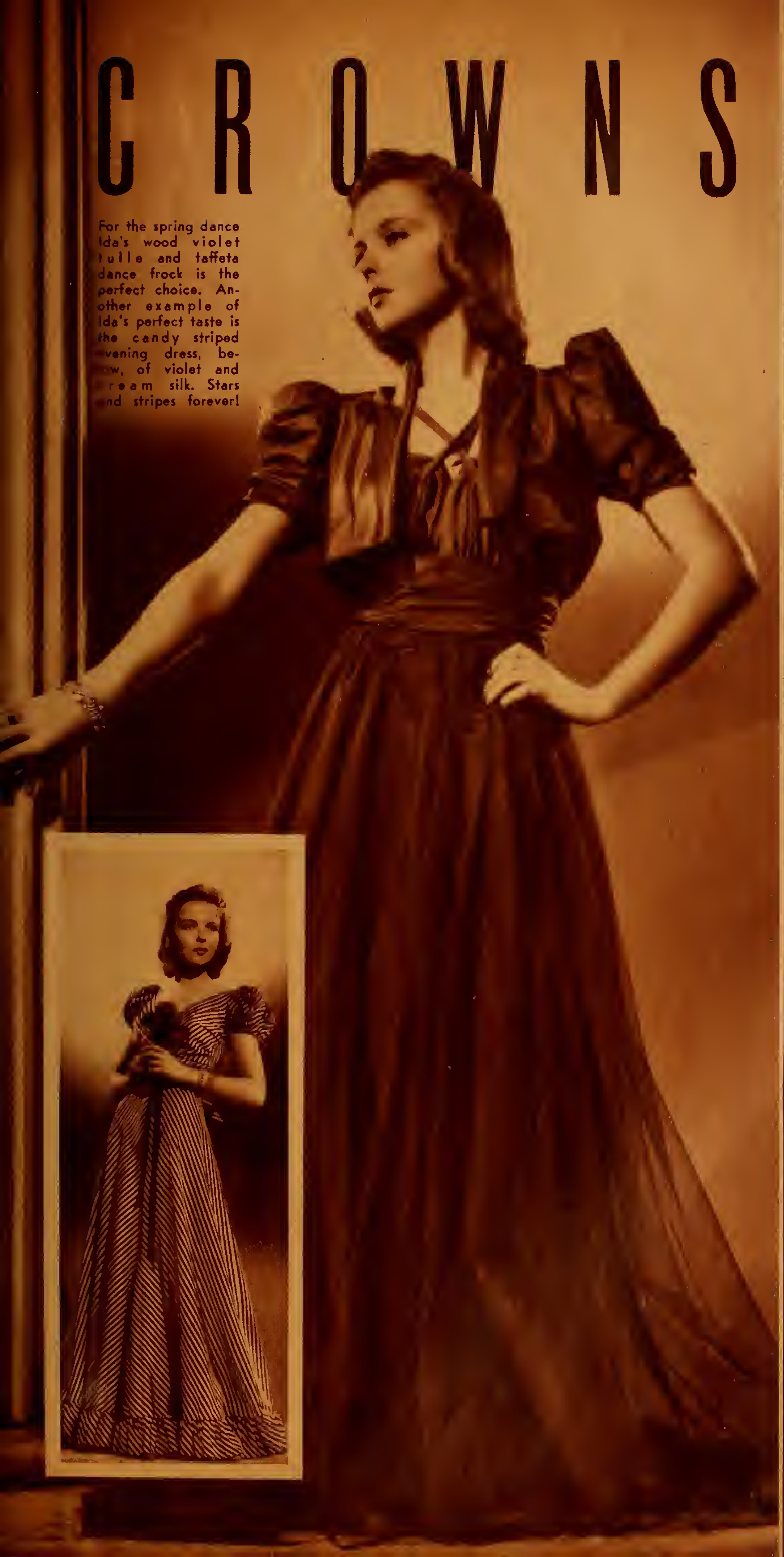
Lana Turner goes for a Hooligan—in navy blue straw with taffeta bow

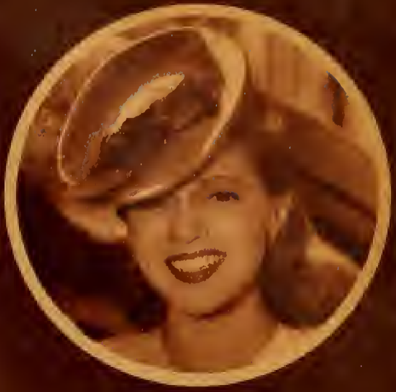


Ida Lupino will dim the other stars when she makes her dramatic entrance in this evening ensemble of chiffon in shades of mist blue. Below, for an informal evening, Ida prefers a simple but colorful dinner dress. The tucked-in blouse is gayly striped

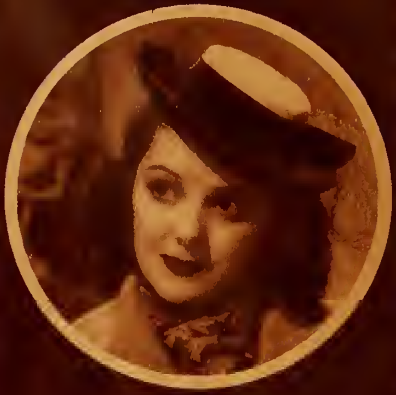
CROWNS

For the spring dance Ida's wood violet tulle and taffeta dance frock is the perfect choice. Another example of Ida's perfect taste is the candy striped evening dress, below, of violet and cream silk. Stars and stripes forever!

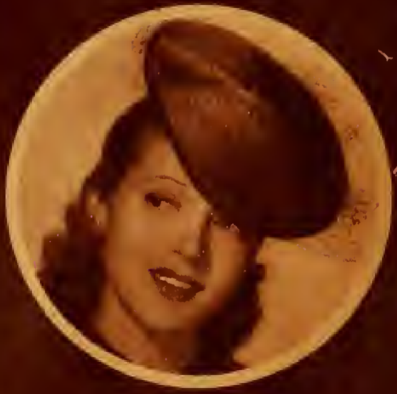




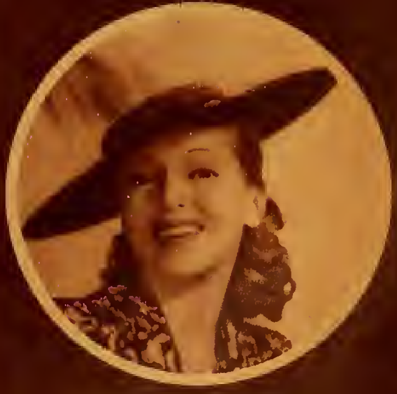
Tip your hat, like Lana. Hers is of ambrosia silk-trim and veil of burgundy



Hats go forward like Ann's Homburg of navy Milano straw with crown of white belting



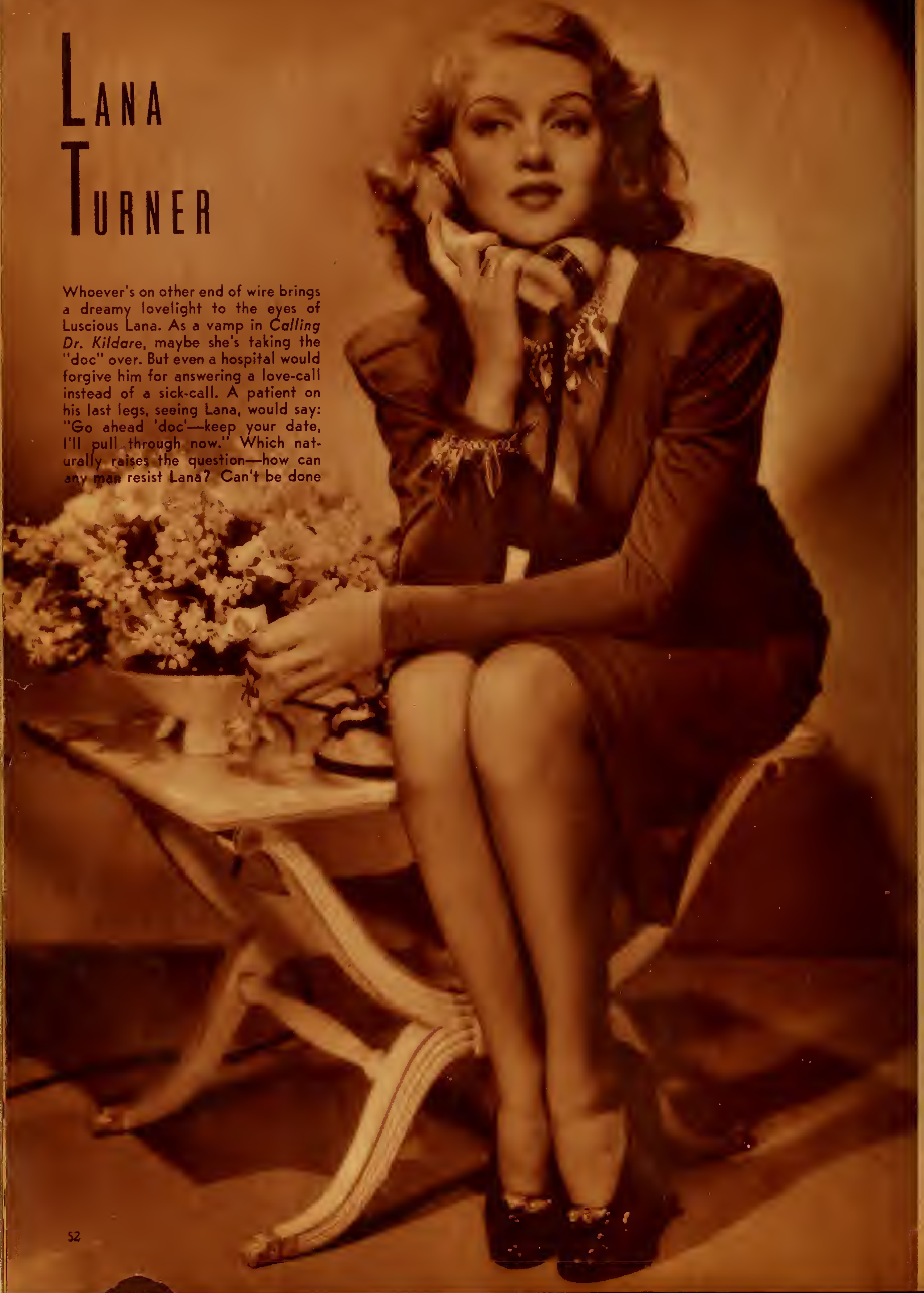
Be romantic—wear a heart-shaped ribbon beret like Lana for cocktails or tea



Go to town with a sailor. Lana does—in a rough straw of violet with purple veil

LANA TURNER

Whoever's on other end of wire brings a dreamy lovelight to the eyes of Luscious Lana. As a vamp in *Calling Dr. Kildare*, maybe she's taking the "doc" over. But even a hospital would forgive him for answering a love-call instead of a sick-call. A patient on his last legs, seeing Lana, would say: "Go ahead 'doc'—keep your date, I'll pull through now." Which naturally raises the question—how can any man resist Lana? Can't be done



ALWAYS A BEST MAN—NEVER A GROOM

THE VERY SAD BUT WISE STORY OF WHY CESAR ROMERO KEEPS AWAY FROM MARITAL BALL AND CHAIN

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

AT WHITE-TIE openings in cinemaland, you can be very sure that you will see him, traditionally "tall, dark and handsome" although a little on the denture side, flashing a pearly set (Nature's own) at the candid camera crew. You can be as sure that he will have on his arm a 24-carat movie honey, and that she will be in star brackets. Once she would have been Virginia Bruce, Sally Blane or Betty Furness, but with their marriages, the lady this gentleman wears on his right arm may be Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Sonja Henie. May be, but at the moment it is definitely "Annie" Sheridan, pretty filly from the Warner stables. The man, if you haven't already guessed, is Cesar Romero of Producer-Poloist Zanuck's acting string.

The ability of Cesar Julio Romero II to get around to the right places has long been a point of envy among the better boys-about-town. Cesar goes to the "right places" and once there, knows how to conduct himself. The result has been that he goes again. And again. He is a definite part of that nebulous thing known as Hollywood's Inner Circle. There is no reason why he shouldn't be, Nature having equipped him with a good Latin background, even though he was born in New York City. An early education that took him from boarding school at Redding Ridge, Conn., to the Riverdale Country School at Riverdale-on-Hudson and to the Collegiate

[Continued on page 92]

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Cesar Romero is Hollywood's single man escort bureau. He escorts them all, but courts none—unless it's Annie Sheridan (2) who seems very close to Cesar. Once it may have been Wendy Barrie (3), Betty Furness (4), Virginia Bruce (5), Ethel Merman (6), Joan Crawford (7), Astrid Allwyn (8)

Mr. Breen Loses Curls

My, oh my, oh my, but what a synthetic growing-up process they're shoving Bobby Breen into. Seems that they've decided it's high time for him to get into long pants, so they've sent out formal notices, over at Principal Pix, where he works, that from now on, he's never, never, never, never, never again to be referred to as Bobby Breen. From now on, indeed, it must be BOB Breen.

Moreover, they're gonna take those kid-curls off his round little conk. No kid of Mr. Breen's advanced years, reasons Producer Sol Lesser, should wear such sissy curls. So in *Way Down South*, Mr. Bob Breen will have straight hair—as straight as make-up men can make it. A pound of brilliantine a day, if necessary. "Straight hair is more manly than curls," explained Sol Lesser, who maybe knows.

And to make him even more he-mannish, in the film Mr. Breen will have a fist fight with John Wilkes Booth at the age of 10—the same Booth who later killed Lincoln. Breen'll give him a licking. O-kay, Bobby. (P. S.—Besides, he's doing a man-sized job off-screen, too. He just built a big Beverly Hills mansion for his mama and papa. For that, they OUGHT to call him Bob, if he wants it!!)

The *O'Hara* sisters, *Careen* (Ann Rutherford) and *Scarlett* (Vivien Leigh), have a "mother knows best" scene with Mother *Ellen O'Hara* in *G. W. T. W.* Is she warning them about *Rhett?*

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Only Angels Have Wings. And Rita Hayworth waits to go winging with Cary Grant

Geraldine Fitzgerald, Dublin's new gift to Hollywood, willingly sacrifices youth and beauty to play old crone in *Wuthering Heights.* Other actresses please copy

Breaking out in two-gun fury is Brian Aherne in the title role of *Captain Fury*

As Sam Houston in *Man of Conquest,* Richard Dix has heroic role. He enlists with Andy Jackson (Edward Ellis), fights at N'Orleans, frees Texas, and brings new state into the Union

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Composite Twig

■ Giggle of the month:—is Comicker Billy Gilbert's wheeze about a theme song for Charlie McCarthy, entitled: "Although I'm so POPLAR, Will It be OAK if I PINE FIR You?"

Back to the Hollywoods

■ Evidently Franchot Tone has come to the conclusion that all the fuss and dither about his bust-up with Joan is done with, at last. Probably reasons that now that Joan has but so positively shown that Charlie Martin'll probably be the next Mr. Crawford, it's safe for him to pop back into the Hollywood scene. . . .

And so, in a few weeks from the time you read this, Mr. Tone'll be back in the Holly-woods, despite all the cracks he has made about Hollywood and its population. However, you can't quite blame Franchot. It isn't easy for a gentleman to have to take what was dished out, in his case, and be of the calibre that doesn't talk back out loud . . . Anyway, Franchot's coming back from NewYork and the stage to Hollywood and the screen.

And isn't it fitting that he'll probably first play the role of *Sir Galahad*— [*Continued on page 71*]

Playing a hard-boiled New York cop who at heart is old softy, Wally Beery has colorful role in *Sergeant Madden.* Laraine Day plays adopted daughter

Tricked out for skiing Hollywood style is Jeanette MacDonald in latest feature *Broadway Serenade*

You can't change spots on leopard skins, nor take the glamor away from Ann Sheridan

GLAMORITA---1939 STYLE

HOLLYWOOD NEVER REALIZED THAT IT HAD A HOME-BRED GLAMORITA RIGHT UNDER ITS NOSE UNTIL VIRGINIA GREY FLASHED HER BEAUTY AND FIGURE IN MUSICALS. NOW, DISCOVERED, SHE'S DETERMINED TO MAKE A BIG IMPRESSION ON HOLLYWOOD AND YOU

By LEON SURMELIAN

THE movies are now old enough for Hollywood to have a second generation. As time goes on we shall hear more and more of rising young stars who were born right here, while their parents worked in the studios in one capacity or another. Take Virginia Grey. She was born in the heart of Hollywood, and is a product of Klieg lights and the copyrighted sunshine of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. She has the glitter of the former, the gold of the latter. Mr. Metro is minting the gold.

Her father, Ray Grey, was a director of comedies at Mack Sennett and Universal studios. He died when Virginia, the second of his three daughters, was eight. Adoring him as she did, his death was the greatest tragedy in her life. As her father had left very little money to his family, her mother went to work for Universal as a film cutter. Indeed, Mrs. Grey was happy to work for $35 a week, even though sometimes she was laid off. Then she would weep on Virginia's shoulder and the girl would mother her mother.

When Virginia was a little girl, a shapely young woman who lived right in the back of the Grey residence would take care of her and play with her. Her name was Gloria Swanson. She was a Sennett bathing beauty. Virginia made her debut in pictures as a child extra at the age of nine. At twelve, she played *Little Eva* in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Her weekly paycheck was bigger during her childhood than it is now. She was the bread-winner of her family. The following year her mother died, and she became a legal ward of her grandparents, still carrying on her frail shoulders family responsibilities. Those orphan years have left some scars.

During her awkward age she stayed out of pictures, attended North Hollywood High School, dreamed of being a trained nurse. A powerful swimmer, she was made a junior life-guard at a swimming-pool. After school hours she also worked in a doctor's office. She needed every penny she could earn.

Determined to lead an independent life, she returned to pictures at sixteen, as a chorus girl at Warner Bros. They put her under contract and paid her $50 a week, which she says was wonderful, because she could live comfortably on it. After two years of dancing in Warner musicals, which packed plenty of pulchritude, she was called to Metro to smile and kick [*Continued on page* 69]

Peeresses of the British Realm

FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE

Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart, sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seen much of the United States. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."

Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, **The Lady Betty Bourke** has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

Britain's Titled Ladies

CREAM

EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"

INTO THEIR SKIN*

Often Sings at charity affairs—**The Lady Alexandra Haig,** daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."

Royalty Attended Her Wedding—The Lady Grenfell, snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin.'"

In Smart Society Journals, photographs of the charming **Lady Morris** often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds **sparkle** and **glamour** to my make-up!"

In Britain, as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. **Vitamin A,** the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

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* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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A FAMILY MAN--AND HOW HE LOVES IT

By E. J. SMITHSON

MELVYN DOUGLAS IS PROUDER OF HIS FAMILY LIFE THAN HE IS OF HIS SCREEN CAREER. HE HAS SOUND IDEAS ON MARRIAGE AND BELIEVES A WOMAN CAN BE A WIFE, HAVE A CAREER AND RAISE A FAMILY, TOO

A WOMAN'S place may be in the home to the majority of husbands, but not to Melvyn Douglas, the tall and handsome leading man who is in great demand these days to play opposite the loveliest of our screen ladies.

Not that Mr. Douglas objects one whit to having his own charming wife, Helen Gahagan, in his own home and at all times. Not by any means. What he meant by the statement that begins this story is that a woman can be a wife—and a good one—and still find time and pleasure—not to overlook a great profit—in carving out a career for herself. Not only is this true, but he insists that a woman can be a wife, have a career, and rear a family practically at one and the same time.

And if you think this is a matrimonial impossibility, you have his permission to take a look at his own family for proof that he's not talking through his well-worn chapeau. Helen Gahagan, a noted stage star in her own right, and still closely identified with the theatre, is the mother of two children—5-year-old Peter Gahagan Douglas, and five month's old Mary Helen Douglas and if there ever was a happy and congenial family it's this one that lives in a big house on a bigger hill just back of Hollywood Boulevard.

"I may be voted out as a member in good standing at the next meeting of the Ancient Order of Benedicts for saying this," Melvyn declared, "but I honestly believe that any woman makes a big mistake if she goes too domestic after marriage; that is, if she has any particular aptitude or talent that can be developed into a career.

"There ought to be a law against all husbands who object to this matrimonial philosophy

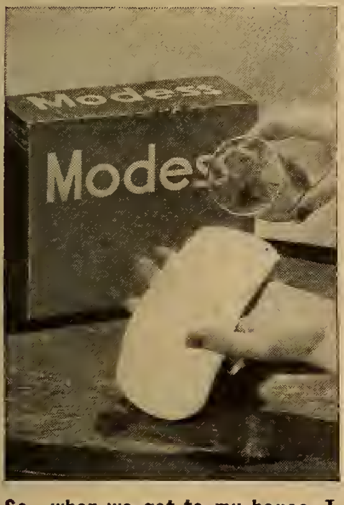
[*Continued on page* 91]

The Douglases are a happy, congenial family. Mrs. D. is Helen Gahagan, stage star. They have two children, 5-year-old Peter (in photo) and Mary Helen, 5 months old

Kitty had a "go home" complex

Kitty can be balky as a mule sometimes! Just as we were coming out of the movies, Steve drove up in his new roadster with Freddy and Joe and Mary Devine. They had some swell new dance records and were going over to Joe's house to play them. Naturally, I wanted to go along. But not Kitty! She was in one of her "go home" moods . . . and she was hardly even polite.

Well—I was pretty peeved! "Kitty," I said, as we walked on, "sometimes you're a regular stick-in-the-mud! What makes you act so queer?" "I can't help it," she mumbled. "I worry at certain times of the month. Think how embarrassing . . . how horrible, if . . . " "Listen," I interrupted: "I can cure that go-home complex in one lesson!"



So—when we got to my house, I made her come in. First I explained she could have peace of mind with Modess. Then I showed her *why!* I got some water and dropped it on the moisture-resistant backing from a Modess pad—and she saw, with her own eyes, how safe Modess is!

"It's wonderful! I'll feel so safe now," she beamed. "Yes—and you'll be more comfortable, too," I added, "because Modess is a 'fluff-type' napkin." Then I showed her the soft, fluffy Modess filler—so different from napkins made of close-packed layers! "Yet Modess costs no more," I told her.

Well—it was Kitty herself who insisted on going back to Joe's! The crowd was still there when we arrived . . . and did we have a marvelous time! Kitty was her old "life-of-the-party" self again . . . and believe me, when Joe's mother invited us to stay on for a pick-up supper, I didn't hear a peep out of Kitty about having to go home! Modess certainly cured *that* complex, all right . . . just as I knew it would!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR "MODESS JUNIOR")

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two great Hollywood stars. Happily married, have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this very fashionable hair-do. Her dress is black and green with jacket effect.

For your pleasure
ENJOY REFRESHING
DOUBLEMINT
CHEWING GUM

In Hollywood chewing delicious DOUBLEMINT GUM is a popular pastime. You too are sure to enjoy its long-lasting, refreshing flavor. . . . And, ladies, note the lovely face contours of attractive JOAN BLONDELL, shown here with her husband, the famous DICK POWELL.

Many Beauty Specialists find that the exercise of chewing Doublemint Gum vigorously several times a day while gently lowering and raising your head, helps keep that youthful chin line admired by all.

So chew Doublemint Gum for beauty and for pleasure. Get several packages today. T-123

Chewing DOUBLEMINT Gum aids digestion

Do Stars Make Poor Wives?

[*Continued from page* 47]

had taught me that safety lay in following a hundred per cent hands-off policy in everything relating to her work and her professional life. Our chance for happiness depended upon keeping her private life and her career separate and apart. I'd seen enough stars' marriages blow up to know this. Therefore I would draw a dead-line over which I would not step—nor permit the studio or her work to cross. I knew stars, and their deep respect for their rights, their resentment of any sign of a husband's "domination," and their explosive quality. I also knew Faith had been in pictures long enough to appreciate thoroughly her own importance and to expect everybody else to do the same.

But in spite of all this I did think Faith loved me, needed a man in her life and that I could bring her happiness.

HOWEVER, don't imagine I was courting her philanthropically. The idea of being married to a glamorous star wasn't hard to take. And, which was far more important, she was what men cry for—and the only thing that could pacify me.

At that I didn't know how tempting and sweet she really could be until I married her. She was so wonderful that now I favor a law against a woman being so completely what a man desires. Because she leaves a taste that haunts him long after she is gone.

It seemed Faith's whole being was wrapped up in our love. She was the kind of a wife they write into the movies that men go back to see the second time. Plus enough lure to make me fret half my afternoons away waiting for the time to drive her home from the studio.

Faith put her mind to being a perfect wife just as she did to creating a role she was to play. She forgot nothing, and her love-making was flawless.

A little over two months of this bliss, with me purring like a cat in a solarium, and Faith figured she had mastered the art of wifehood. In fact, I told her so, claiming no other man in the world ever had such a mate.

So she took up sculpturing. Just like that. Discarding me like tabby dumped out of her lap. Since her role as wife was letter-perfect there was no need of further rehearsing. We would just put that act away and be ourselves.

She didn't tell me that. She just changed. Became disinterested. I thought that I had hurt her, or had been neglectful, and that she was too sensitive to tell me about it.

But after a couple of weeks I began to get the general drift. Only it was more like a tidal wave than a drift. I'll have to say it for Faith that she moved swiftly, and with no uncertainty.

She began to bring scripts home to read evenings, and would shut herself in her room, with a sweet but firm request not to be disturbed. She escorted directors, writers and others from the studio over my deadline—huddling with them in my study, after disposing of me with a naive suggestion of how I might entertain myself.

They didn't say it, but I knew what they were thinking. Poor old John was all washed up—but he should have known it was just a passing fancy with Faith. An experience. Unfortunate, but it would help round out Faith's life and give her a better understanding of wife and mother parts.

Oh, I'd heard the same sort of things said about other men who married stars. I had gone into it with my eyes open. I had known what to expect.

But can a woman be like that? I don't think one star in ten could be otherwise. Maybe one in twenty could. But I wouldn't bet on it. A woman can't reach stardom and retain her normal re-actions.

If you want proof of this, just consider the women stars who have married. Nineteen out of twenty of them have been divorced. Some of them as many as three or four times. Is that normal?

I have admitted experience has prejudiced me. I'm just telling what I know. Let another husband tell of a normal star-wife, and of his happiness with her.

I AM not blaming or censuring Faith—though she has left me unsatisfied for the rest of my life. Nothing short of its equivalent will ever deaden my desire to live the first months of our marriage over again. She gave me a glimpse of man's ideas of bliss, and then slammed the door in my face.

Again I say I do not blame Faith. It wasn't in her to do otherwise. Six years of making her feelings to order (she started at seventeen) and pretending she was every character she played and had drugged her normal impulses and made it impossible for her actually to *be* anything. She could boil up any kind of feeling or passion (she was only putting her heart into a part when she was in my arms) but it cooled the instant it was taken off the fire of her concentrated effort.

There are many reasons why stars can't make perfect wives. They not only don't feel true love, but they don't want to be annoyed. Their time and their energy is all taken up by their work.

A normal woman makes a business of being a wife. Not only are her heart and her interests there, but also her strength and her future. In her marriage lies her chance for happiness. Consequently it is vitally important to her.

With stars marriage is, nine times out of ten, merely an adventure, an episode, an interlude. It is not vital to their welfare. It is not even necessary to their convenience or luxuries.

A star does not feel the *need* of a man. To her he is not a protector; someone to stand between her and adversity. She is independent of him, and often does not respect him because she earns more than he does, and is more important.

Almost invariably she has been ruined by applause and attention. She believes what her press-agent writes about her, or what is read to her from the letter of an adoring fan. Generally she has a superiority complex.

In the nature of things her husband lets her get away with things that are not good for a wife to get away with. If I had kicked Faith, the director, the continuity writer and the script girl all out of my study the first time I found them there, we might still be married. I said "might" because of the many other things that made Faith impossible as a wife.

NOT the least of these insurmountable obstacles was Faith's drive. She imagined it ambition. But it was an insatiable desire to drive. She cracked the whip over herself and everybody else.

With a dozen different studies to pursue, her current hobby to flaunt, her studio work

[*Continued on page* 68]

You Can't Blame Ty for Loving Annabella

[*Continued from page* 29]

for thinking of her as an unknown quantity—Mlle. X. Nor is Annabella herself to be blamed. Producers and press-agents are the guilty parties. They just haven't done right by her.

And the principal explanation for that is: They never have had a foreign import like her before. They haven't known exactly what to do with her.

Producers and press-agents expect a lady with a foreign accent and a foreign reputation to be a sultry, aloof, temperamental and otherwise difficult person, with a passion for publicity. Annabella isn't like that. This fact has completely disconcerted the producers and the press-agents. What to do about a foreign star who doesn't fit the foreign-star pattern?

When she arrived in Hollywood in October, 1937, her company, 20th Century-Fox, already had one French star: Simone Simon. Simone, if you remember, was addicted to pouting. She pouted violently over the appearance of a rival on her own lot. The setting was perfect for a fiery feud between the two French girls, which would stimulate immediate interest in the newcomer. And what did Annabella do? She immediately made friends with Simone.

The studio hesitantly suggested that Annabella meet the Press at a cocktail party. She didn't stamp her foot and scream, "*Mais non!* I weesh to be a woman of mystery!" She met the Press willingly. And, with the reporters, she didn't pretend to be a languorous exotic. She behaved like a normal, natural, alert human being.

Hollywood reporters, raised on a diet of exotic foreign stars, didn't know what to make of this friendly little foreigner. So they didn't make anything of her. They just dropped the subject of Annabella—until Tyrone Power, by being seen constantly with her, brought it up.

Now the reporters are wondering: How has she changed since they first saw her—that Tyrone should forsake all others for her?

The ironic answer is: She hasn't changed.

I TALKED with her at that cocktail party a year and a half ago. The other day, over a luncheon table set up in her dressing-room between scenes of her new picture, *Maiden Voyage,* I talked with her again. And she still behaved like a natural, normal, alert human being. Not like a languorous exotic.

She had just been clambering all over an M-G-M imitation of a Swiss Alp. And she was as hungry as if she had been climbing a real Alp.

Glamor girls aren't supposed to be frankly hungry, ever. But Annabella makes no pretensions now, any more than she did eighteen months ago, of being a glamor girl.

She doesn't worry about her figure. (Confidentially, she doesn't have to.) She ordered a bowl of broth, the "beegest baked potato in the commissary," a soft-boiled egg, and a glass of milk.

You expect a Parisienne, especially one who doesn't have to worry about the budget, to have a highly developed taste for fancy foods. But not Annabella. She likes her food plain and simple. "I think maybe I live longer thees way," she quipped.

The figure-she-doesn't-worry-about was encased at the moment in blue wool, in the

MARY GOT 3 MYSTERIOUS LETTERS
—WITH NO SIGNATURES!

"The first made me furious!"

The neighborhood busybodies are saying plenty behind your back. I won't tell you my name, but take it from a friend, you'd better do something to get tattle-tale gray out of your clothes!

"The second made me fly into action!"

I've warned you—but the gossips still raging. Don't you know it's left-over dirt that makes your clothes look so dingy? Stop using lazy soaps! Change to Fels-Naptha like I did and see how its richer golden soap and lots of naptha put tattle-tale gray to flight!

"The third made me happy as a lark!"

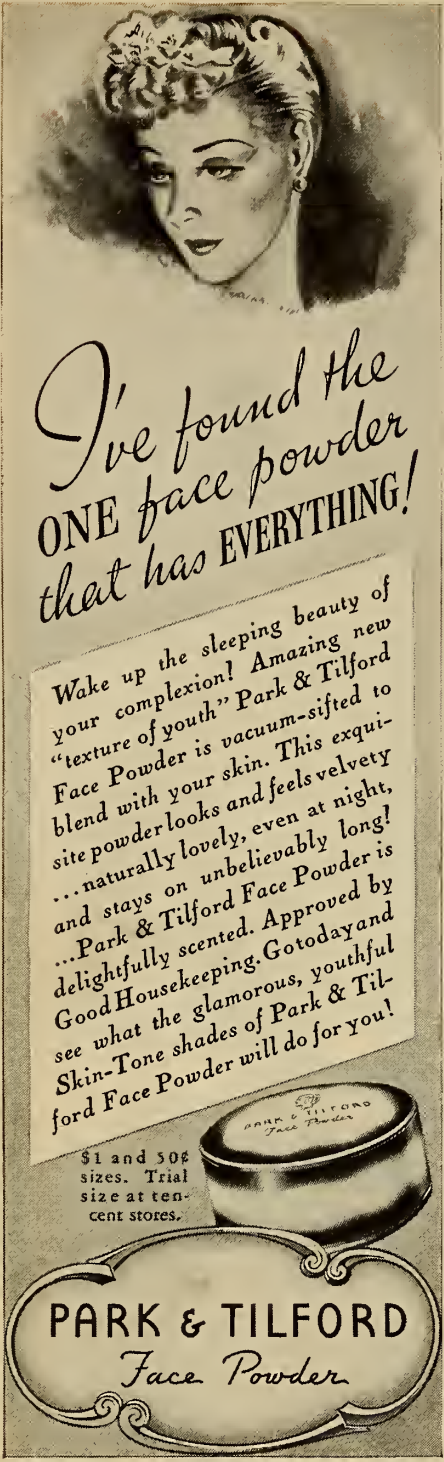
Smart girl! I've seen you trotting out of the grocer's with Fels-Naptha Soap and you've certainly turned the tables by taking my advice. Your washes now look so gorgeously white, all the little busybodies on the block are cheering instead of jeering.

P.S. Nobody may take the trouble to warn you, but there's bound to be plenty of neighborhood gossip if *your* clothes are full of tattle-tale gray.

Why take a chance? Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha Soap today and pin up the whitest, brightest washes that ever flapped in a breeze! COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



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$1 and 50¢ sizes. Trial size at ten-cent stores.

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New **FOOT RELIEF**

Easily cut to any size or shape

Instantly Stops Pain Caused by Shoe Pressure, Friction

Apply Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX on corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions or tender spots on feet or toes caused by new or tight shoes—pain stops! Removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Cut this velvety-soft, cushioning foot plaster to any desired size or shape and apply it. Flesh color. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For **FREE** Sample and Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. K, Chicago

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER

best mountain-climbing tradition. She must have known that she looked *tres chic*. But, frankly, she was uncomfortable. Particularly from the knees down. "I hate stockings. When I can help it, I nevair wear them. And thees wool—they are killing me."

Ordinarily, clothes are no problem to Annabella. (Another proof that she is one actress without a glamor-girl complex.) She has the smallest private wardrobe of any star, and most of the wardrobe is in suits, slacks and culottes. She likes freedom of action. "I think, 'I will go shop today. I will buy something to make my own eyes pop out.' But always the same thing happens. One half-hour in a store, and I am tired looking at dresses. I cannot look any longer. No dress is that important. I make up my mind in what you call a hurry."

She does everything in a hurry. She shakes hands with a brief, brisk up-down pump of the arm. She moves quickly. Her gestures are quick, animated. So are her facial expressions. And, off-screen, she breaks all the Winchell records for fast-spoken English.

SHE does not fumble now for the right words, as she did eighteen months ago. She can say now, in English, what she thinks in French. That is something—but it isn't enough. She wants to say things without such an accent. "When I arrived thees time, my mother and brother were with me. My brother went to school, but my mother did not speak one word of English. We talked all the time in French. That was not so good for me. Now I am surround by all English-speaking people. I will not always talk like thees." She emphasized the "thees," to emphasize her determination.

Annabella has determination. There's no doubt about that. Her presence in Hollywood is proof of it.

The first time she traveled to Hollywood, she spoke no English herself. She came over for two months to make a French version of *Caravan* with Charles Boyer. She was miserable. She couldn't go anywhere without an interpreter. She met almost no one. She saw almost nothing of Hollywood. "I saw only enough to feel: 'I could be happy here if I could speak English.'" The idea became an obsession. To return to Hollywood as an English-speaking star became her one ambition. But accomplishing it was one thing she couldn't do quickly. She had to work to do it.

Now that she has done it, is she still positive that she can be happy here? She sidestepped the question. She said, "Hollywood spoils you for any other place to work. It is Paradise for an actress. Everything is so clean and bright"—she gestured about the spotless white dressing-room, with the wide windows facing south.

"Everything is so efficient. Abroad, an actress has to do her own make-up, her own hairdress, plan her costumes herself. Here a studio has experts to see that she looks her best. They have made *me* look better—a little, anyway. And then there is the constant sunshine. That is the most marvelous. You can live outdoors. I had Christmas breakfast on the balcony outside my bedroom, reading a letter from my mother about a snowfall in Paris."

AFTER her first Hollywood picture, she took a terrific panning. Critics, who had liked her as the gypsy girl in *Wings of the Morning*, didn't like her as the young lady of quality in *The Baroness and the Butler*. Among other things, they said that her English was unintelligible. At the time, there were rumors that she wanted to tear up her contract and run. How true were those rumors?

Annabella cocked her head to one side, pursed her lips. "I was not happee, no, about what they said. But I did not work so hard, so long, to run at the first setback. I would try again. . . . The girl in *Suez* was more human. They liked her better. . . . I did not blame them for disliking that first girl. She had such a bad disposition; she was always angry. She had to talk as fast in English as she might have in Hungarian.

"It was difficult to talk so, and act at the same time. I was tense. It showed in the film. But that will not happen again. They have promised me a difference. When I am in front of the camera, I can concentrate on acting. If something I say is not clear, I can concentrate on that later in a sound studio, away from the camera."

As for running away from Hollywood, Annabella doesn't know where she would run if she had the urge—which she hasn't. She has cut all her European bridges behind her. The only contract she has is her Hollywood one. That calls for two pictures a year for 20th Century-Fox, with the right to do one outside picture a year. (*Maiden Voyage*, with Robert Young, is this year's outside picture.)

She is one actress who has no stage urges. She has been on the stage. She likes the screen better. "On the stage, you go to the same place at the same time every day, and do and say the same things over and over. I do not like that. I want life to have surprises. In the movies, every day is different from yesterday and tomorrow. That is how I like life to be."

SHE doesn't want to do more than three pictures a year because: "I do not want audiences to say, 'That Annabella! I am tired of seeing her so much!' And there is another reason. It is not good to work all the time. Only when you are beginning is that good. When I began, I did nothing but work; nothing. It was good for me. It was fun—even when I was in two pictures at once in Paris and had to change my make-up in a taxi, going from one studio to the other.

"But now I want other things from life besides work, or fame, or money. What is the good of money if you cannot buy memories with it? When I am old, I want something to remember besides this role or that—which other people will have forgotten. I want to be able to talk of something else. Far, wonderful places where I saw strange, wonderful things. While I am young, I want to crowd all the travel I can into life."

To date, she has crowded in all Europe except Russia; Egypt; India; and—South America. With a toss of her blonde head, and a mischievous gleam in her brown eyes, and a suppressed smile, she told me that the urge to see a continent she hadn't seen before was what inspired her trip to South America. **(By a strange coincidence—as she didn't add—Tyrone Power decided to see South America at the same time.)**

She did add, by way of logical explanation: "I have always had thees yearning to travel. My father was editor of a travel magazine for boys called *Journal des Voyages*. I can remember going to his office as a little girl. He always had new pictures of far-away places with intriguing names to show me. Or a letter to read me from some correspondent in Madagascar or Tahiti or California or some other romantic place far, far away. I ached to see all of them. My imagination was set on fire then."

She has seen most of nearby California on week-end trips alone, behind the wheel of her top-down roadster. She likes to be alone—sometimes. "It is easier to dream alone," she says simply. She is a phenomenal combination: a vivacious dreamer. "At least one evening a week," she *insists* on being alone—to read, to play her phonograph records. The other evenings in the week, she doesn't haunt the night-clubs. She doesn't like night-clubs. She does like movies (they're good for her English), small gatherings with conversational friends. She doesn't like to plan her evenings ahead. As before mentioned, she likes surprises. She believes in impulses. She likes to do what she feels like doing, when she feels like doing it.

She denies being restless, but monotony depresses her. That explains her having changed her address four times in her eighteen months in Hollywood. She's back now in the house she first had. It's in Bel-Air, and its principal attractions to her are the swimming-pool and the breakfast-balcony. She's an outdoor girl. She isn't domestic. She doesn't like cooking or sewing or things like that. She likes gardening. And, besides swimming, she's athletic in a badminton way.

IF IT had not been for an American, her stage name would not be Annabella today. She took the name after reading, in French, Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "Annabel Lee." She was born Suzanne Charpentier.

For a French girl, she has one odd idiosyncrasy: she's allergic to perfume. She promised all the women on the *Maiden Voyage* set bottles of their favorite perfumes if they wouldn't wear any during the picture. She isn't allergic to red roses, however. A fresh bunch arrives in her dressing-room each morning from—guess whom. Two pictures of him decorate the room. One is serious, the other smiling.

Untemperamental, sunny, Annabella gets along with everyone on a set. Amazingly—especially for a foreign star—she doesn't even quarrel with producers. "If they think I should do a certain role, I will try to prove I can. I will not argue. What I play is not so important as how I play." She does want to play both tragedy and comedy, "because life is both tragedy and comedy." Some day she hopes to play *Joan of Arc*.

The only time she is moody is when she isn't working. Then: "I am up here one day"—she raised her arm high above her head—"and the next day down here"—she gestured toward her mountain-climbing footgear. She gets rid of the blues by walking. Alone.

For an animated talker, she has a rare attribute: She is also a good listener. She has a quick smile, but her eyes are serious. There is no Parisian come-hither in them. They are thoughtful eyes. And what does she do with her innermost thoughts—confide them to a diary written in French? No, but she does confide them to her mother in Paris, in letters written every two days. Her mother saves the letters so that, in her anec-dotage, Annabella will have something to refresh her memory of what she did and saw and thought in a far-away place called Hollywood, 'way back in 1939.

For an actress, she is a very unusual person, this Annabella—natural, unaffected, unspoiled. Except for the accent, she might have grown up in Helena, Montana, or San Antonio, Texas. She's that regular, from an American viewpoint.

She was like this in October, 1937. And she is like this today.

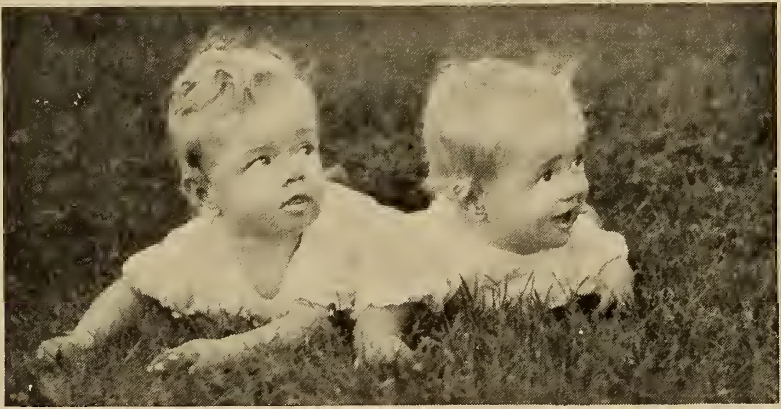
If Tyrone Power has fallen in love with her, it is understandable. And if he marries her, that will be understandable, too.

P. S. She does have that Parisian divorce from French-star Jean Murat.

"Suffering cats, Judy, did you hear the door slam? Daddy is fit to be tied. How long's that baby next door been crying, anyway? Something's got to be done or we'll *all* be in the doghouse!"

"Now, Joan, keep your shirt on. Listen—I'll tell you something . . ."

". . . that's a prickly heat cry if I ever heard one. And I told Mother to run over with our Johnson's Baby Powder and put some Where it Will Do the Most Good. A silky, cooling Johnson's rubdown—that's the way to make him pipe down, I said. So she's over there now. . ."



"Look at Daddy—isn't he a scream? He can't make out why the noise has stopped." . . ."Minute ago he wanted to smack that baby—now he's scared somebody really has". . ."Don't look so worried, Daddy! It was just Johnson's Baby Powder!"

"Feel a pinch of our Johnson's—isn't it slick? Such nice soft, soft talc—and no orris-root either. Won't you get some? It's such an inexpensive way to make a baby happy!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

You Can't Censor the Look in Their Eyes

[*Continued from page 36*]

the number of seconds prescribed by censorship regulations.

Then comes a series of big close-ups, in which the camera features mainly the changing expressions in the heroine's eyes. There will be an occasional glimpse of the eyes of the hero, and some screen-filling glimpses of the heroine's lips, cheek, and nape-of-neck. Perhaps during close-ups, her face will turn quickly away, then slowly back. Sometimes her eyes may close; their mere closing is an eloquent expression.

In this way, the heroine is seen from what sophisticates will conclude is the hero's point of view, as he kisses her and holds her close. Likewise, the hero is seen as the heroine might see him. But they are not seen *together*. They may be ten feet apart, for all the film definitely indicates. You may retort that a woman doesn't look that way at a man who is ten feet away. But how do you know?

OF COURSE, censorship regulations strictly prohibit what is called "horizontal" love scenes. These will probably be *verboten* for many years. But in our big close-up series, the backgrounds are obscured, out-of-focus, and probably dark. How is anyone to judge, then, what position the subjects occupy? For all the screen reveals, they might be hanging from their knees on the chandelier!

This unbroken succession of close-ups isn't held too long. If it were, it would mystify and annoy the censors and the kiddies. It is interrupted occasionally by flashes to bits of parallel action, mildly comical or suspenseful in nature, and dealing with other characters of the film story. This keeps the junior audience interested in the plot in general, and satisfied that nothing particularly mysterious or naughty is going on in that room where hero and heroine are alone together.

When the close-up sequence is over, and we see both lovers on the screen simultaneously, why there they are, demure as anything! Probably not even holding hands. The hero may be lighting a cigarette, the heroine touching up her hair.

Absolutely nothing objectionable or offensive to the tenderest sensibilities has transpired on that screen. The individual spectator is certain he knows exactly what has happened, but since it happened *only in his own mind*, his interpretation and the next fellow's may not agree. So the wind is automatically tempered for the shorn lamb. If he isn't a sophisticate, he doesn't get a sophisticated reaction.

Nor is there some form of "blackout," such as the turning off of a light, or the shutting of a door, to suggest a vague naughtiness to unsophisticated minds, and make kiddies ask, "Why did they do that, papa?" Nor the symbolic dropping of pearls or rose petals, nor the burning down of a candle stump, which may puzzle, and most certainly bores the youngsters.

Hollywood formulated the method we have described through a series of tentative, experimental steps. One by one, points were established. For example, Hedy Lamarr in *Ecstasy* had successfully expressed with her eyes every torture and rapture of the heroine's famous experience in love. But the messages of her eyes had been supplemented by a very complete and pictorial showing of what occurred.

Producers wondered whether optical language would be sufficiently eloquent for the average American audience to read, if unsupported by censorable scenes and situations, such as those in *Ecstasy*. The reaction to Hedy's flaming glances at Charles Boyer in *Algiers* reassured them.

SEVERAL stars profited greatly by the experiments. Dorothy Lamour is one who should go to Hedy and say, "Thank you, dear!" Miss Lamour's volcanic eyes and languishing lips were combined in several pictures with a sexy jungle costume, which would, it was felt, emphasize whatever the eyes failed to say. Most fans didn't need the costume's added significance—but appreciated it just the same. That Dorothy could speak with her eyes without revealing her appealing body so fully has been demonstrated in later pictures.

A movie that made extensive use of alluring eyes, *The Great Waltz*, brings out an interesting speculation concerning the futures of our favorites. That splendid

You'll never know

HOW *Your* HAIR CAN SPARKLE

until you use this thrilling new Halo Shampoo that removes dull film—and thus reveals the natural brilliance of your hair!

I'M THROUGH WITH OLD-STYLE SHAMPOOS THAT SO OFTEN LEAVE DULL FILM TO MAKE MY HAIR DRAB AND MESSY LIKE THIS!
NOW I USE HALO SHAMPOO BECAUSE IT REMOVES DULL FILM, SO MY HAIR GLISTENS AND SETS BEAUTIFULLY TOO!

Thousands hail amazing new HALO Shampoo! Not oil, not soap! Leaves your hair sparkling with natural lustre, manageable and soft as silk!

NO WONDER women cheer the thrilling new HALO SHAMPOO! For here is one liquid shampoo that beautifies *all* types of hair!

Yes! After a Halo shampoo, normal, oily or dry-looking hair of any color reveals breath-taking, natural highlights! Most astonishing—even "wild" hair is amazingly *manageable* after washing!

You will rejoice, too, once you see Halo's startling results! No matter what kind of hair *you* have—Halo will free it of dulling film, to uncover a glamorous, natural sparkle you never knew it possessed! So don't suffer any longer with shampoos that irritate the scalp. Don't suffer with unrinsable film so often left by many kinds of "old-style" shampoos . . . gummy film that holds the dirt and covers up the natural brilliance of your hair.

Try this remarkable new Halo Shampoo, today. And discover how radiant your hair really *can* be! Actual retouched photos show what a marvelous improvement this new shampoo may make. See the enchanting way your hair can gleam after a Halo shampoo! Results are exciting because Halo is utterly different in three ways.

FIRST: *Halo contains NO soap!* Thus it cannot leave sticky film on hair to hide natural lustre, as many "old-fashioned" shampoos often do. Yet Halo makes more lather than soap, in hardest water. One sudsing washes away dirt, loose dandruff and cloudy film often left by other shampoos. Lemon or vinegar rinses are not needed. You save time and trouble. Yet your hair is free of film . . . alluringly fragrant, cleaner, more brilliant than you probably ever dreamed possible.

SECOND: *Halo is NOT an oil!* Leaves hair soft, ready to set beautifully. But never greasy.

THIRD: *Halo contains NO harmful chemicals!* Does not irritate scalp. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet guarantees it is safe for normal, oily or dry hair. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Thousands have thrilled to the natural beauty Halo reveals in the hair. And a single Halo shampoo will prove a revelation to you! Get this amazing HALO SHAMPOO at toilet goods counters. 10c, 50c and $1.00 bottles. Economical large sizes save money. Try Halo today. You, too, can have soft, lustrous hair this easy, new way!

AT ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND 10c STORES

HALO SHAMPOO

FOR NORMAL, OILY AND DRY HAIR

actress, Luise Rainer, didn't seem to be capable of saying so much with eyes alone as newcomer Miliza Korjus, whose fame is for singing rather than acting.

This, along with the success of several other actresses who are no Rainers in histrionic ability, may mean that skill in the new technique is a thing apart from all-around acting proficiency.

One actress who is generally conceded to be among the greatest of all has proved that her eyes can do Hedy Lamarr tricks. She is Bette Davis. She can express the emotions of love with eyes alone as well, or better, than the best of her competitors. And it is said that Isa Miranda, whose eyes easily slay men such as this writer at forty paces, is also top-ranking in general acting prowess.

Probably many familiar stars will surprise us by showing how well they can adopt the meaningful glance method. Greta Garbo has always used it to some extent, and our spies say she will turn on the heat in her next film. Merle Oberon, who has shown a British reserve in some pictures, hinted at her command of eye technique in *The Cowboy and the Lady.*

Certainly the critics who said that Franciska Gaal's voice is so sexy (one wrote, "There is a mating call in her every line of dialogue!") are influenced almost as much by the Continental allure of her glances. Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne have tell-tale eyes. And Jeanette MacDonald has always used melting expressions when she sings, or listens enraptured to the warbling of Nelson Eddy. Add her to the list of promising prospects.

MANY Hollywood experts feel that the new-style romantic acting will work the greatest hardship on actresses who are trained technicians, but who lack emotional warmth. Emotions really have to be "felt" to shine from the eyes, Lamarr like, in big close-ups. There's rarely much dialogue to help, and practically no gesturing of a sort an actress can learn in drama school. She must learn from life the sense-intoxicating thrills she depicts in the big close-ups.

Of course, many of the pictures filmed each year include no grown-up romance. But it seems likely that a majority, in the future, will be shaped to make use of the new technique. Its potent appeal for adult-minded fans, its harmlessness for others, and the fact that it will solve so many angles of the perplexing censorship problem will make the formula a producers' pet.

It also solves theatre owners' problems. In showing double-feature programs, for example, a theatre manager naturally seeks variety and contrast between the two pictures selected. One may be attractive to children, and well-suited for them. The other may be intended for grown-ups. To pass censors' regulations for the protection of child minds, however, the grown-up picture may have been so juvenilized in sex matters that it gives adult audiences a pain.

The new sex-appeal method permits a picture to carry grown-up love interest, and still be a fitting program-mate for Shirley Temple's latest. Films making use of it will not bore or mystify youngsters by stupidity, symbolism and double-talk, nor annoy the grown-up by being weak, untrue to life, and obscure. Just as the average sophisticate can tolerate and maybe even enjoy a child's picture on his double feature entertainment occasionally, so the average youngster will tolerate and perhaps enjoy the grown-up picture.

And Junior will not ask the rest of us why we seem to be enjoying the passages between Alice Faye and Tyrone Power so hugely. He'll think he knows.

"Oh mother...won't you EVER stop running my life!"

Ignoring her mother's well-meant advice she chose to be modern instead!

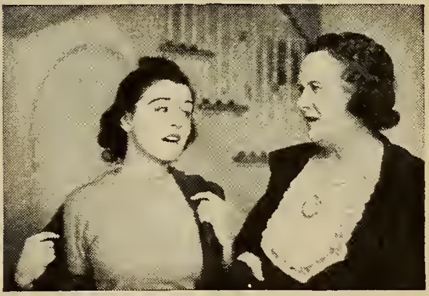
MOTHER: Why...Alice!!!...I'm only trying to help you!

ALICE: I know you are, mother. But isn't it only fair to let me bring up the baby in my own way?

MOTHER: Oh well...if *that's* the way you feel about it...But you might remember that I know *something* about babies. I raised you, didn't I?

ALICE: Yes, but that was 25 years ago...

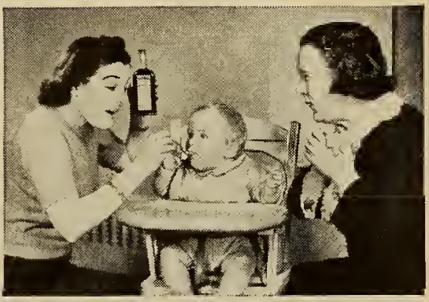
ALICE: You see, mother, times have changed. There are BETTER methods of raising babies today. The doctor said that everything I give him should be made *especially* for him.



ALICE: He prescribed a *special* food formula ...told me to use *special* baby powder...He even recommended a *special* baby laxative!

MOTHER: Gracious! A *special laxative, too?*

ALICE: Why certainly! Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a special child's laxative? That's why the doctor suggested Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for a baby's needs. It's so gentle...yet as thorough as can be.



MOTHER: But will he take it? You know how persnikity he is about new things.

ALICE: The doctor said *even the taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. Surely, it's good to know we're giving him a nice-tasting laxative that's safe, too!

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

O Promise Me

[Continued from page 8]

messy hair at the breakfast table, a set of not so clean undies, stale make-up in the evening can slowly but surely disgust a man. Poor Jim. He'll get the idea, too, that Mary doesn't love him enough to bother about her appearance any more. And that thought is fatal to young love.

If you want to hold your Jim, Mary, you'll have to keep that silent promise you make on your wedding day. And that means you'll have to work at being lovely—not once a day, but several times a day. In the morning, in the evening, again at bedtime. Make beauty a habit, and Jim will habitually think of you as young, and dear, and desirable.

A man has some pretty set ideas about women, and even more about his wife. He wants her to be pretty—beautiful, but in a nice way. He likes to have other men notice his wife—and be a bit envious of his good luck. But he doesn't want his wife to look flashy, or to attract catcalls and whistles. He wants her to look sweetly natural, even when made-up.

THE bride who "obeys her master's wishes" in this matter will be doubly smart this year. She'll pay her husband the compliment of following his whim, and she'll be right in the swim of fashion. What with Victorian bonnets and story-book dresses, the vogue for all things feminine and fluffy, it's smart to be pretty.

A man is uncommonly sensitive to pretty hair. Jim doesn't much care what shade your hair is, nor whether it's naturally curly or not. But he does care whether it looks clean and neat. He likes it to sparkle. He likes hair to feel soft and smooth against his cheek. Jim has a foolish notion that a girl's hair always smells sweet and fresh—and he'll be most awfully disappointed if he ever notices the odor of frying grease or onions overlapping that flower fragrance. But of course it won't. Smart Mary will keep her "promise" by washing her hair weekly, by brushing it five minutes night and morning (to give it that polished look). She'll spray it with a bit of scented cologne before pressing in her wave, or dab a bit of perfume on her curls before giving him that "hello again" kiss of an evening.

Soft little hands tug at a man's heartstrings, too. So Mary will use a hand brush to keep hers scrupulously clean, a mild soap and frequent applications of hand lotion to preserve their smooth whiteness. She'll give herself a weekly manicure, match her lipstick with a soft rose shade of polish, and always change that polish when it becomes chipped. And she'll dab a bit of perfume on her hands—to make them sweet to kiss.

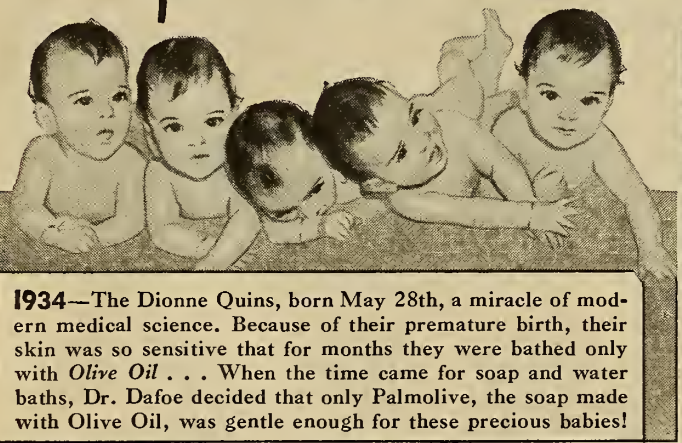
All this sweetness and daintiness is based on a foundation of perfect cleanliness, naturally. You may live in a two room apartment or a six room house, but your man will soon learn whether or not you are careful about bathing twice a day, and using a perspiration corrective regularly. He'll discover soon enough whether you wash your undies after one day's wear—or wear the same set for several days. And being a man, he'll be just a bit disappointed to learn that sweet young wife of his isn't quite as perfect as he thought her.

Don't let me lead you into thinking you should take two baths a day just to please your husband! Take a bath to cleanse your body, keep it free of oil and perspiration and dirt. Take a bath to smooth away the cares of the day, to relax jangled nerves (especially recommended after your first cake falls, or before Jim brings the boss home for a nice home-cooked dinner). And take a bath because you want to be your loveliest self.

Your bath will be particularly soothing if you pour into it a handful of some special snowy crystals. They dissolve immediately, in lukewarm water, and make the bath milky-white. Lie back for 10 or 15 minutes, and let the milky softness coat your body, refresh your skin, and make it smooth as fine old linen. This bath leaves an invisible—but cooling—film on your skin. You'll feel fresh and clean for hours! The product costs about 15 cents, you'll be glad to know, so do write me for the name.

I ALWAYS think it's wisest not to let a man know too much about the ways and means you have of enhancing your beauty. It would only disillusion him. Take a mask, for instance. There's nothing romantic-looking about a girl wandering around the house

Do you Remember when we were Born..?



1934—The Dionne Quins, born May 28th, a miracle of modern medical science. Because of their premature birth, their skin was so sensitive that for months they were bathed only with *Olive Oil* . . . When the time came for soap and water baths, Dr. Dafoe decided that only Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil, was gentle enough for these precious babies!

1936—*"Only Palmolive!"* That's what Dr. Dafoe still says. This gentle soap made with Olive Oil is still the Quins' only bath and beauty soap. And these adorable baby girls, with their clear, healthy skin, so soft and smooth . . . what a wonderful tribute to Palmolive's purity and mildness.

1937—*Growing lovelier* day by day! These five little beauties with their lovely "Schoolgirl Complexions" are a beauty lesson to women the world over! For *Palmolive*, made with soothing Olive Oil, is still the only soap Dr. Dafoe permits these famous little girls to use!

1939—*Five years old* on May 28th! And during all these years they've never, *never* used any soap except Palmolive! What better proof could you have, dear Lady, that this gentle soap made from Olive and Palm Oils really is ideal for your own complexion, and for your children, too?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL . . . That's why Dr. Dafoe says "Only Palmolive for the Dionne Quins!"

with her face all caked up. And yet there's nothing that can make you look more attractive, younger, and prettier than a mask—twenty minutes after.

One of the best times to apply a mask, I think, is when you're relaxing in the tub. But be sure to wash your face and throat thoroughly with soap and warm water first. Then apply the mask over your entire neck and face—leaving a half inch clear space around the eyes. The skin is so sensitive here that the "pull" of the mask may make it puffy. Let the mask dry—it takes about 20 minutes—and then rinse away with clear water and a washcloth.

One of my favorite masks can be made in a minute at home. It costs 15 cents—would you like me to tell you more about it? Just drop me a line.

Have you ever smeared lipstick on your husband's shirt collar—and lived to hear about it? Then rejoice, because I'm here to tell you about a lip coloring that won't come off! It's a liquid that you apply with a tiny squeegee. It dries instantly—in lovely shades that look luscious enough to eat. There's one excitingly rosy tint that is perfect for all brides, for all wives, and for every gal who wants to be in on the fragile and feminine movement. The coloring has a slight gloss—never pronounced enough to look artificial, but just enough to give that moist, dewy look to your lips. A dollar bottle lasts and lasts, provides kiss insurance for sure. Do write me for the name.

Remember we agreed that men loved sparkling hair? There's a new short cut to that I'm sure you'll want to hear more about. It's a lemon rinse—in powder form! And it does everything for your hair that a lemon rinse would—with none of the fuss and bother of squeezing lemons, straining the juice and all. First, the rinse helps remove all soap film from the hair (if you live where the water is hard you'll be especially grateful to me for the name). It lightens the hair a tiny bit, and highlights it beautifully. And last but definitely not least, it makes the hair soft and easy to manage. It is available in 10 and 25 cent sizes.

The other day I ran across one of the biggest bargains in perfumes. The scent is a trifle sexy—just enough so to be alluring without being cheap. And yet it's fresh and spicy at the same time. The perfume is inexpensive, so you can feel free to use it to scent your hair, your hands, the corners of your mouth and the nape of your neck. You'll adore the black and white "Chinese Spice Jar" it's bottled in. Sold in dime stores—want the name?

Does your face tell friend husband—and the world—that your new sandals are pinching down on a tender spot? Don't let it! Cushion your tender spots with a soft pad, protect them from the rub of shoes. I found some pads the other day that I think are a lot more attractive than ugly red spots or corns on the foot. The pads are flesh-colored, and hardly noticeable. But they do a marvelous job. The edges are scalloped and sealed, and guaranteed not to creep, stick to stockings, or to come off in the bath. The pads come in several sizes and shapes, the better to fit the various parts of the foot. They cost just 35 cents a box.

Write me before June 15th if you would like the names of any of the products described in this article. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

...and Your "COME-CLOSER" SMILE won me!
..and IRIUM won me that "Come-closer" smile!
FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE USE
PEPSODENT POWDER
PEPSODENT BRAND Tooth Powder
PEPSODENT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM New discovery that safely steps-up luster on teeth

IRIUM PUTS A PLUS IN PEPSODENT POWDER

Start today the IRIUM way to erase unsightly surface-stains from teeth . . . reveal their full pearly luster!

● Help yourself . . . to a captivating "Come-Closer" Smile . . . start today the IRIUM WAY with Pepsodent Tooth Powder! Over 35 million sales prove that it *has what it takes!*

Because of IRIUM Pepsodent Tooth Powder is *extra effective.* For IRIUM, remarkable, different cleansing discovery, helps gently brush away unsightly surface-stains. See how quickly Pepsodent Powder can polish your teeth to a dazzling natural brilliance you never dreamed possible! . . . What's more, Pepsodent Tooth Powder is economical . . . thorough . . . SAFE. Contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Try it . . . today!

25¢ *and Larger Economy Size*

STAY AT HOME? WHO...ME?

Take **KURB*** FOR COMFORT on trying days

- Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for trying days. The formula is printed on the box, so you may check it with your doctor... Try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25c at all drug counters.

FREE OFFER—we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Send your name and address, to Kurb, Room 1526, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

The KOTEX Anodyne Tablet

KURB* TABLETS FOR WOMEN'S TRYING DAYS

*Trade Marks Reg., U. S. Patent Office

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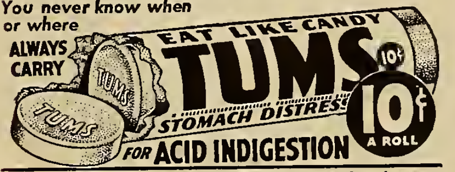
YES—TUMS a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. *TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda.* Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today.

You never know when or where ALWAYS CARRY TUMS FOR ACID INDIGESTION

Tums are anti-acid—not laxative. When you need a laxative get—Nature's Remedy NR-TABLETS-NR This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.



Do Stars Make Poor Wives?

[*Continued from page 60*]

to do and the inevitable Hollywood "culture" to be hog-tied, she knew no hour of rest or peace. And she saw to it that nobody else around her did, either. This consuming energy is great to read about, but hell to live with.

Faith's indifference, her refusal to be "annoyed," her superiority complex and her parade of studies and hobbies finally got me, and I moved out. We were divorced the following year.

But in spite of my own experience, and in spite of the glamor that attaches itself to the big names in the movies, I still say that the fact stars don't make wonderful wives is of no great importance—except for the bad example their divorces set movie-minded youngsters.

What does matter is the great harm the hope of stardom, and imitating the stars, is doing to young contract-players and extras in pictures. It matters because there are fifty times as many of them as there are stars, and because it is getting so that no man wise to their ways wants to marry them. Men now suspect that these girls' chances of becoming perfect wives are almost as bad as those of the stars.

And for almost the identical reasons. Except that instead of what they *have done* making them hard to get along with, what they are *going to do* is the foundation of their conceit. Instead of casting off husbands because they are no longer interesting, as the stars do, the crudest and most ambitious of these youngsters use the men as stepping-stones and then drop them to go on to new husbands who can pull them closer to stardom.

Because I have been close to the divorces of dozens of stars, I know that infidelity is extremely seldom the cause, in spite of gossip to the contrary. Frankly, the average woman star couldn't be bothered with an affair. But some of the youngsters believe a little playing around helps their careers. And their careers mean EVERYTHING—

The sad part of it all is that when they start on a picture career most of these girls haven't the slightest suspicion that it is going to affect them in any way other than to give them a chance to make good in the thrilling work they love.

EVERY time I see a fine, clear-eyed girl starting at our studio I'm tempted to lead her off into a quiet corner and whisper a few facts into her ear. Not that she would believe me. And if she did, she would know it was going to be different in her case.

These girls plunge in with the best intentions in the world, never dreaming that a cocktail of ambition, glamor, studio sophistication and hard work, sparkling with a taste of success, can remake their character, remold their viewpoint, remodel their moral outlook and reshape their reactions.

Neither do the young fellows who marry them. Take Larry Burke, for instance. He married a girl who is now a popular leading lady, listed to star soon. We'll call her Mary Blake.

She was a new contract player and he a junior director when they married. Things went fine for them for six months—and then Mary began to climb. Larry had been made a full-fledged director, too, but success and ambition didn't do the same to him that it did to Mary.

She was changing right under his eyes, and he was worried. I had just married Faith and was walking on air when he brought his problem to me. We had known each other for years, and he felt that a man who could develop such a perfect Eden with a star could give him advice. So did I, then.

A sort of determined efficiency and professional air was robbing Mary of her naturalness, her femininity and her closeness to him. He could *feel* it. He was afraid a career was smothering the girl he loved. She worked day and night.

She had lost interest in their home. She thought only of her work, and what she could do to get better parts and more publicity. But what really worried him was that she had set out to overtake a certain young star. She would never be satisfied until she was playing the same sort of parts given that star, and playing them better.

By this time Larry was almost frantic. But I was in no mood to advise him. Mary had no time for him now at all, though she seemed broken-hearted about treating him so badly. But her chance was coming at the studio. Her agent told her so. As soon as she was established they would have a second honeymoon; she would make it up to him.

Then came the preview of the picture in which Mary had been given her first big part. Not the lead, but a "meaty" part. I went with Mary and Larry. She was radiant—and a little fearful. Hollywood critics can blast young careers, especially if egged on by a star. So that night Mary clung to Larry's arm and looked up into his face in a way to put pride in a masculine heart.

Mary's big scene got a hand and one of the trade papers next day mentioned her as a real possibility. The following week when Larry came over to see me he was in a daze.

Success had gone to Mary's head. Favorable publicity had steamed up her ambition to a bursting point. She had told Larry that being married interfered with her work—that she wanted to live alone.

I HAD seen cases like that before, and I've seen them since. They are not rare in Hollywood. Success has turned hundreds of youngsters in the movies from sweet, friendly, normal girls into calculating, publicity-maneuvering, ambition-crazed schemers almost overnight.

It just happened to be Larry's hard-luck to marry one of them.

That two score stars should set an example that unfits several hundred girls in their own profession for happy marriage is unfortunate—but that these youngsters should blaze a trail that can lead thousands of other girls into marital failure is disastrous.

Whether we like it or not, the movies set the pace for American girls—in dress, in manners, in viewpoint, in ambition and in morals. And these coming stars, whose every activity is displayed across America through every conceivable medium, are the movies' ambassadors. They represent what hundreds of thousands of normal American girls want to be—and are truly the models after which these girls pattern themselves.

Yet, because of their unnatural existence, their mad ambitions, their thousand per cent self-centeredness, they are the last models I would want for my daughters.

Of course there are exceptions, and some stars and starlets apparently make a go of their marriages. It just happens that I have never met any personally—and am still a bit skeptical.

Glamorita - - - 1939 Style

[*Continued from page* 56]

her shapely legs in *The Great Ziegfeld*. She has been at Metro ever since.

SHE is the only chorus girl and stand-in I know who made good as an actress. To be sure, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, Ginger Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald also started as chorus girls, either on stage or screen, but that was in another era, when the extra girl of yesterday could be the star of tomorrow.

To her old intimates she is known as Dea. And that is the name on her anklet. Dea Grey would surely look better in electric lights. It's shorter, distinctive, euphonious. Her younger sister, who is very beautiful and works in pictures as an extra and bit player, couldn't say Ginnie, said Dea, and the name stuck.

She is 5 feet 5½ inches tall, weighs 109 lbs. at this writing, has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. She made five pictures in a row, and lost 20 lbs. The studio recently cast her as a vamp to lure Mickey Rooney away from Ann Rutherford in the new Hardy picture, *The Hardys Ride High*. If you saw her in *Youth Takes a Fling, Dramatic School, Idiot's Delight* and *Broadway Serenade,* to mention her recent pictures, you know she is a gal of spirit and a fatal charm.

On the screen she doesn't seem to have a single care in the world. Off screen, she acts her part of a gay glamorita quite well, too. But when you come to know her well, you discover a melancholy blonde, thoughtful and quiet, with nothing vampish about her, except her enchanting beauty, and she can't help that.

Hollywood may dazzle outsiders and make them daffy. But not a real native like Virginia Grey. She knows too much. She is a veteran. A philosopher. In no danger of losing her head.

OF COURSE there is no denying sometimes she is outrageously sassy. With the Hollywood species of the predatory male, for instance. She loses her command of the King's English on the subject of Hollywood men, and bursts into indelicate and impolitic remarks. "Hollywood men are a lot of phony bolonies," she says. A candid verdict which no doubt will meet with a chorus of feminine approval, from stars to extras. "I've never seen so many self-satisfied hams in all my life," she says. I can hear women cheering her. And I myself am inclined to turn a traitor to my own sex and doff my battered reportorial hat to her.

A man of considerable importance in studio affairs and *comme il faut* in many ways, told her, "You know, Virginia, I'd like to take you out, but I'm afraid you'd slap me." A certain well-known actor, and incidentally a damn good one, but otherwise highly objectionable to Virginia and many extra girls, asked her recently, "Will you tell me why you dislike me so?"

"Do you really want to know?" she replied.

He bowed ceremoniously and said yes, he did.

"Very well, I'll tell you," she said. "I think you are the most self-satisfied egotistical jerk I've ever met."

The great artist hit the ceiling! Scores of people heard what she said, tittered. Extra girls who dare not protest against his innuendoes, the double meaning of his profound epigrams—Hollywood men are experts in double talk—now fairly shouted hurray! It was a stunning blow she had delivered. He called the Front Office, tore his hair, demanded an apology from her. Yes, she can be very disconcerting.

Her ideal man, the man she would like to marry?

"First of all he must be from ten to fifteen years older than me. I like older men because even as a child I was ten years ahead of my age in many ways. My mother confided to me rather than to women of her own age. I'm so darn independent that I must have an awful lot of respect for a man before I can fall in love with him, and I respect an older man more. He has lived, he has proven his worth, and is likely to have balance, tolerance. I know some very happy marriages where the husband is fifteen or more years older than his wife. A boy of my age is just a kid in my eyes; I can't get excited over him." Having lost her father at an early age, I suspect Virginia has also a yen to be fathered. Eleanor Powell

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Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart

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☐ Commercial Law
☐ Stenotypy

Name________________

Present Position________________

Address________________

has told me this same thing—she definitely prefers older men.

VIRGINIA'S ideal man is six feet tall, dark, with very black hair. "I can't get along with fair men," she says. "Something seems to be lacking in them." As for money, it doesn't matter, "but it helps a lot!"

She prefers to marry a man outside the profession. "Anybody but a man in this business," she asserts. I don't doubt her sincerity, even though Dick Arlen has been dating her for the past few months. She might have to make an exception in his case, for exceptions, after all, simply prove the rule. This is a purely personal speculation on my part.

For obvious reasons she is touchy on the subject of her friendship with Dick Arlen. She says they first met when they worked in a picture together, *Secret Valley*. She didn't see him again for some time. And then, when he and Joby reached the parting of the ways, he turned up with Virginia on his arm. It may or may not be a serious romance, even though it's a rather sensational one. But Dick could not have chosen a more attractive girl to go with, now that he is alone.

She says she has been in love only once, doesn't fall in love easily.

"In high school I was a boy-hater. I was fighting with them all the time. We used to have some terrific mud fights at the river bed in North Hollywood. I never had a date, never went to the school dances. My grandparents wouldn't allow me."

FOR months she was just another stock girl at Metro. She danced in musicals, stood in for Madge Evans and Florence Rice, did a few insignificant bits. It was discouraging.

"Not that I dreamed of being a glamorous star," she says. "Frankly, I never thought I'd be as successful as I am now. My father hadn't wanted any of us to enter pictures. There are too many heartaches connected with it, and I knew them. I knew all the heart-breaking delays and difficulties. Still, when nothing happened month after month, I was willing to give it up and try to be a nurse or a secretary, do anything for an honest living, when, unexpectedly, I got a break.

"I was drinking coffee in the commissary when a man came up and asked me if I could dance. I said, yes. 'What makes you think you can?' he snapped. 'I studied dancing in the Meglin School for Kiddies,' I said, 'and I later taught dancing there, so I ought to know something about it.' 'I think I've something coming up for you,' he said. I didn't know I was talking to Bill Grady, the talent director, and the most important man on the lot so far as I was concerned.

"I made a short with George Murphy, *Violets in Spring*. Mr. Chertok of the shorts department asked me if they had given me a contract. I said no. He went to the Front Office and told them if they didn't give me a contract he would sign me to a personal contract himself."

They gave her a contract.

After Jean Harlow's death, she was tested for *Saratoga*, with Clark Gable. It was the most thrilling moment in her life. Clark wanted to test with her, did everything he could for her.

"It was the nicest thing that has happened to me. Clark Gable is like that. He saw to it that they gave me the best subordinate part in *Idiot's Delight*, the leader of the six blondes who do a song and dance number with him. Whenever he sees me in the street, he yells, 'Hello, Virginia.' That's something you don't run into very often."

She is grateful for friendly gestures. Recently Norma Shearer put her arm around her and said she'd walk to the make-up department with her. As they walked like two pals, Norma told her about her trip to Sun Valley in Idaho. Virginia will never forget that. After all, on the Metro lot Norma Shearer is still queen.

Virginia has few close friends. Doesn't believe that the atmosphere and tempo of Hollywood are conducive to the formation of sincere and lasting friendships. Her closest friends are the Paul Kellys. She says they are "real." In the town of tinsel and make-believe, "real" is the highest compliment one player can pay another. She adds, "People out here take to a new girl like to a fancy dish."

She has two pet aversions: First, insincere, calculating people, "people who are nice to you if they think they can get something out of you." Second, the wretches who pop gum. "If there is anything that drives me out of my mind it's popping gum."

SHE likes to swim, play tennis and badminton, go horse-back riding, read biographies. She has just read a biography of George Bernard Shaw, whom Hollywood discovered through *Pygmalion*. She likes to knit or read between scenes. She can cook, but lets her maid do the cooking now. She lives alone in a little English cottage in the Valley. Has lived there for the past eight years. Reports that she moves from one house to another in Beverly Hills as she buys and sells them at a profit, are "just publicity." Her salary is too modest yet to allow her such ventures into high finance.

She wears either sport clothes or formal evening dresses. She detests the new crazy hats; her hats are regular felts with brims. She thinks there is nothing like a veil for mysterious allure, provocative glances. Shoes are her pet extravagance. She will buy a pair of shoes before anything else. Has at least twenty pairs. The first thing she notices on other people is what kind of shoes they are wearing. As mentioned earlier, she wears an anklet, with the word "Dea," and I say, there is nothing like an anklet when a girl has as attractive ankles as Virginia!

Her favorite childhood memories—and in them you'll find one's true character—have to do with that river-bed in North Hollywood. She fished there with bent safety-pins, presided at secret meetings of a very secret girls' club given to collecting rusted knives, colored pebbles and such rare treasures of childhood. They kept their precious loot in a hole under the ground where no boy could find it, and once a month they dug it up. Their fingers bled, as they had no picks.

One day she decided to become a tree-sitter. She was angry with the way things were going at home and the world at large. "I climbed a big walnut tree and sat there until midnight. What a licking I got when I went back!" Now, when that rebellious and tearful mood comes over her, and she will toss around in her bed, unable to go to sleep, she will get up, hop into her convertible coupe and drive around like mad. The streets in North Hollywood are tree-lanes or cut through pastoral fields, and the moonlight and cool country-like air soothes her nerves. She quiets down, and returns to her English cottage for a restful sleep.

Having grown up in and with Hollywood, she knows how important a part luck plays in shaping the careers of girls like herself.

"If I don't get to the top," she says, "I'm psychologically prepared for it. I've learned not to expect too much. But with more luck, and plenty of hard work, I hope some day to be as good an actress as Bette Davis or Margaret Sullavan."

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 55]

in Paramount's *King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table?* Freddie March'll quite likely be old Kink Art himself.

Lana Comes Of Age

■ Not only Breen, but others in Hollywood grow up. For instance, Lana Turner, for which she is daily and nightly thanking all the deities she knows. You see, Lana's life—love and otherwise!—has been seriously interfered with by the fact that she hasn't been 18 years old, or over, and the State of California has definite ideas about 17-year-old kids and what they mayn't do. So, among other things, Lana has been under compulsory orders to lay off nite-clubs, and go to school, regularly. And that smeared the very dickens out of her romance with Greg Bautzer.

But she's just passed her eighteenth birthday. And she stuck her thumb to her nose (Oh, figuratively, of course!) and twiddled her fingers at her school-books and the clock—and on the very night of her birthday, Greg tossed a shindig for her at La Maze . . .!

Still Scared Of Girls

■ Next juvenile grower-upper in the Hollywood scene is Freddie Bartholomew, who's just had a fifteenth birthday. Not old enough, as yet, to get married—even though he has had his first sitting of romance pictures. Had to pose with "Sugar" Kane for a set of love-stills. Came home and told Aunt Cissie that "it was a very terrifying experience!" H'mmmm—Freddie, some day you'll realize that there are many more terrifying things in life than to kiss "Sugar" Kane . . .!

Growing-up notes, about Freddie: He's finally moved out of the M-G-M women's dressing-rooms building, and over into the men's quarters, with such as Gable, Tracy, Taylor. Also, he now owns his own dinner-jacket, which was Aunt Cissie's birthday present. Conscious of his senility, Freddie observed, when he missed a hefty kick at a football on the M-G-M lot, the other day: "My, I must be getting old!"

And May Grows Up, Too

■ Also growing up, at last, is May Robson . . .!

Having passed her apprenticeship, apparently, she has just signed a brand new term contract, over at Warner Brothers. But she refused to sign for more than seven years. "At this stage of my career," she explained, "I don't want to tie up my promising career too long with any one studio." Which is pretty good for a beginner of only 73.

Cracking Down On Flynn

■ Have you heard about the crack that Don Crisp sent Errol Flynn. Right after the Academy Award banquet, Crisp wired to Flynn: "LAST NIGHT ACADEMY AWARDS BANQUET WAS HELD. YOUR NAME WASN'T MENTIONED. CONGRATULATIONS."

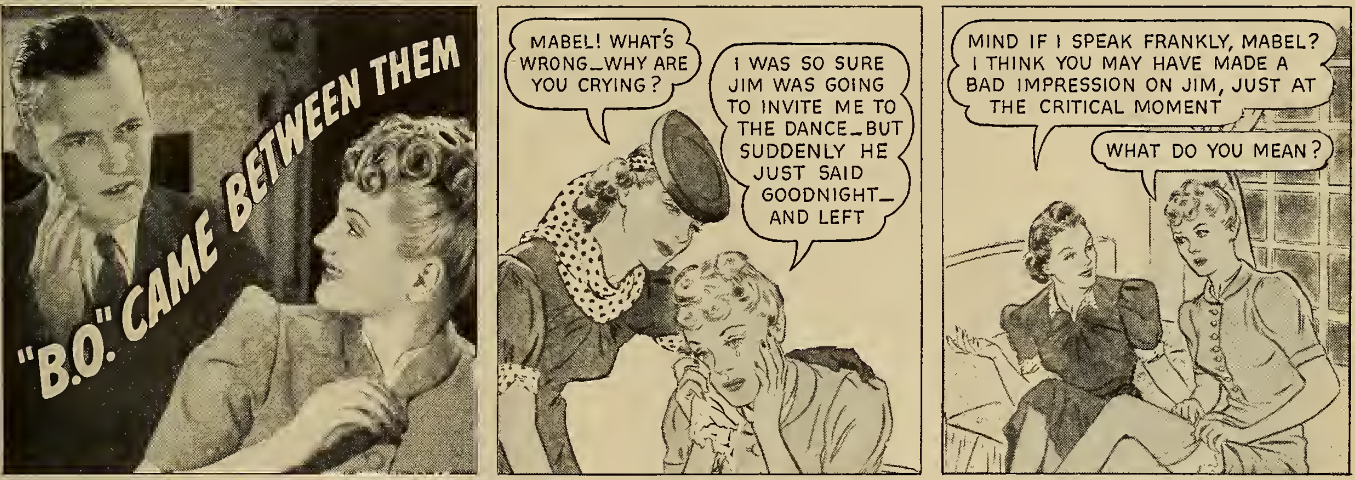
Running Out Again

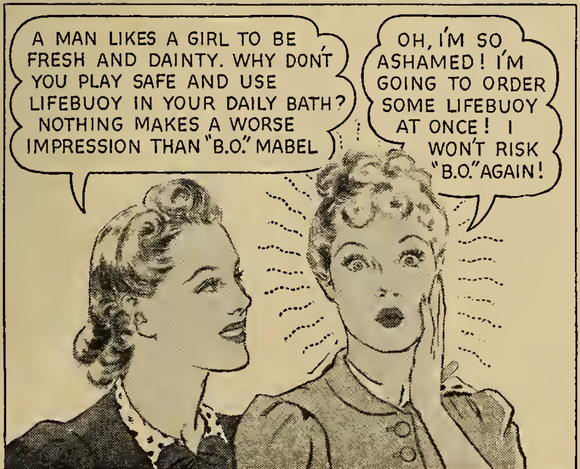
■ Talking about Errol, it seems that he's in normal form, again. On account of, as this is being written, he's among the missing again. He's taken another of those run-out powders on the studio, and hunt as they will, they haven't been able to locate him for the past fortnight. Some say he's in the East; others that he's in Mexico City. Last time your faithful reporter talked with him, he said he wanted to go to Shanghai. Maybe he has.

Wonder if he knows that while he's away, his famous dog, Arno, is making him famous. Seems that Arno recently had an affair with a lady dog. And out of North Hollywood, where the lady dog lives, there's a sign out in front of the house. It reads:

ERROL FLYNN'S
DOG'S
PUPS FOR SALE

[*Continued on page* 75]


"B.O." CAME BETWEEN THEM
MABEL! WHAT'S WRONG—WHY ARE YOU CRYING?
I WAS SO SURE JIM WAS GOING TO INVITE ME TO THE DANCE—BUT SUDDENLY HE JUST SAID GOODNIGHT—AND LEFT
MIND IF I SPEAK FRANKLY, MABEL? I THINK YOU MAY HAVE MADE A BAD IMPRESSION ON JIM, JUST AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


A MAN LIKES A GIRL TO BE FRESH AND DAINTY. WHY DON'T YOU PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBUOY IN YOUR DAILY BATH? NOTHING MAKES A WORSE IMPRESSION THAN "B.O." MABEL
OH, I'M SO ASHAMED! I'M GOING TO ORDER SOME LIFEBUOY AT ONCE! I WON'T RISK "B.O." AGAIN!

Any moment may be a "Critical Moment" —play safe the way millions do!

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LIFEBUOY

IN YOUR DAILY BATH STOPS "B.O"

Why Fred Astaire Is Deserting Hollywood

[*Continued from page 35*]

he's fed up to the theoretical gullet with doubling as Ginger's partner.

Now go ahead and call me a liar.

I'll go further, and hazard another statement:

I'LL say that when Fred Astaire comes back, his first contract-signature will NOT be on any piece of paper that teams him up with Ginger again. It'll be with someone else—and I'll lay a little bet, right now, that it'll be Eleanor Powell, over at M-G-M. I'd like to see it; a hundred million movie fans the world over would like to see it; every Astaire fan would like to see it. And M-G-M jolly well knows it, and so does Fred. It'd be good box-office. When a thing is good box-office, Hollywood will probably go for it. Do your own betting, then.

I won't say, either, that Fred won't EVER dance for the cameras again, with Ginger. On the other hand, I think they will. For that, Fred thinks so, too. He hopes so. But not right away—sometime in the future, rather. And under certain conditions: for one, film musicals must become more popular, he says; for another, they've got to stop dishing out inane, plotless clothes-racks of stories to hang his dances on—his dances with Ginger.

He doesn't want to ever again have to make a movie of himself dancing with Ginger just because somebody wants to make a movie of him dancing with Ginger. It's got to be because there's an inescapable plot that utterly requires him and Ginger to play it—and if they dance in it, that'll have to be incidentally required by the plot. Get it?

That's one of the things I can tell you fairly straight from Fred, himself. But it's one of the very few things. That's why in this story, I've been giving you my own opinion, as a guy that's been around Hollywood, and Astaire, and Ginger, and the studios, and the people who know. Fred himself won't talk very much about Fred.

Astaire is one of the most rabid private-life-defenders in Hollywood. He's almost vicious about it. I don't mean that unpleasantly; I mean that Fred is determined that the world keep its nose out of the private life and thoughts of Fred Astaire, Mrs. Fred Astaire, and the little Astaire.

AS A result, Astaire is one of the toughest assignments any Hollywood writer can get. When an editor tells a Hollywood writer to do a Fred Astaire story, the writer usually goes out and gets drunk and weeps into his Martini. He knows he's in for trouble. He knows that Fred won't talk to him, and if he does talk, he won't say anything worth printing. He knows that if he does write anything, the studio will want to see it, and Fred will want to see it or have his manager see it. The blue pencils are going to fly. The moment you get anywhere near the intimate inside of Fred or his private life, huge chunks of copy are going to faw down and go boom. By the time the story is passed, it's got about as much meat in it as there is in a vegetarian's diet!

Reason for this is Fred's obstinate belief that he has no glamor. It's not that he's either afraid or secretive about his private life, as much as it is his firm conviction that there's nothing in it to warrant publishing. He overlooks the fact that millions of people want to see him dance, want to know about him, want to feel he's close to them and they're close to him.

So he goes around, keeping his mouth closed tighter than a Scotch nurse, and begging his friends not to tell anything about him. He gloats over having kept his private life somewhat private.

"I've been able to maintain a little privacy," he told a friend, the other day. "But it hasn't been so difficult—probably because we really are a dull issue to most people."

Isn't that silly? Fred and his life a "dull issue" . . .! When the man's got more glamor in his feet than any number of sex-appealish he-stars have in their whole darned physiques!

Fred Astaire's particular kind of glamor is the smooth, soft, adroit kind that sneaks up and bops you unexpectedly. You first meet him, and you're not impressed. You see a frail, slight fellow who isn't as tall as he looks on the screen, who has a mess of wrinkles around his eyes (they come from laughing and smiling), who has a bit of thinnishness around the hair line, whose skin is very tan (he plays golf so much) and whose clothes look like something a WPA man wouldn't wear to a ditch-digging soiree.

Then he starts to talk, and smile—and you go for him in a big way. Bombast is not in him. He has a restrained, quiet, utterly charming way of talking. He doesn't pose, or posture—either in the talking or the walking or the standing. Yet his every movement is full of the concentrated grace and rhythm that makes his dancing such a delight to see.

SOMEHOW, that same physical, bodily grace transfers itself to his mannerisms, his voice, his personality. They're graceful, too. That's the word. Graceful. He's never offensive or clumsy, even when he's bawling you out. He's not uppish. You can kick that rumor around. He's "Fred" to everybody on the lot—even the waitresses.

Yet, his circle of close friends, his intimates, is very small. The Fairbanks seniors; a group of other movie biggies. They have quiet little reserved parties of their own. The Astaires don't mix, at all, in the whoop-te-doo circles of Hollywood. Nix on the night clubs. And no huge group of palsy-walsies. Fred doesn't like that sort of thing, and he doesn't trust his private life to it.

He doesn't even go out dancing. Hardly ever will you catch him at a Hollywood party, almost positively never at any of Hollywood's numberless night clubs. Once he does go, he stays away from the dance floor, believe it or not. He hangs around the cocktail bar, instead—and if it's far enough away so he can't hear the brasses and strings go into their swing, he's happier.

Once in a great while, somebody hornswoggles him into dancing on a ballroom floor. He doesn't like it. Joan Crawford did it once. For only one dance. Fred was miserable, and Joan felt it, and let him go. Next day, he sent her a new pair of dance pumps and a note of apology for dancing all over hers, the night before . . .!

He'd rather play golf, anyway. With his wife. Who was Mrs. Phyllis Baker Livingstone Potter, society divorcee when he married her, in 1933, and who's still "society." The Astaire's have a three-year-old son. Mrs. Astaire has a son, too, ten years old, Eliphalet Nott Potter.

Fred's quite crazy about his three-year-old junior—just like any everyday run-of-the-mill father. Little Freddie visits his dad on the set, now and then, with mama. Not often. Nobody visits the Astaire set often. It's usually got a "CLOSED" sign on the door. Fred doesn't like visitors. Except his wife and son. But so neatly has little Fred inherited papa Fred's reserve that, unlike most three-year-old-stars'-sons' visits to papa's set, his appearances do not interrupt production. Freddie, the tiny, behaves himself with all the reserve and decorum and unobtrusiveness of his dad, and never butts into camera range or the sound track.

THE home life of the Astaires is very, very unspectacular. Once in a while, they throw a little dinner party. Once in a while, they go to one. Rest of the time, they play golf, or sit around the fire. Nobody really knows, because they won't tell. They'd probably drop dead at the very thought of having a gang of studio electricians, press-agents and cameramen invade their home for a series of those At-Home-With-The-Stars photograph layouts that other stars go for.

When they go out, they don't dress up. I saw them try to get into a nondescript little restaurant near the Paramount studio once, when they were out driving in their station wagon. They almost didn't get in, because they were dressed like a couple of people who couldn't even GET relief. There were holes in Fred's canvas sneakers, and dirt on his pants and his hair was mussed, and his hat was three years older than the Constitution. He looked like something that the border inspection service would turn back to the dust-bowl.

That's another bit of Fred's revolt against monotony, I believe. He's been dubbed one of the world's ten best-dressed men so often that he hates it. It's because he CAN wear clothes well, and in his inevitable public appearances, he does. THEN he is one of the world's best-dressers, but only then. The rest of the time, he's one of the world's ten best scarecrows.

What he'll do on this trip of his, I don't know. Where he'll go, I don't know—except that he's determined to visit his sister, Adele, who's now Lady Somebody-or Something, over in London. How long he'll be gone, I don't know, either. He won't say. I think it's because he doesn't know. I'm sure he's in one of his most violent attacks of "get-away-from-Hollywooditis." He gets those spells every now and then, like everybody in Hollywood does. But, like everybody that does get away from Hollywood, he goes back to it. He's unhappy while he's away. He admits it. So he'll probably be back before even the four-months-period he's allowed himself has expired.

He thinks he'd like to visit Australia and Hawaii, simply because he hasn't ever been there. But I don't think he will. It takes too long to get from Australia to Hollywood, for one thing. And for another, by the time he has visited Adele in London, he'll have gotten over the very worst part of his too-much-Ginger-too-much-Hollywood fever. He'll be cooling off. He'll be getting itchy feet—feet, itchy NOT for a prolonged trip around the world, but for the rattling surface of a nice, hard, smooth dance floor, NOT in a club or a cafe, but in front of one of Hollywood's movie cameras.

And he'll come clippity-clop back to do some more hoofing . . .

Even if he has to do it with Ginger again!

Hedy's Marriage - - The Inside Story

[*Continued from page* 31]

THE mansion is baronial. It belongs to a millionaire, a munitions manufacturer named Fritz Mandl. The girl with the gray-green eyes also belongs to him. She is Frau Mandl.

Once she had been an actress named Hedy Keisler. At 16, for a Hungarian film later to be known as *Ecstasy,* she had been forced to appear briefly in the nude. Tortured with shame, she had left the screen, gone on the Vienna stage. There Herr Mandl had seen her. He had showered her with attentions, which she had instinctively tried to evade. He had courted her through her parents. He had persuaded them that she could not do better than to marry him. He had made her his wife—Exhibit A of his possessions—in August, 1933. She had been 17; he, years older.

Soon after their marriage, he had learned about the Hungarian film. Furious, he had set out to suppress it. He had managed to buy and destroy every print but one. That one had gone abroad, ballyhooed as a "suppressed" film, and had made her name a synonym for sensation. That rankled in the soul of Herr Mandl.

She had not had a happy marriage—if it could be called a marriage. She could not see him except when he wanted to see her. She could not dress except as he wanted her to dress. She could not be gay, high-spirited; his wife must be dignified. She could not smile upon a guest without evoking his jealous fury. And she could not divorce him. Even if he would let her, her religion wouldn't.

Twice she had tried to run away. Twice he had caught her, made her a prisoner again—a prisoner in silk and ermine, accented with jewels.

She might have escaped if she had had the money to go far. After the second time, she had desperately planned how to get such money. She had deliberately charged so much at Vienna shops that he would discontinue the charge accounts, give her an allowance instead. She had saved every *schilling.*

And today, this summer day in 1937, she finally has enough. Aching to run, she walks out of the Mandl mansion—forever.

THE next scenes are kaleidoscopic. She is aboard a succession of trains, crossing a succession of frontiers. She is in Paris. That is not far enough. She still is haunted by fear of pursuit. . . . She crosses the Channel. In London, she cannot lose her fear. She gets a visa for the United States. She will put an ocean between herself and her husband. Perhaps in Hollywood she can find work. . . . In London, before she sails, she meets an American producer, Louis B. Mayer. He offers her a contract at a small salary. She does not accept at once. She is not sure it is the best she can get. . . . On the ship they meet again. She has little money left, only enough to last a few weeks. She accepts the offer. . . . Her name must be changed. People must not be reminded of *Ecstasy.* Because the contract is signed at sea, Mayer names her Hedy La Mer. That does not have the right ring. It is changed to Hedy Lamarr.

She arrives in Hollywood, October 5, 1937—beautiful, exotic, ambitious, already adept at English. . . . The studio, prudish about her past, keeps her from reporters. . . . Reporters are resentful. The same woman reporter of the opening scene blares forth that this "shy violet" is the girl who had once made a movie in the nude. . . . The studio, afraid that the bluenoses are aroused against Hedy, decides not to cast her in any picture till the furore dies. Weeks drag into months. She becomes a forgotten find. . . .

Here we must insert a brief flash of a European courtroom.

Angry Herr Mandl is getting a divorce.

Then back to Hollywood—and Hedy. She is overjoyed at being free, legally free. But she wants her freedom to be even more complete. She hopes, in time, the Church will annul the marriage.

She could be so happy now, if only she could break down the studio's indifference to her, break down Hollywood's disinterest.

She is a victim of The Hollywood Code. The Code is: Unless you have career success, you cannot have social success. Few people want to be seen with you, have you seen with them. Hedy would be lonely indeed if it were not for a young English comedian named Reginald Gardiner. Of all

Glamorous

ART MODEL THRILLED

by sparkling beauty this new shampoo reveals in her hair

ILLUSTRATES OLD WAY . . . hair dulled by cloudy film

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Say goodbye to lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses! See dirt, grime, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes cleaned away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing! Leaves your hair radiantly clean!

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drene SHAMPOO SPECIAL for DRY HAIR

drene SHAMPOO

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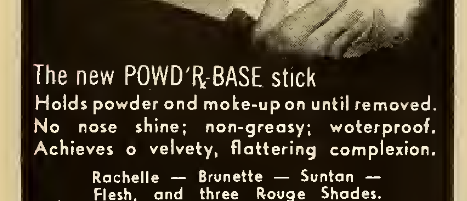

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POWD'R-BASE

Fifth Avenue *hampden* New York

the thousands of people in Hollywood, he is the only one eager to be with her. She is grateful for his companionship, his devotion. She becomes devoted to him, too.

THE pages of a calendar flip past—to summer, 1938.

She has been in Hollywood nearly a year. Still her studio has no plans for her. And soon her one-year contract will be up. She will be out of a job. Because of that, she may have to go back to Austria (now part of Hitlerland)—even though she wants to become an American citizen.

Then one night Gardiner takes her to a big party. There she is introduced to Charles Boyer, who in turn introduces her to Walter Wanger.

She does not know that they are looking frantically for the right actress to play the small, but important part of an exotic dream-girl in *Algiers*. She does not know that Boyer thinks she is the girl; that Wanger admits that she has possibilities—but he wants someone with more of a screen name.

Wanger tests seventeen "name" actresses for the role and is not happy about the results. At last, listening to Boyer, he sends for the girl they both had met at the party. He tests her. Boyer is right; unknown or not, she is the girl for the part.

THE next scene is the Brown Derby, one evening during the making of Algiers.

Wanger has asked Hedy and her boyfriend, Gardiner, to have dinner with Joan Bennett and himself. In the Derby, this particular evening, is Gene Markey also.

Hollywood is a small place. It is not unusual for Gene to bump into his ex-wife and the man who will presumably be her next husband. When that happens, he makes a point of greeting her cordially, publicly proving he still is fond of her. Tonight, as usual, he goes over to her table, kisses her proffered hand, chats a few moments.

He knows Wanger, of course. But their companions are strangers to him. Joan introduces them.

After Gene leaves, Wanger and Gardiner continue a discussion they had been having. Hedy turns to Joan, says confidentially, "That man who was just here—he is the most fascinating man I have ever met."

Joan smiles non-committally.

"What does he do?" asks Hedy.

"He's a producer, and a writer, at 20th Century-Fox. One of the best they have, in fact."

"Do you know him well?"

Joan's smile widens. "I used to be married to him."

Hedy is aghast. "No! You did not give up such a man!"

Their tete-a-tete is interrupted by the two men. And nothing might have come of the tete-a-tete if it had not been for:

The next scene. Time, the next day. Place, Joan's home.

Gene is there to see Melinda. Joan tells him, "You certainly made a hit with that Lamarr girl last night!"

Absently, Gene replies, "Attractive girl, isn't she?"

Joan adds, "She said you were the most fascinating man she had ever met."

Gene is pleased. What man wouldn't be pleased, to hear such a thing said about himself by a girl with Hedy Lamarr's looks?

But he does nothing about it. She is going steadily with Reginald Gardiner.

Algiers is finished and released, and the unknown in the small part of the exotic dream-girl becomes the sensation of 1938, new Glamor Girl No. 1, a star overnight.

As gratified as it is dumfounded, her studio immediately gives her a big glamor build-up. As part of the build-up, the studio wants her to be seen with different men, not just one—and that one a comedian.

Hedy does not listen. Not immediately, anyway. She goes with no one but Gardiner. Completely smitten, and completely oblivious of his own option-time coming up, he spends $5,000 to give her a swimming-pool.

THEN an odd thing happens.

Joan Bennett makes a picture for Walter Wanger called *Trade Winds*. In it, she plays a fugitive. She must look completely different from her normal self. The easiest way for a woman to change her appearance is to change the color of her hair. Joan dyes hers black. Unintentionally, as a result, she looks like Hedy Lamarr.

Wanger, a smart showman, capitalizes on the accident. He plays up the resemblance, makes everyone conscious of it. Everyone, including Gene Markey.

Seeing his ex-wife look like the girl who called him "the most fascinating man she had ever met," his interest is rekindled . . .

Trade Winds is released in December. And simultaneously, by a strange coincidence, Hedy is seen for the first time with other men, not Gardiner.

Perhaps this is only a passing phase. Perhaps Hedy and Reggie have only tiffed, not really parted. Gene still doesn't telephone.

Then, on January 12th, Hollywood reads something it has not known before or has forgotten: Reggie has a wife in England, an actress named Wyn Richmond. They have been separated five years. Now she is suing for divorce.

Gene, knowing studios, knows that Hedy's studio will do everything possible to keep her from being entangled in that situation.

On February 5th, barely three weeks later, the same woman reporter of the opening scene prints the startling news of a "naive confession" that Hedy has just made. She is "considering marrying Gene Markey."

IN QUICK succession, days fall off a calendar. It is Saturday, March 4th.

Across the Mexican border into sleepy, sun-baked Mexicali drives a big limousine. In the back seat are a sandy-haired, tall 43-year-old, Irish-looking Hollywood producer named Gene Markey and a slender, 23-year-old, raven-haired, exotic-looking actress with gray-green eyes named Hedy Lamarr. There, in the Palacio, in a two-minute ceremony in Spanish, they are married by a Mexican Justice of the Peace.

After a one-day honeymoon in Coronado, they return to Hollywood. Where Gene will give up his home, and Hedy will give up hers (with the $5,000 swimming-pool)—and they will find "a little house where neither of us has lived before."

The first congratulations the newlyweds receive are from—Joan Bennett.

FADE-OUT.

There has never been a Hollywood story to equal this one in fantastic, ironic drama.

Actress A divorces Producer B, presumably because of Producer C. Months later, Producer C makes a star of Foreign Actress D. While that is going on, Actress A introduces Actress D to Producer B, unconsciously interests them in each other. Still later, she unconsciously renews that interest when she dyes her blonde hair black and looks like Actress D . . . who would never have known Producer B if Producer C, the constant companion of Producer B's ex-wife, hadn't given her (Actress D) a screen chance.

There are rumors that Reginald Gardiner, disconsolate and out of a contract besides, would like to jump into that $5,000 pool. . .

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 71]

Refuses To Look Like Hedy

■ Your snoopy-correspondent doesn't know, yet, whether or not Joan Bennett gives a hang that her ex-hubby, Gene Markey, up and married Hedy Lamarr, who is said to look like her.

But it can be reported, with utmost faith, that Joan DOES give a hang that it's been noted that she and Hedy look alike. Especially when they swap hair-colors—that is, when Joan wears a dark wig, or Hedy wears a blonde one.

And so what?—why, in *The Man With the Iron Mask,* wherein Joan has to wear dark hair again, she's damwell seeing to it that she WON'T look like Hedy—because she's having the dark hair done in medieval styles, none of which in any way resembles any of Hedy's hair-do's.

Aren't these gals quaint?

Incidentally, Joan says that changing the color of her hair "has changed her entire life." Them's her own words. "It's given me an entirely new group of friends—people who prefer brunettes," she explains. "But at the same time, I've kept my blonde friends, because they know that I'm still the same Joan underneath the dye." Besides, she says that the change in her hair color has forced her to change the colors she wears, which, in turn affects her moods and reactions . . . Anyway, that's what she says.

So maybe Miss Lamarr'll have to go blonde, now. Or would that confuse Mr. Markey too, too much?

Won't Stay On Ice

■ Which brings us, in turn, to the talk-of-Hollywood that concerns this Lamarr gal.

More than one Hollywood whisperer insists that her sudden elopement-marriage to Gene Markey was more than just a matter of being so much in love that they couldn't wait. They say that it was a psychological rebellion, on Hedy's part, to the sudden obscurity into which the studio was trying to push her, temporarily, as a result of the shelving of *I Take This Woman.*

Certain it is that the sad demise of that picture, atop the furore that flew around Hedy after *Algiers,* was an awful sock in the face to Hedy. Then came the studio, and decided that it was all due to over-publicity. So they decided to blanket it—and keep Hedy on Ice. No Hedy likes to be kept on ice. So they figure that her sensational front-page marriage to Markey was her answer to the M-G-M ukase.

It really isn't Hedy's fault that *I Take This Woman* was such a flop. More than one wise commentator has pointed out that the picture portrays Hedy as a gal men forget. Hedy certainly is NOT that kind of a gal—so the picture was all wrong to start with. Besides, Hedy has let it be known that she'll insist that her cameraman, next time, be the Chinese lens wizard, James Wong Howe. He's the one that made her so glamorous in *Algiers.*

Diana Durbin Salad

■ Life, for Deanna Durbin, is just one shock after one thrill . . . Seems that she'd hardly gotten over the delight of wearing her first "formal" to her first formal party at a night spot, when she walked into the Universal restaurant, and there, on her very own lot, mind you, read this on the menu: "DIANA Durbin salad."

"Diana," mind you. Ain't Hollywood wunnaf'l?

Hollywood's "Helping Hand"

■ The Grace Hayes Lodge, now one of Hollywood's favorite nite-spots, is another example of what a town of magic and turns this is—

Seems that less than a third of a year ago, Grace Hayes, after trying in vain to crash Hollywood's gates for months, was down to her last shekel. She hadn't made the grade; the studios couldn't see her. So, in desperation, she pawned what jewels she had, borrowed a few dollars more, and opened a spot she dubbed "the Grace Hayes Lodge."

Hollywood takes a smug delight in feeling it's helping people who are down on their luck. It was that trait of this strange Holly-

[*Continued on page* 77]

Glamour BEGINS WITH BEAUTIFUL EYES

It was reported in New York newspaper headlines: "Men Look First At a Woman's Eyes"! But do they always look *twice*? Just try this and see—

Blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids to give your eyes exciting depth and brilliance. Use the perfectly pointed Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful brows. Now Maybelline Mascara for the thrilling appearance of longer, dark curling lashes. No fear of unbecoming smudges. Maybelline stays on perfectly—is harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

"Glamor-ize" today with genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.

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Maybelline Eye Shadow in six flattering shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

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Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water). Black, Brown, Blue—75c.

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that dingy mask

- - - it dulls the natural beauty of your complexion

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A Pompeian massage takes only three minutes . . . yet it really removes this mask. That's because Pompeian (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from regular cosmetic creams . . . is 70% pure milk. You simply massage it on your face and, as it dries, massage it off.

This massage makes your face look more youthful and radiant because it removes pore-deep dirt and blackheads; stimulates the circulation, leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

See for yourself! Send 10c for generous jar of Pompeian and 2 booklets of helpful beauty hints.

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Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and two booklets of beauty hints as described.

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THIS EASY WAY

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CORNS are caused by pressure and friction. They go deep into your toe—press against sensitive nerves, often cause intense pain.

Don't suffer needlessly when it's so easy to remove corns. Just put a scientific Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. It relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. The special Blue-Jay medicated formula on the pad acts on the corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. You have glorious relief. Then simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back!

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* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

PICTURE PARADE

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES —AAA—

Millions of people have read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *Hound of the Baskervilles* and it wouldn't surprise us the least if you were one of them. But, that isn't going to detract one iota from the excitement furnished by 20th Century-Fox's current version of this wonderfully interesting detective story. Because even if the plot is familiar to you the film is imbued with many surprising novelties and it is given such a handsome background and cast that it will be entirely your loss if you miss it. Now if the plot isn't familiar and if you have a fear of horror pictures don't let that deter you from seeing this for while it is a thriller it isn't an out-and-out blood-curdler. It is well embroidered with love interest, comedy (*Dr. Watson* sees to that) and mystery. As to the cast there's Basil Rathbone—and you know you can always count on Basil—as *Sherlock Holmes*, Nigel Bruce as *Dr. Watson* and Wendy Barrie and Richard Greene who do well with the romantic interludes. No credit, however, is given the hound, which as you probably already know is the principal instrument of horror in those fog-drenched Devonshire moors.—*20th Century-Fox.*

ICE FOLLIES —AA½—

Twentieth Century-Fox have their Sonja Henie, RKO-Radio have their Irene Dare and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer thought they had Joan Crawford. But, apparently, Miss Crawford didn't look too well in Skating skirts because after all the build-up you won't find Joan taking to the ice in *Ice Follies*. Which may have been a terrible blow to Miss Crawford's ambitions but on the other hand perhaps Joan's intuition warned her and she wasn't going to run the risk of this being known as *her* ice follies. As for us, we didn't take it too badly because there's Bess Ehrhardt and Roy Shipstad and when it comes to cutting up the ice we prefer to have it done by professionals. And we're right, too, because the most entertaining features of *Ice Follies* are the skating sequences which are done very effectively and in Technicolor. The story itself might be Joan's own. However, this may be purely coincidental. What is it they say in the movies? "Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental." The cast also includes James Stewart, Lew Ayres, Lewis Stone and Lionel Stander.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 75]

wood that proved Grace's salvation. To her new spot, her friends came, and brought other friends. Now Grace IS a swell entertainer. They like the place. And from a gesture of mere charity, going to her spot became "the thing" to do. Now Grace is making plenty of money—

And the pay-off came when she was signed for the role of Mickey Rooney's mother in *Babes In Arms*. Without even asking for the role, it was handed to her!

Becomes Hollywood "Football"

■ One more commentary on how Hollywood ticks: This one is about Steffi Duna, who's been kicked around so much that she fears she's beginning to look like a practice football.

Steffi had been trying in vain to get a part. Nobody wanted her. Nobody even knew her. She was becoming one of the gals that Hollywood forgets. Then along came Noel Coward, and took her to dinner. Somebody saw her with Noel, and mentioned it. So what?—why, all of a sudden, Paramount signs her for a role in *Magnificent Fraud*.

Isn't Life Tough?

■ At a Hollywood party of big shots, the other night, they were talking about servants, and how hard it is to get good ones, and how one has to get along with only a few nowadays.

"Why," commented Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, whose wife is Lady Sylvia Ashley; "my wife gets along beautifully, now, with only nine servants."

What! No rose-petal-strewer????

Won't Let Shirley Grow Up

■ Note to Shirley Temple fans: You'll NOT see Shirley, as yet, in any sophisticated stories. The pressure has been on, at 20th Century-Fox, to put the growing-up Shirley into smart stuff. But Darryl Zanuck can't see it that way. He's going to keep her in simple stories forever—even until she's as old as May Robson!—if he has his way.

And to emphasize it, he's just closed the deal to star her, next, in *Lady Jayne*, the story of the little waif of New Orleans of the turn of the century.

Why Not Keyes to O'Hara, Too

■ Amazing what *Gone With the Wind* does to people. No sooner had Evelyn Keyes been told that she'd play the role of *Suellen*, one of *Scarlett's* sisters, than she rushed into the record with the announcement that she's going to ask a judge to change her name—to "Suellen" Keyes!

No "Honey Chile" Stuff for Gable

■ Clark Gable, even, is taking his role of *Rhett Butler* very, very, seriously. More seriously than any he's ever played before, his pals tell us. But he's not going to try to talk with a Southern accent . . .!

So different from Vivien Leigh, the English gal who got the *Scarlett O'Hara* role. Vivien IS developing a Southern drawl for the film. Even to the extent of snooting her English pals, these nights. She turns down their dinner and party invitations with this classic—"So soddy, my deahs—but I just cahn't afford to be exposed to your broad A's. I've got to talk Southern, honey!"

Was Bob's Face Red?

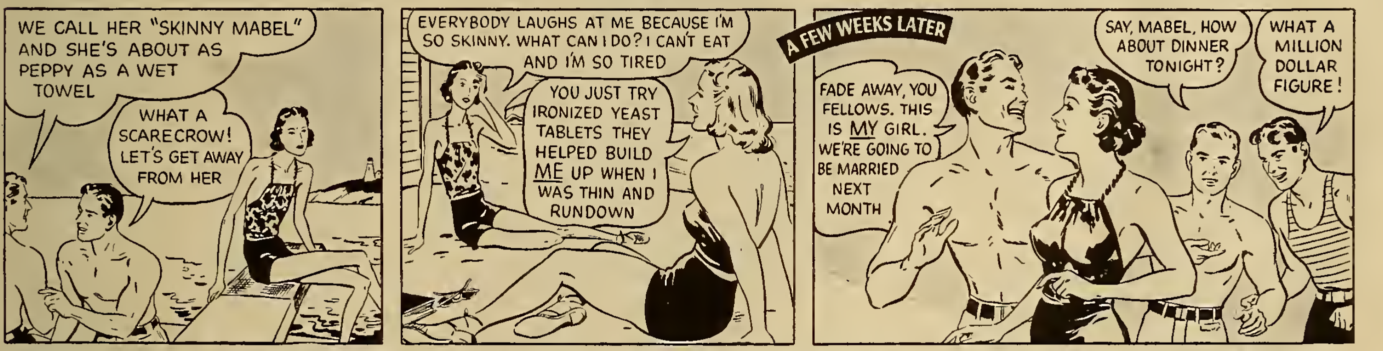
■ Snicker-of-the-month on Robert Taylor: As Bob boarded a railway train in Los Angeles, the other night, for a trip north, the negro porter came diffidently to him, and held out a huge gold watch. The face of it, instead of numerals, bore the letters R O B E R T T A Y L O R around the rim, to denote the hours. Taylor was thrilled:

"Why, that's a wonderful idea," he exclaimed. "—and a wonderful gift. But good heavens, man; you shouldn't have done this for me; why, you can't afford such generosity. . ."

The negro porter became agitated.

"Mah goodness, Mistuh Tayluh," he interrupted. "Dis hyah watch ain't fo you 'all. Dis hyah watch is mah wife's buthday present to ME—MAH NAME IS ROBERT TAYLUH, TOO, JUST DE SAAME AS YO'S. . . ! ! !"

HOW "SKINNY MABEL" WON POPULARITY AND A BRAND NEW BOY FRIEND


WE CALL HER "SKINNY MABEL" AND SHE'S ABOUT AS PEPPY AS A WET TOWEL
WHAT A SCARECROW! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HER
EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT ME BECAUSE I'M SO SKINNY. WHAT CAN I DO? I CAN'T EAT AND I'M SO TIRED
YOU JUST TRY IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS THEY HELPED BUILD ME UP WHEN I WAS THIN AND RUNDOWN
A FEW WEEKS LATER
FADE AWAY, YOU FELLOWS. THIS IS MY GIRL. WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH
SAY, MABEL, HOW ABOUT DINNER TONIGHT?
WHAT A MILLION DOLLAR FIGURE!

THOUSANDS MARVEL TO SEE THEIR SKINNY BODIES FILL OUT–GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS.

—in just a few weeks with Ironized Yeast Tablets

IT'S a crime against yourself to remain skinny, tired, rundown—often nervous, unable to eat or sleep—when great numbers of people have put on just the pounds they needed, and gained new health and strength in a few weeks—with these pleasant-to-take, safe and effective little Ironized Yeast tablets.

Why they build up so quick

You see, scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin, nervous, rundown—always tired—simply because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Once these substances are supplied—and you get them now in these easy-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets—the improvement that comes in a short time is often astonishing. Many report gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—complexions clear and fresh—tired, nervous feeling gone—a new pep and attractiveness that always win loads of friends everywhere.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't begin to eat better and feel better, with more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the attractive flesh and new life you need—the price of this first package promptly refunded. So get it today.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap inferior substitute which does NOT give the same results. Insist on the genuine Ironized Yeast, with the letters "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 286, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday Evening. See your local paper for time and station.

IMPORTANT
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The Muni Behind the Make-Up

[*Continued from page 33*]

says, to sound in any way a "cultist," of any kind, he does believe that our mental attitudes can and do condition our physical beings.

Since that time, most of us know how Muni has worked, how unsparingly of himself, how tirelessly, how unstintingly. And since that time, too, Muni has been looking for that doctor—that doctor who "sentenced" him—just in order to say to him: "Well, I certainly put one over on you!"

"Of course," adds Muni, with his habitual fear of offending, "twenty-one years ago diagnoses were not as exact as they are today. Mistakes were unavoidable."

That medical verdict of death waiting around the corner did one significant thing . . . it intensified in the grave and thoughtful boy the habit of asking himself questions, persistently, until he got the answers. Having to ask questions of Life and Death, he continued to ask questions of Life, leaving his questions of Death, he says, until that inevitable eventuality arrives.

For quite a long while I have wanted to ask Muni some point-blank questions. The other afternoon seemed the time, the place, as well as the man. Especially after learning that Muni enjoys questionnaires, plots them out for himself.

Muni had just completed *Juarez*. As usual, he had undergone the strain of long research, including a trip to Mexico, to the historical haunts of *Juarez*; as usual, he had worked long and laboriously, with his habitual concentration, compiling his exhaustive notes on the fruits of his research; as usual, his make-up had been as arduous as it was masterly. And as usual he has given, studio authorities tell me, the expected Muni performance—rating, perfection.

And so Muni was, justifiably, tired. And so it might make it easier for him, I thought, if I just shot my little point-blanks and wrote down the repercussions. Which is what I did. The results follow. I began with:

"WHY did you and Mrs. Muni give up your house at Palos Verdes? I've been wondering. I couldn't believe it when I heard. I thought you loved it so much, that blue heaven atop a high hill, overlooking the sea, an hour from Hollywood?"

"We did love. And we do love it. But it was too far from the studio. An hour's ride, morning and night. Sometimes very late at night. I figured that I could put those two hours to better use. Then, too, the house was bigger than is necessary for us. We are the kind of people who do not like more than is necessary. And so, we have left it, have rented it. And have rented this. . . ."

"This" is a charming, rambling, one-story white house, not ten minutes from the Warner studio. Sunny and comfortable, it is not one-eighth as palatial as the Palos Verdes place on his high, commanding hill. It asks nothing of the Munis save that they relax here, near to their work, pay a moderate rental, leave it when they feel disposed. Which is, perhaps, just what they want asked of them, and nothing more.

Still . . . "aren't you ever going back to Palos Verdes?" I asked next.

"We don't know. We don't know what we want to do. We have a different idea every day. We talk at times of building in partnership as we do everything, a little, friendly house, made from our own design, our own plans. A house we can feel friendly in. We have thought that, if we do this, it might be amusing for me to build my part of the house exactly as I like it, incorporating only my ideas, and for Bella to do the same with her part of the house . . . on the other hand, we may never do it at all. . . ."

"But you love home, don't you, both of you? Love the sense of your own land, I mean, your own possessions?"

"Yes and no. We are essentially home people. In the sense that we like home and are seldom away from it, except for work. But unfortunately, perhaps, we are not the kind of people who like to putter around on the land. I would like to live on the land only if I could devote all my time to it, do nothing else. If I could give myself to the land entirely, I would enjoy it. But I would have to give all my time to it. I can only do one thing at a time, you know," smiled Muni, "anything that interferes with the one thing I am doing is impossible to me, and maddening."

"And you love, beyond everything else, the one thing you *are* doing—your work on the screen?"

"No."

RATHER enjoying my expression of shocked surprise, I think, for there is plenty of sly humor in Muni, a deal of the small boy who likes to "confound his elders," Muni continued, "no, but I should explain that I am what Dr. Freud would certainly label an introvert. I am a great builder-upper of my own obstacles and difficulties. I am quite a genius at it. I can create obstacles and difficulties out of totalitarian nothingness.

"I make problems for myself. Making problems for myself is my hobby, my indoor sport. Not being very athletic," grinned Muni, "not playing bridge or parchesi or word games or the horses, I have to have *some* sport. Making problems for myself is *it*. I don't worry myself into tearful nights," he laughed, "don't look so hadn't-you-better-consult-an-analyst—it's not so bad as that. I just ask myself questions, worry the questions around until the poor things, completely spent, give up their answers.

"And sometimes, one answer to one question seems to be that—*I should give up my work.* I would work at something, of course. I couldn't stand it just sitting around reading books, listening to symphonic concerts, going to night clubs if I went to night clubs, which I don't. I mean that I would like to live *without a spear at my back.* New fields to try to conquer. Time of my own, to throw away, if I liked . . .

"I feel as if I'd like to start something new. . . ."

"Such as . . .?" I prompted, as Mr. Muni's words trailed meditatively away. . . . But it is all rather vague, he explained, the "new" things he would like to try. He doesn't, as yet, want to give voice to any of them. Diffidently, though, he mentioned science . . . but his eyes were not diffident. And I thought how singularly apt a choice science might be for Muni, how his passion for research, his endless patience, his disregard for material things, his contemplative mind are all necessary ingredients which make a scientist.

He might like to try his hand at directing, offering his services free, the experimenting to be paid for out of his own time and pocket . . . but mostly, he said, he'd like a chance to find out what he would like to do, the chance to give things up if he wanted to, without involving anybody else.

"WHAT I want I suppose," smiled Muni, "is what we all want, what we spend our lives fluttering our wings against the bars of our cages to get—complete freedom.

"It sounds rather absurd for me to talk like this, I know. Sometimes I ask myself this question and the answer is: 'Of course it's absurd. You are a fellow who's got no complaint. You are a fellow who's got everything he wants, all the material things, and you don't know when you're well off, maybe.'"

The "maybe" here, the trouble here is that Muni doesn't want the material things. He doesn't need to say so. For after some twenty years of what men call "success," after seven or eight years of Hollywood fame and adulation and money, such respect from his fellows as is accorded few men he is still just as he was when he first arrived. So untouched and unchanged and, provenly, untouchable as to be an Exhibit A.

Muni added, gravely: "I believe it is true of me that I do not care for the rewards. I believe—though I may be insincere even with myself—that in my existence I have not been struck with the 'other things.' I don't think I am lying to myself when I say that I don't want—well, for symbols let's use Rolls-Royce cars, fame, adulation, my name in electric lights. This does not mean that I do not want appreciation for my work. Every person, however pure, wants appreciation for his work. Otherwise, it would be sterile effort.

"But I look often at our youngsters in the movies. Seemingly, they have everything: fame, money, the things that money buys, adulation, excitement. And I ask myself: *what have they really got?* And the answer seems to be, not happiness, but an hysterical existence, a building up of fear lest they fall from their pretty pinnacles. First, it seems to me, they were pushing something, rejoicing in the effort, and now that 'something' is pushing them . . . into what?"

"But money," I said, selectively, "surely money is important?"

"I HAVE never wanted money for money's sake" said Muni. "I have wanted independence. I have wanted the things that money can do to liberate the spirit rather than what it can do to fetter the body—with things. On the other hand, I have none of the happy-go-lucky which makes the man who eats today's crust of bread under the stars nor cares where the next crust is coming from. I take thought of tomorrow. One must have money to live one's life as I want to live my life. So perhaps I should answer this question by admitting that money *is* important to me, yes, and in precisely the way it is important to other men—meaning, for the things I, personally, want it to do for me and mine.

"Then, too," smiled Muni, whose sense of humor makes continuous interplay with his gravity, "I don't want to be too damned 'original.' I don't want to be the 'arty' type of person who proclaims his unique individuality by dwelling in a tent or going barefoot, who stands apart and says: 'Let the world revolve as it will, *I* revolve around myself!'

"I'm just a guy like any other fellow. . . ."

"That's the first false note," I protested, "because you're not, as you must know. You're too modest, is what ails you . . .!"

Muni fixed me with a quizzical, somewhat reproachful eye. He said, with mock sternness which I suspected uneasily was not so "mock" after all, "two things annoy me excessively. One is to be called modest, the other is to be asked to talk about my 'happy marriage.' I'm not and it is. In other words,

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the first is not so; the second is too personal to be discussed with anybody.

"I repeat, I'm a guy like any other fellow. I'm not often in rhythm with people, that's my only 'difference' and unquestionably, my misfortune. I don't like cocktail parties, sighed Muni, "I try them now and then and always come away very depressed. I don't enjoy the races. I have very little small talk. I am self-conscious with strangers. But this lack of rhythm with people is, so far as I know, my only difference. And I contend that even this difference doesn't make me really different from other fellows. We're not alike inside. We all have things within us that are different.

"I AM not by any means a hermit. The house at Palos Verdes was usually filled with friends. I like people. I like to have them around me. I want to know about them, all about them. I try to walk the so-called 'middle path,' giving my own tastes and inclinations their right of way, joining in with other people and their tastes and inclinations, too.

"I like to wear old suits, drive an old car. I'm more comfortable in old familiar things. But I conquer these temptations! After all, I owe something to my studio, to my public. I dress average well, I think. I have nice cars. I have, as you see, a fairly nice house. Every now and then I buy a pair of shoes . . . I'm breaking in a new pair now.

"As a matter of fact," said Muni, and now there was an impish grin on the Muni face, "Bella is away, vacationing in New York. Bella always goes with me on the rare occasions when I buy clothes. More likely she just shops for me. The other day I decided to have some fun, to surprise Bella when she comes home. And so I went to Bullocks-Wilshire in Los Angeles. I got to the store at 2:35 precisely. I left the store at 3:05 precisely. In that time I bought and had fitted, four suits, two overcoats, shirts, ties, socks and sweaters. Exactly 30 minutes it took me to buy a wardrobe which will, if I have anything to say about it, last me for the next fifteen years and more.

"If I have anything to say about it," repeated Muni, with a laugh, "for Bella may make me take some of the things back! Sometimes I have to take 'that tie' off, Bella insisting that it doesn't look good, in fact, looks awful. I always obey. Little things like that make her happy . . ." his smile flashed again . . . "me, too," he said.

"Anyway, I enjoyed the novel experience of going shopping by myself. I enjoyed it, especially, because the salesman was so helpful and seemed so interested. That was very nice . . ." (not modest, indeed! Surprised, genuinely, naively *surprised* because a salesman was "helpful," was "interested" *in Muni* . . . ask, Muni, what is this you are giving me?)

"So, you see," Muni was continuing quite anxiously, "I *do* conform to standards—What The Well-Dressed Man Will Wear and all. Again I can't be too 'different.' There is something false about people who are self-advertised 'individualists,' who depart too radically from social obligations and expectations. I play golf a little. I seldom play tennis, partly because I don't care much for the game. I swim, ride, we go to the movies, to the theatres. I do what other fellows do," insisted Muni.

"DO YOU think of yourself," I began, fearfully, a pillow in front of my face for protection, "a great artist?"

Muni threw back his head and laughed. Both long and loud laughed he. At the question, of course. And probably me.

He said, "I do NOT. I certainly do NOT. I not only do not consider myself a 'great artist' but I do not even consider myself a very good actor . . ."

Now what do you do with a man like this? I found myself wishing that Bella were there to help me. I said weakly enough. "Oh, come now . . . well then, how do you evaluate yourself, classify yourself, rate yourself?"

"I think that I am a very competent actor," said Muni, regaining his composure, "I know that I am a very thorough actor. I leave nothing undone that I know of to do. I am a worker. To me, a radio broadcast, let's say, is important. When I have a broadcast ahead of me I work on it as if life and death depended on it. I have heard others say, 'Oh don't take it so big, twenty minutes on the air and that's an end to it, why worry?' But I cannot be like that. For that 20 minutes, it is life and death to me. I've got to do the best I possibly can. I was born like this. As a little boy, the lesson I was doing at the moment was all my horizon, a game I was playing was no less to me than a game of international politics might be today. So I should just classify myself as a very competent worker in this business."

Well, *did* you ever! Muni, to whom even Spencer Tracy bends the homaging knee!

"Here is what I think," Muni was saying, "were I really a brilliant creator I would achieve my results without the kind of effort I have to invest. Things are burdensome to me that are not burdensome to others, nor even to myself 20 years ago.

"A worker, yes, and a good one. A 'great artist,' no. Unquestionably, no. Standards and values do not weigh the same for everybody. But from authorities we know that great artistry and genius can only be applied to such men as Leonardo da Vinci, Beethoven, Michaelangelo. Genius is the last word we can say of anybody. It must be said only of those whose mediums are great and—immortal.

"A GREAT artist," he continued, "must be pure. He must be honest. I am already dishonest, being in this business. Were I really that pure, unadulterated artist I would not be in this business. A pure artist must care nothing for such results as money or satisfying his own vanity, Rolls Royce cars, his name in electrics. A pure artist must be one who says honestly to himself: 'this thing interests me, no matter what comes after.' The pure artist does only what he wants to do and he only wants to do the things he believes in doing.

"So I say that if I were the pure artist I would not be in this business because, necessarily, I cannot always do what I want to do. If I insist too much, if I say: 'this business must conform to me,' as a Beethoven could say: 'this piano must conform to me,' or as Michaelangelo might say: 'I shall twist this marble as I please,' if I said such as this I would sound intolerant and insolent."

"Aren't you happy, then?" I asked.

"If I were really unhappy," smiled Muni, "I would do something about it. And I'm not doing anything, about anything, so I must be all right.

"I don't ever tie myself to anything that cannot be untied. Nothing is inevitable with me. Saving only death and taxes. And if I stop working I would even escape some of the taxes. Nothing else is inevitable. Not even my contracts. I would always be willing at any minute of the day or night to say, 'gentlemen, let's tear it up!'—should a clash of opinions arise, of course. I have no reason to say this nor, at the moment, any formulated wish to do so. The Warner studio has been very kind to me, very understanding, very fair. Far kinder, no doubt, than any other studio would be. I have the power of yes and no, over my stories. I

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She Dares To Be Different

[*Continued from page 32*]

opinion of interviews. She avoids them and cannot be formally cornered for one, under any circumstances. Catch her by surprise now and then, however, and she talks charmingly, entertainingly. But once she senses that you want to "quote" her on something, she becomes suddenly frightened and says, "Oh, no, please, I really don't feel that I have anything important to say." That's her honest reaction, because otherwise she loves to talk.

At parties, at social gatherings of all kinds, Jean is no quiet mouse who sits in a corner, watching only. She is always right up there in the conversational fray, and loves it, particularly if the conversation gives rise to an occasional argument. Still even then she worries a bit that she may have been a little forward. Many an evening, returning home, she asks her husband, "Tell me, honestly now, did I talk too much?"

Nobody close to her would ever criticize her on this score, or try to change her on any score for that matter, for they sense that it is exactly because Jean is herself, always very natural and unaffected, that she is such an outstanding screen personality.

When she returned to Hollywood and pictures about four years ago, from the New York stage, she evidenced a new kind of realism in talking for the screen. Her voice had a funny little catch in it; it choked up on some words, and sometimes she dropped words right in the middle. Now and then you couldn't even hear her, her words were so indistinct, so smothered by emotion. She was criticized on some sides for this, but there were other critics who were just as enthusiastic in their praise of her talking realism. There are people who do talk like that in real life; they get all mixed up, their voices get all broken up.

Jean went on with this style, which is no style really, but just a projection of her own self. That's all her acting is—a projection of realism, and for that reason hers is sincere acting. Therefore we would be the last to suggest that Jean change her own personality. If she wants to remain shy, with an inferiority feeling, if she wants to remain apart from the glitter-glamor of Hollywood, we're perfectly content to have her do so, because any change, any act acquired, might play havoc with the deep and native sincerity which she displays on the screen.

Her picture producers have to watch her a little however, in this respect. She is so hell-bent-for-realism sometimes that she would willingly sacrifice good looks for good characterization. When she made *The Plainsman* with Gary Cooper she wanted to play *Calamity Jane* without any make-up at all, and looking as crude and unfeminine as possible. She wanted to have her hair cut short, close to her head, real boyish fashion. It was not becoming, but that didn't make any difference. She was given plenty of opposition however, and she finally agreed to a compromise. Her hair was shoulder length, but uncurled and unwaved. She wore little eye make-up, but did use lipstick after all.

How she looks really matters very little to her. When she was making *You Can't Take It With You,* it was suggested that maybe in that scene where the high-hat other family comes to call unexpectedly, Jean might appear with her hair done up in curlers. It might be "cute." Many another actress would have thought quite differently. But Jean agreed that it was not only cute, but an exactly right touch for the situation. When they first began to shoot the scene, Jean had curlers all the way around. Mr. Capra shook his head doubtfully—perhaps just one or two curlers in the front would do. Jean was disappointed, but gave in eventually.

The same thing happened again more recently when she started *Only Angels Have Wings* with Cary Grant. In the early part of the picture she falls in love with him—but he can't see her at all. Jean had it all planned that she should look unattractive in those early scenes, so that later when she did improve her appearance, it could be understood that a man like Cary might get interested in her after all. The outfit and coiffure she had in mind had to be discarded for something a little more flattering before the director was satisfied—and Director Howard Hawks is a man who likes realism too, so you can picture how far backward on this subject Jean sometimes wants to bend.

OBVIOUSLY she has lots of energy which she throws into her work. In fact she lives so much for her work, works at it so vitally, that she can't make more than a few pictures a year. In 1936, at Columbia studios, she made six pictures, in addition to *The Plainsman* at Paramount. It was too much for her and for that reason she left the studio and spent a year just resting. It has been referred to as a year's strike. "But a strike implies something wilful," Jean has since explained, "and it was not a wilful walkout at all. I didn't want to go, but the state of my nerves and my energy necessitated it. When I resigned with Columbia, I signed to do only two pictures a year. I'd really like to work overtime because I love it—but I just can't do it."

Disappointments once caused her a great deal of concern. She used to allow them to upset her and prey on her mind. But she has overcome that. Now she may be momentarily mad—at herself—but it quickly passes. Perhaps they used to upset her more because she used to have more of them. When Jean left Hollywood after a first experience in pictures, some years ago, to try to establish herself on the New York stage, she was really tackling what at that time was almost the impossible.

Theatrical people at that time had open scorn for flicker actors. Jean recalls many a discouraging interview with a theatrical manager when she was told, "Don't make me laugh . . . why, if you had to walk out on a stage and act you'd probably fall on your face. Picture people don't know what stage presence is."

That was the kind of opposition she had to tackle at every turn. And she did tackle in a dozen directions. Once she even tried out for a part in a musical comedy. It was when Arthur Hammerstein was going to produce his *Music in the Air.* Jean, although she had never been a singer, had never thought of being one, auditioned for him. The only thing she got was the gate, but it remains as an example of her ever-active ambition, her amazing industry. She was out to become established on the stage, and she wasn't going to give up until she had achieved her goal. Whenever she heard of a test or audition anywhere, she applied for a hearing—whether it was drama, comedy, or the leading prima donna role in a musical. It

[*Continued on page 87*]

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LOVALON

the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 23*]

When the Richard Greene-Arleen Whelan romance melted, Richard picked up torch for Wendy Barrie, who also says it with love. Where's Anita Louise?

. . . happiest papa-to-be-in-Hollywood is Director Willie Wyler, whose wife, Margaret Tallichet, is knitting tiny garments to be ready in late summer . . . and it'll be June for 20th-Fox actor Morton Lowry and the Mrs. who used to be Virginia Barnato, the English gal.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Red-head Nancy Carroll and Charlie Grayson—
Still keeping both their pulses simply racin'.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Hollywood's cutest romance in quite a while:
Richard Cromwell and Mary Carlisle.

■

ASSORTED CUPIDATA: It's a pretty big job for Mary Cassidy, keeping her two ever-lovin' sweetie-pies, Cliff Welch and Gene Wooten, from getting date-tangled . . . when you read this, Florence George will have said the I-do that makes her Mrs. Everett (Bing's Brother) Crosby, and they'll be honeymooning in England . . . so it wasn't just a publicity gag after all about Gloria of the Brewster twins and Claude of the Stroud twins being engaged, on account of they've gone and got married . . . now that they've kissed and made up, are Sidney Blackmer and Suzanne Kaaren finally going to take the matrimonial plunge? . . . don't be surprised if Binnie Barnes, after all those twosomes-about-Hollywood, finally goes back to London and remarries her ex-hubby, art-dealer Samuel Joseph . . . when Jean Parker and hubby George McDonald celebrated their third anniversary, they went all the way to Phoenix, Arizona (where they were married) to stage the party . . . other anniversary celebrants included the Paul Kellys (Dorothy Mackay) who scored their eighth . . . Eleanor Powell's latest b. f. is Beverly Hills laddie Seymour Kauffman, it seems . . . are Jack Oakie and Venita Varden throwing furniture again?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Marjorie Weaver and "shadow" Mack Gray
Are managing to see each other every single day!

■

MOST amazing "club" in Hollywood is the one that's been organized by five of M-G-M's cutest cuties. . . . They're Mary Howard, Ruth Hussey, Ann Rutherford, Ann Morriss and Jo Sayers. They call their club the "Maraj Club"—on account of they can spell that word with the first letters of their names. And they say it's just a coincidence that the word is pronounced "marriage."

However, the idea of the club is what's so quaint—

[*Continued on page 88*]

Hollywood Is Moving

[*Continued from page* 49]

an exodus of screen, radio, music and literary people from Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Los Angeles "over the pass" and into the San Fernando Valley. The roster of residents of North Hollywood and nearby communities is looking more and more like a "Who's who" of "Old Hollywood." At the end of this article is a list of celebrities now living in the area. It would be next to impossible to keep the list up to date, for they keep coming by the thousands—from stars to technicians. More than five thousand members of the Screen Actors' Guild are now registered from one place or another in the Valley. The "North Hollywood" area should be called "New Hollywood."

It all started back before the big bust of 1929, when some of the studios realized possibilities of low land values, plenty of room for expansion and freedom from much of the fog more prevalent on the ocean side of the hills—yet within a convenient distance of the city. Today the Valley harbors three studios—Universal, Warner-First National and Republic—and Walt Disney has just purchased a 51-acre site where he plans to erect twenty-two buildings at a cost of over a million.

An enthusiastic local editor writes, "Hollywood will soon be only another part of Los Angeles, while the Valley will be the world's movie capital"—and his prophecy does look likely. Right now more pictures are produced in San Fernando Valley than in Hollywood, itself, and most of the other studios maintain "ranches" there.

IF WE go back even earlier than the first studios in the valley, we find some prehistoric film explorers and settlers who must have thought that if they made the jump, it might as well be a good one, for they landed even beyond the confines of the Valley proper. Not far from Saugus, some twenty-five miles from Hollywood, William S. Hart bought himself a ranch where he has lived ever since and Harry Carey established his "Indian Trading Post" a little further out. Both are more or less on the way to Noah Beery's "Paradise Trout Farm"—which really *is* out in the wilderness—ninety miles away. And for years Tom Mix has had his ranch in the western end of the valley.

As time went on, a few more stout hearts began shaking the dust of Hollywood and heading for the outlands. But their courage didn't take them far, for the few that trickled over Cahuenga Pass—which separates Hollywood and the valley—stopped just on the other side of it and settled around a secluded little pond, dignified by the name "Toluca Lake." Mary Brian and Richard Arlen were among the intrepid souls who first got that far (about three miles) away from Hollywood—back in 1926. The district has become somewhat "exclusive," boasting its own country club and golf course.

But the real hegira started along about 1930. They began coming almost too fast to count, most of them leaving Toluca Lake far behind. Hugh Herbert and Helen Broderick went some six miles out and were among the earlier residents of the present "Studio City," which now also harbors Art Acord, Harry Carroll, Adolphe Menjou and many other celebrities. Others strayed still further from the boulevard—ten, or even twenty miles away. Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have lived out at Encino for five years, which has attracted many other nota-

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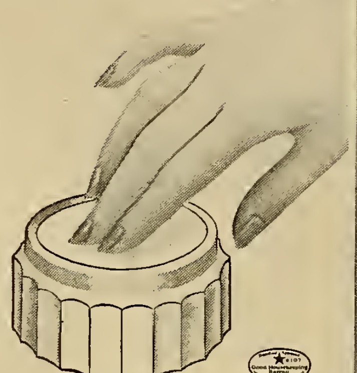

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P. S. Don't write to the studio.

Jack Dawn

DIRECTOR of MAKE-UP
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bles. The community of Northridge might have turned out to be the valley's "funny-bone," for in 1936 the Marx Brothers and "Lum and Abner" settled there almost in a body. But now they are surrounded by everything from tragedians to studio technicians.

If we were to put down the names and addresses of only the celebrities who now live in the valley, this story would look like something taken from the telephone book. But we cannot go through the alphabet without taking too much space. Chances are, if you pick five outstanding names at random, three of them will be getting their mail somewhere in the San Fernando Valley. That is, if you pick your names today. By tomorrow, it may be four out of five—the way they keep arriving by the thousands, from headliners to extras, producers to property men.

Nor is the procession confined to picture folk, by any means. It is filled with representatives of every branch of entertainment—radio, the speaking stage, singers, band leaders, composers and writers—as well as big names from other fields.

Few areas have seen such a concentration of celebrities as is converging on San Fernando Valley; fewer still have seen it happen at such an astounding rate.

IT IS a fitting climax to the colorful story of the valley—whose destiny seems always to have been the playing of a dramatic part of the history of Southern California. It was discovered by a Spanish expedition under Don Gasper de Portola, on August 5th, 1769, and named by him "Encino" (Oak) valley. More than a quarter of a century later, in 1797, the San Fernando Mission was established and gave its name to the valley over which it exercised domination for many years. San Fernando saw some of the more important struggles between the Mexicans and Americans for the control of California.

The "Treaty of Cahuenga" between General Fremont and Mexican Governor Pico was signed in the Pass and formed the basis of the ensuing period of peace and prosperity. Contrary to the popular impression, gold was not first discovered in California at Sutter's mill in the northern part of the state, but in a canyon near the town of Newhall, in the north-western corner of San Fernando Valley.

A semi-arid area, for more than a hundred years the valley was useful primarily for sheep and cattle-raising and some grain farming. Droughts were the greatest peril. After one extended dry spell, a Spanish don tried to raise cash by offering his immense rancho at fifty cents an acre—but could find no takers. In 1905, Los Angeles started its first great aqueduct to bring water from the high Sierras. The route lay through San Fernando Valley and upon the completion of the project there was water for irrigation, bringing new life to the valley. Communities sprang up almost over night. Fortunes were made in real estate.

IF WE take a look at the statistics for San Fernando Valley, we find startling increases on every hand. But to interpret them, we must understand the relationships of the various districts and communities within the valley. Actually, almost all of its two-hundred-and-twelve square miles is within the city limits of Los Angeles. Most of the various "towns" are therefore not separate political entities, but merely names applied to centers of trade or population, with loosely defined boundaries. And it gets even more complicated than that. There are towns within towns. If you want to write to someone who lives in "Studio City," for example, you address your letter, "North Hollywood." Even the Valley as a whole is not segregated from the rest of Los Angeles for all statistical purposes. In many cases the figures are approximations or estimates, although substantially correct.

Back in 1920, the district called North Hollywood was estimated to have less than 3,000 population. Today it unquestionably has over 30,000—more than a ten-fold increase in seventeen years. The same ratio holds good to a large extent for the valley as a whole, with a present population of well over a hundred thousand people.

But the most spectacular thing of all is the sky-rocketing in value of building permits issued in the valley over this same period. In the six years, North Hollywood, alone, shows an increase of from less than $400,000 annually to almost 4½ million and this year will probably top five million. In 1932, the valley as a whole took out 2,073 building permits, with a value of $1,800,000. By 1937, there were 8,713 permits, aggregating almost fourteen million dollars.

THE local slogan is, "The fastest-growing community in the U. S."—and one can well believe it. As your reporter types this in his patio, he can count ten new homes built within a radius of a few hundred yards. Hammers are making a more constant tattoo than the typewriter—and the same activity is going on for miles around, everything from mansions to the most modest homes. In some districts, not ten percent of these houses are three years old, yet it is rapidly becoming a thickly-settled community—street after street of fresh, delightful houses, mostly gleaming white, surrounded by green lawns and profusions of bright blossoms, shaded by many great trees, the remnants of old walnut groves. It is a far cry from the valley of a hundred years ago, when vaqueros herded cattle over the arid land and padres from the mission plodded along dusty roads.

The shopping centers, too, are keeping pace with this development. Ventura and Lankershim Boulevards are built up literally for miles with markets, shops, restaurants, cocktail bars and theatres and the many detached commercial centers are rapidly spreading out. A section of Ventura Boulevard is beginning to take on the complexion of the famed Sunset Strip of Hollywood.

Even the industrial and agricultural growth is contributing toward making the valley a self-contained economic unit. Aside from motion pictures which, of course, is the "big business" of the district, the aggregate value of manufactured products is not insignificant. Among the largest industrial plants is the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and the Union Air Terminal—which serves all the metropolitan district of Los Angeles—is close by. The valley is so vast—over 135,000 acres—that in spite of all the residential and commercial growth in many sections, there has been little interference with agricultural pursuits. In addition to many thousands of acres devoted to general farming, there are over 10,000 acres producing citrus fruits, nearly as many in walnuts and somewhere between ten and fifteen thousand acres of truck gardens.

JUST what brought about the almost unprecedented development of San Fernando Valley—particularly as a new and unique residential district? First of all, there's the climate, which is distinctly different. Ventura Boulevard is several hundred feet higher than Hollywood Boulevard and it is surprising how much variation can be encountered in merely going a few miles on the other side of the hills. While some of the summer days are warmer, nights are much cooler. And the hills keep out much of the fog that rolls in from the sea.

But from the standpoint of the tens of thousands in the modest income brackets who have made their homes in the valley, the big lure has been low land values. In almost all of the desirable sections of Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, or their environs, a suitable lot can hardly be obtained for less than fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. The more desirable ones can run into several or many thousands. Out in the valley, a 50 by 120-foot lot, on a paved street, with curbs and sidewalks in, with pleasant surroundings and convenient to a shopping center, can be bought for around four-hundred dollars. Even corner lots go for from five to six-hundred. And the real estate sections of the newspapers are filled with advertisements of construction companies who will build a five, six or seven-room home for between two to five thousand dollars.

Under an FHA loan, payments can be as little as $25 monthly. The family with no more than $500 in cash and with sufficient income to meet these small payments, can therefore have a new, modern, truly charming home with its own garden and plenty of elbow-room. Nor is the location inconvenient. The many who are employed at one of the valley studios are almost within walking distance in numerous instances—a few minutes' drive at most. And the bulk of the intensive residential development is within ten miles of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard. Even 20th Century-Fox at Westwood and the M-G-M, Selznick and Hal Roach studios at Culver City are not much further than from Hollywood, if one takes the short-cut through Laurel Canyon.

THOSE are the principal reasons that have brought the mass of the new population to the valley. But what is influencing the hundreds of top-flighters who are flocking there? Climate and convenience probably present their attractions to this class as well and the economic factor is quite likely more important than might be thought. There are few in any walk of life but that have been affected, in one way or another, by the conditions of recent years. Even if income has remained unimpaired, taxes have mounted and the demands of indigent relatives and friends and public philanthropy have increased. Anyway, the depression has made ostentation in poor taste, even if one can still afford it. The watchword in Hollywood, as in most other places, has been economy.

But a more fundamental, if subtler, reason for the hegira is the desire to escape from the social formalities of life in those communities—from being always on dress-parade, both in public and in private. Constant conformance to rules and ceremony is the worst sort of bondage. Superficialities and insincerities become boring. Even constant adulation finally is obnoxious. Here was a chance to "get away from it all," to answer the urge for the primitive, which still remains in most of us—and save money in the bargain! And after those first few hardy pioneers blazed the trail, the trek

CELEBRITIES LIVING IN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

Acord, Art
Acuff, Eddie
Adrian, Gilbert
Ameche, Don
Arlen, Richard
Astor, Mary
Autry, Gene
Baker, Kenneth
Barlow, Col. Reginald
Beery, Wallace
Bellamy, Ralph
Bergen, Edgar
  (& Charlie McCarthy, too!)
Binyon, Claude
Blue, Ben
Bogart, Humphrey
Bond, Lillian
Boteler, Wade
Brent, George
Brian, Mary
Broderick, Helen
Brown, Tom
Bruce, Virginia
  (J. Walter Ruben)
Buck, Frank
Burnett, Smiley
Burns, Bob
Burroughs, Edgar Rice
Bushman, Francis X., Jr.
Cagney, James
Carroll, Harry
Cavanaugh, Hobart
Cohn, Alfred
Coogan, Jackie
  (& Betty Grable)
Cooper, Gary
Cowan, Jerome
Crosby, Bing
Crosby, Larry
Cummings, Hugh
Davenport, Harry
Davis, Bette
Davis, Johnny
De Havilland, Olivia
Demerest, Bill
Devine, Andy
Disney, Roy
Douglas, Lloyd C.
Durbin, Deanna
Dvorak, Ann
Einstein, Harry
  ("Parkyakarkus")
Farrell, Glenda
Fazenda, Louise
  (& Hal Wallis—husband)
Fenton, Leslie
Fidler, Jimmie
Fields, W. C.
Francis, Kay
Franklin, Chester
Gable, Clark
Gargan, William
Goff, Norris
  ("Lum" of "Lum & Abner")
Haley, Jack
Harris, Phil
Hart, William S.
Herbert, Hugh
Holden, Faith
Holt, Jack
Horton, Edward Everett
Hudson, Rochelle
Hunter, Ian
Jolson, Al
  (& Ruby Keeler)
Jones, Buck
Jones, Howard H.
Kalmar & Ruby
Karns, Roscoe
Kelly, Paul
Kibbee, Guy
King, John
Knowles, Patric
Lane—all the sisters
La Rue, Jack
Lauck, Chester
  ("Abner" of "Lum & Abner")
Laurel, Stan
Lederer, Francis
Lee, Rowland V.
Leeds, Andrea
Litel, John
Lombard, Carole
Louise, Anita
Loy, Myrna
  (& Arthur Hornblow)
Lynn, Jeffrey
MacDonald, Jeanette
  (& Gene Raymond)
Mack, Helen
MacLane, Barton
Marion, Frances
Marx Brothers
Mauch Twins
McAvoy, May
McHugh, Frank
McLeod, Norman
Menjou, Adolphe
(& Verree Teasdale)
Michael, Gertrude
Mix, Tom
Moran, Polly
Morris, Glenn
Morris, Wayne
Muni, Paul
Murphy, George
Nichols, Dudley
O'Brien, Pat
O'Keefe, Dennis
Oldfield, Barney
Oliver, Gordon
Page, Dorothy
Parker, Cecilia
Parsons, Louella
Payne, John
Powell, Dick
  (& Joan Blondell)
Raye, Martha
Read, Barbara
Reed, Tom
Rich, Irene
Robinson, Edward G.
Robson, May
Rogers, Charles R.
Rubin, Benny
Scully, Frank
Skipworth, Alison
Stanwyck, Barbara
Starr, Jimmy
Starrett, Chas.
Stone, Fred
Stone, Lewis
Summerville, Slim
Taylor, Robert
Thorpe, Jim
Todd, Mabel
Tomlin, Pinky
Towne, Rosella
Tracy, Spencer
Treacher, Arthur
Trevor, Claire
Tully, Jim
Wallace, Beryl
Weissmuller, Johnny
West, Mae
Westmore, Perc
William, Warren
Williams, "Big Boy"
Wilson, Don
Winninger, Chas.
Wood, Sam
Young, Robert
Zanuck, Darryl

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TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER
NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

began. For in few places in the world is the game of "follow the leader" played with more earnestness and tenacity than in Hollywood. Let one of the colony discover something new, or some different way of doing something, and the rest scramble in emulation. Now it is "the thing to do" to have a "Rancho in the Valley."

In the process, they have found not only a new place to live, but most certainly a new way of living. Their new surroundings have brought about a metamorphosis in their lives and habits. It is as if the ghosts of those cattle-tending vaqueros and mission padres were teaching them the joys of the open country.

In old clothes, they hang over back fences and exchange garden gossip. Their parties are mostly impromptu, "come as you are" and everybody's welcome, celebrity or not. They walk, ride and hold their own "home made" rodeos. In the old days, a round of the Cocoanut Grove and other nite-spots would locate most of the great and near-great of Hollywood of an evening. Now, out in the valley, one is more likely to hear the clatter of hoofs, proclaiming a moonlight saddle party.

They have even taken it up themselves to form "governments" of their communities. Hugh Herbert is the long-time "Mayor" of Studio City with Charles (Big Boy) Williams as the "Sheriff." "Mayor" Al Jolson presides at Encino and Andy Devine occupies a similar post in Van Nuys. And they believe in woman suffrage and female office-holders too, for quite recently an "election" created "Mayor" Glenda Farrell of North Holywood.—Beg pardon!—"New Hollywood," it should be. For Hollywood *is* moving—if it hasn't already moved.

The Muni Behind the Make-Up

[*Continued from page* 80]

have the final word, all the words, about the way I wish to work out the characters I play.

"But the thing is, what was once so important to me is not so important anymore. The sense I had, 20 years ago, of 'going places'—well, now I have gone those places. Whereas I used to enjoy the very idea of 'going to rehearsal,' of spending four and five hours making up, often just for experimental purposes, I have gone through these phases. One can't enjoy the same things all the time; one can't keep on using the same set of mental muscles without wanting to try other muscles."

I said, then, "Make-up? How important is make-up, do you think? You," I added, looking at the incredible transformation of Muni into the picture of *Juarez* on the mantel, "you who use it so amazingly. . . ."

"Make-up," said Muni, "is not important at all *if anyone is conscious that it is make-up.* The only reason for make-up is so that one can change more completely, more credibly, into the character one is playing. The hope is that the public will not feel any awareness of make-up but only feel that this IS the man *Juarez,* or *Pasteur* or *Zola.* Make-up," smiled Muni, "is another problem I make for myself. . . ."

* * *

I went home, still asking myself questions about Muni. As he will go on asking questions of life. For this is what makes him (he isn't here now, I can say what I like) the great artist, *the* genius of his medium.

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She Dares To Be Different

[*Continued from page* 81]

made no difference to her; she tried anyway.

Eventually she did eleven plays in a row, over a period of two years—four on Broadway, the rest in summer stock and tryouts. The pace began to wear on her health and nerves, as it did again later in 1936, and at that earlier time she left for California to visit her family. Jean arrived during the holidays to find Hollywood a-flood. It was that New Year's Eve storm of 1934. When the storm abated, there were no sidewalks in front of the Arthur home, and the front yard was practically all in the house, inches deep throughout the whole first floor. To many another actress in Jean's state at the time, the after-flood debris would have been too much to stand. She had come west for rest and sunshine and lazy beautiful days. But that the weather man had upset her plans made little difference to her.

JEAN'S mother was shocked and upset, one morning of the very new year, to see Jean, in hip boots and overalls, out front with the wheel-barrow, carting away the flood debris. It was such an unfitting undertaking for one of the more important younger actresses of the New York stage! However, the mother said very little about it, figuring that it was a whim which would pass quickly. Tomorrow, perhaps, Jean would have enough of it, and would dash off for a really fashionable vacation and rest at Santa Barbara or Palm Springs.

Nothing of the kind happened. For four months, every morning, Jean Arthur in those same boots and overalls, worked to remove every last vestige of the flood. That finished, she started to repaint the porch and the trimmings of the house. She reveled in it. It was more fun, and more honest-to-goodness flesh-and-blood work than she had ever done before. At the end of six month
Jean was a well-rested girl. That wh
barrow had done more for her than all
fancy rest cures any doctor could presc
She was without nerves, fresh, and eag
begin all over again at a new career
that point the thing she chose to tackl
the talking screen.

THIS point from her past has a
definite bearing on her present,
you are to know what Jean is rea
today in her personal life, then we
you that in many ways she is still tl
busy, cleaning-up gal with the wheel

Jean Arthur may not look like tl
tic type—but she has a passion fo
ness, and cleanliness is, of course
requisite of domesticity. She in
streak from her Norwegian moth
servants, for example, have a gr
respect for her, because she is one
employer who can't be fooled. Sh
the places to look, where ladies
are usually fooled—behind the
under the rugs, far back in the c
has a nose which can smell ou
where, and an index finger
familiar terms with every nook
of the house.

But she is not alone the type
up and tells others what should
often piles in and does some
herself. The way she loves to m
around, for example—it's rath
joke. She has no foolish pride
a movie star's hands, about ben
star's back. She doesn't just s

chair from corner to corner either. Sometimes it's the piano which goes from room to room, or a heavy bookcase. It's rather a mystery how she accomplishes these feats with her mere one hundred and ten pounds, but she does them, nevertheless. She spends lots of time in her yard too, and in her garden. Keeping a perfect manicure is no concern of hers.

ANOTHER very "different" thing about her, is her particular preference for pets. She wouldn't own a dog just because he was fashionable or had blue ribbons to his credit. The qualities she looks for in dogs, are the same qualities she looks for in friends—entertainment and faithfulness. She has a mongrel which she calls Pat, and he fulfills on both scores.

One day recently at Columbia, at noon hour, Jean was sitting on the steps in front of her dressing-room, and suddenly she began laughing. She sat there laughing and laughing—apparently at nothing, so that when a co-worker came along and saw her he said a very natural, "Let me in on it," and sat down beside her.

Jean began to recount something which Pat had done that morning, how he had pretended to be sick so that she would worry about him, and take him with her to the studio for close observation. "Crazy, clever little mutt," Jean said. "You should have seen the act he put on; it makes me laugh just to remember it. You see I did bring him with me once when he really wasn't feeling well, and he thought he could fake it this time. The expression on his face! So woeful, honestly it was a—"

"Now wait a minute, you don't think dogs really think that far, do
co-worker

get nervous or upset? Then,
package of Beech-Nut Gum.
lways refreshing and restful.
es from Flavor-Town (Cano-
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flavor. Six delicious varieties.

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If you're driving, we would be delighted
ve you stop at Canajoharie, in the
k Valley of New York, and see how
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convinces. *Send for a Trial P*
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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, p
"That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch.
....
....

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 82]

—*Wide World*

Big enough now to take a ride on a pony with Mummy to hold her, is Marie nica, daughter of the Gary Coopers

four gals if it's okeh. And not until
prove can Ann say uh-huh to Harv.
that's going to be tough on the boys
Hollywood—as long as the Club
owever, the bets are a hundred to
the Club will be just a memory—
he time you read this!

■

E CUPIDATA—just as
mantic as Warner Baxter is
stand-in, Frank McGrath, as
Dance-Teacher Geneva
ems to have discovered! . . .
rise, surprise, surprise, but
i has, really really has, mar-
er Kane . . . super-heated
f the moment is the Richard
Greene-Wendy Barrie two-
Priscilla Lawson and Alan
all set to forget they've
. . altar bound are Sigrid
Dr. Lawrence Spangard,
n and Mary Howard, Dick
d Vicki Lester . . . no ice-
June Storey and Director
zell, these days . . . Betty
just as beautiful as ever, is
yle Talbot's heart beat
. .

Girl's Fondest Hopes

[*Continued from page* 10]

tightly sealed and the aroma of cedar cannot escape or be dissipated. This means 100% safety for storing wools—socks, mittens or sweaters, and on to large "woolies" like blankets and comfortables. Think what this means to the young homemaker! No clothing bags to worry about, no closets to fumigate, just a convenient capacious chest into which to tuck almost a truckful of precious personal and household belongings.

This point of large capacity is indeed most important. For in the crowded compactness of modern living, the bride or the newlywed often finds her storage space at more than a premium—it may be non-existent! With inadequate closets, without enough drawers, where shall she keep in order her dainty silks and special personal apparel? Her table linens? The heavier bed linens? The extra blanket?

WHILE there are many designs and choices in the exterior finishes of these hope chests of today, it is worth noting also their size and inner arrangement. The length is 48 inches (or full 4 feet to you), the width 22 inches (or almost a broad 2 feet), and the depth 18 inches. Another convenience is the smart top tray or tray-drawer which rises automatically when the lid is opened. It practically hands things to you! Efficiently partitioned for storing gloves, ties, belts, or what have you, the whole device is at convenient easy-to-reach level, and adds 20% extra storage room without interfering with the capacity of the chest itself. In some models the entire tray width is left open for holding long frocks or garments, with three smaller tray-like drawers underneath. When the lid is opened the tray begins to serve you—could anything be more convenient?

ONE of the most happy locations for this modern chest is naturally right in the bride's room, often at the foot of her bed. Thus, even if closet space is inadequate, she can rely on her chest to hold everything she may require in a hurry without pulling and hauling at the back of a dark closet. This is particularly true of the "spare" blanket, often as badly needed on a chilly June night as on a cold evening in October. Packed away in smelly mothballs, one hesitates going to the trouble to drag it out, but merely tucked into a convenient chest right near the bed, the "spare" blanket is readily accessible whenever required.

This point of safety goes even further than mere insect-protection, important as that is. It continues to a safety-box or drawer insurance, since each of these modern dower chests is fitted with sneak-proof locks, so that, if necessary or desirable in the informal household, insurance or other valuable papers can be kept in the chest, right at hand, in case of sudden need.

Beauty of finish is by no means the least of the reasons why every woman loves to own one of these handsome pieces of furniture. For furniture they are—whether the exterior wood be figured walnut, rosewood, Oriental, or the choice blond woods which harmonize so perfectly with all modern settings. In the older architecture, when styles in houses and style in furnishings were so definite as to come down to us as "period rooms," we find that the chest always occupied the most commanding position along the chief wall of the room. In the Italian house, there was practically nothing else but a rugged chest, chairs and a narrow table. And so, too, with the Spanish which has furnished us with so many outstanding homes and stunning interiors among the houses of the movie colony. In England, in the times of good Queen Bess, there was the massive chest of large proportions, followed by the more graceful, lighter highboy; and, when space became still more restricted, this developed into the still lesser and lower lowboy loved by the Colonial housewife.

THUS these chests made of beautifully matched woods, with hand-rubbed finish, *are also the "period furniture" of our own time*! The girl of today can be most proud to start building her home furnishings around such a handsome, utility article of furniture. It, too, is a lowboy—a stunning piece whether for the living room, the hall, or the young woman's own bedroom. "Making dreams come true" is much more fascinating if there is something concrete in which to pack those "dreams" safely and securely! Charming deb of her time, Betty Renfrew, could not be any more happy to receive her "hope chest" than will the bride of this year to become the recipient of her treasure chest.

That first hope chest was a gift. So it is a pleasing idea still to continue thinking of such chests as "gifts"—of course for the bride-to-be; but also for the sweet girl graduate who may still be only "hoping"; or as a birthday or confirmation gift; or why not as a lovely thoughtful gift for Mother's Day to the older woman, who may now be living alone in a small room, but who nevertheless likes to have near her the precious relics or souvenirs of her once larger life and home; or if she still enjoys a spacious house, why not a chest as a handsome addition to her other furniture? It would be a thoughtful son or daughter who would order such an appreciated gift tied and wrapped "For Mother".

If YOU are a bride-to-be, of course you will want to know "All About Linens"—the right kind for the right uses, how many to buy, what sizes, and the many questions such as "whose initials or monogram shall be featured on table linens?" The answers are waiting not only for the bride, but for all readers who write for the leaflet, "Linen Budgets for the Bride." Just clip the coupon below, paste it on a post card and mail.

FREE! FREE!

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Says *Priscilla Lane*
Warner Brothers' Star in Family Reunion

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FOR GRADUATION
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The LANE SPECIAL
No. 48-1690—Big 48″ chest in modern waterfall design in matched Oriental and walnut woods. Has Lane Automatic Tray. $29.75
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This gift that marks the dawn of a new home has patented aroma-tight features that give guaranteed moth protection—backed by free moth insurance policy. It's the only cedar chest tested for moth-killing aroma-tightness. Superbly finished in *waterproof* hardwood veneers that will never peel or loosen. See latest Lane models now at your Lane dealer's. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. N, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada, Knechtels Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

LANE *Cedar* HOPE CHEST

THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

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Now you can comb your mascara through your lashes. Just unscrew the cap...and there you are! A comb with just enough mascara ready to apply the new smart way. Then a twist of the cap and back into your purse. No fuss... no bother...no soiling. Tear proof. Smudge proof. Gives perfect even distribution and separates your lashes. Ronni Cream Mascara is ready to use. Black, brown or blue. Ronni, Inc. 18 West 20th Street, New York

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Relieves itching at once; kills fungi upon contact; promotes healing of red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between the toes or on the feet; prevents spreading. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (Liquid or Ointment) today at your Drug, Shoe or Dept. Store.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

All Aboard for Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 17]

jointly by Jones and Robert Young. There the Movieland Tourists will be royally entertained by the Joneses and many other prominent stars they have invited to meet you.

For guests of the second Tour, arriving in Hollywood on August 11, the dashing adventurous Victor McLaglen has planned a private party at his magnificent estate in LaCanada, where the hero of *Gunga Din* and many other exciting films, maintains a private zoo and a herd of blooded horses.

ASIDE from these two special parties both Movieland Tours are identical in itinerary. The first Tour starts from Chicago on Saturday, July 15, and returns exactly two weeks later on July 29. The second Movieland Special, consisting of air-conditioned observation-lounge and dining-cars and luxury sleepers, leaves Chicago on August 5 and returns August 19. Between the dates of departure and return, all you have to do is enjoy yourself. MOTION PICTURE Magazine has arranged in minute detail every other necessary item of transportation, meals, hotel accommodations, side trips, studio visits *et al.*

The westbound trip will take the Movieland Tourists through country of unrivaled beauty. With frequent stops en route to visit spots of historical or scenic importance, the special train will proceed across country to Seattle, the Pacific Coast's fascinating "Gateway to the Orient," then move south to Portland and on to Los Angeles.

The three day stay in Hollywood will offer a never-to-be-forgotten parade of thrills. Personally escorted by Fawcett Publications' West Coast representatives, you will have lunch at studio commissaries, visit the great sound stages, mingle with Hollywood luminaries at work and at play. And always you will have access to places forbidden the casual visitor.

Two days of the homeward trip have been set aside for a glorious visit to the great Golden Gate Exposition in San Francisco. Leaving the Fair you will take a restful overnight river voyage to Sacramento on board a modern luxury steamer, then reboard the Movieland Special for a leisurely eastbound trip. The homeward journey will follow a southerly route, with stop-offs at Reno, Salt Lake City and Denver.

Every detail of this summer's Movieland Tours has been planned to bring you the utmost comfort, pleasure and entertainment. The cost of this glorious two weeks' vacation? You will be surprised to know that the entire holiday will cost you no more than the price of a railroad round-trip ticket!

You'll want more details about this fascinating vacation plan. To get complete information at absolutely no cost nor obligation to yourself, simply clip and mail the coupon accompanying this article. But hurry! Mail the coupon today! Requests for the free illustrated booklet describing the 1939 Movieland Tours have been deluging our Chicago office ever since the first announcement story appeared in April MOTION PICTURE.

So don't delay—mail the coupon today and get all the information you want to know about the most exciting and inexpensive vacation plan ever devised.

YOUR NAME IN LIGHTS!

If you have acting ability, develop it! Hollywood and New York studios—commercial studios (who make advertising films)—the Stage—Radio—all need and pay big money for talent. Why not start preparing yourself right now?

Learn Screen Technique, Dramatics, Make-Up at Home

This knowledge will serve you every way—in school, business, socially—because dramatic abiliry builds confidence, helps you gain grace and poise, lifts you above the crowd. Our course is new and unique. Includes Professional Terms, Camera Angles, Acting, Emotion, Expression, Voice, Make-Up, etc.

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"Gone like magic" is the song of happy thousands for whom KREMOLA, an M. D. doctor's prescription, has cleared away pimples, blackheads, and surface skin blemishes. A clear-up—not a cover-up! Keeps dry skin *moist*! Your money refunded if pimples and adolescent purplish pits do not go. Try KREMOLA, $1.25 at drug and department stores, or send direct.

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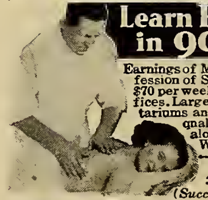

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EARNINGS START AT ONCE! Brand new Ford given producers. Everybody buys hose. Guaranteed to wear from 4 to 8 months without holes, snags or runs or replaced FREE. Big repeat sales. Grace Wilber, Iowa, earned $37.10 in 9 hours and received 8 new cars; Charles Mills, Minn., earned $120.00 in one week and received 2 new cars, as extra bonuses. Your own hose given as bonus, send hose size. Rush name on penny card *for sample outfit, details. ACT NOW!*

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
Midway F-9, Greenfield, Ohio

Send No Money

HOSE FOR YOUR PERSONAL USE SENT WITH OUTFIT

A Family Man—And How He Loves It

[*Continued from page* 58]

of mine, I'm that sure and positive about it. A wife needs as much independence as a husband. She needs something more than the monotony of domestic duties. She acquires these two things along with a score of others when she takes a fling at a career."

Now Melvyn hasn't acquired the Hollywood habit of popping off just to hear himself talk. He's prouder of his career as a family man than he is of his success as a screen star and you don't have to take what he's said with a couple of grains of the well-known salt. He could point with pride to success of his own marriage and the happiness of his own family life as proof that his ideas on matrimony and all its trimmings aren't theoretical, but being a modest man as well as a serious one, he refused to do it.

Melvyn has another qualification—we might well call it a virtue—that places him apart from most of his acting brothers and sisters of the screen.

He's a citizen first—and an actor afterward. And very proud of it you can see although its like trying to squeeze a drop of sympathy from a mortgage-holder's heart to get him to talk about it. He practices good citizenship as a duty and as a pleasure, and if you are cynical enough to suggest that there is a lot of good publicity in it, too, you'd better prepare to have a lot of early foot as the racetrack handicappers describe it, because he's liable to grab you by the slack of your jeans and give you the good old heave-o down the side of that high hill of his.

BETWEEN picture commitments Melvyn gives generously of his time to aid worthy civic causes and he always has a wide-open pocketbook to back up these causes with more than his share of dough-re-mi. He's that kind of a good citizen. But you very rarely see his name in the papers identifying him in the pursuit of his civic duties and he's glad of it because he feels that he'd be accused of space-grabbing. Hollywood is funny that way, as you may have observed more times than not.

As an example of what he does with his spare time to promote himself as a useful citizen, we point to the tremendous burden he wished on himself when he accepted the Chairmanship of a committee appointed by the Steinbach Association, Save A Child Association, and the Los Angeles Branch of the Newspaper Guild to provide a Christmas celebration for the under-privileged children of migratory workers encamped at Bakersfield, last December. Come Christmas Eve he staged a radio program on which were a number of his actor friends.

Not only that, but before he left he arranged for another radio program to be broadcast from Los Angeles and in addition to this he saw to it that enough refreshments and toys were brought up to Bakersfield to take care of five thousand children and adults. That took not only time but a lot of money and a lot of hard work.

"The saddest part of it all," says Melvyn, "was to find, when we got there and began to count noses, that there was twice the number of people to our party than we expected or dreamed of providing for. More than eleven thousand were in attendance. Think of it! That many people in one group with no more chance of having a Merry Christmas than what they could derive from our party!

"There must be a screw-loose somewhere in our political machinery when such tragedies are revealed. And when I say tragedy I mean it in the fullest sense of the word because if there is anything more pitiful—and awful—than eleven thousand children and their parents with no chance to enjoy Christmas other than what a few outsiders provide, I'd like to know what it is."

Well, that's good citizen Melvyn Douglas and it's a great pity there aren't more like him in Hollywood. Flickerville would be a better town if there were.

YOU may not know this but Douglas started out in life to be a poet! But about the time he could rhyme dove with love he met with parental opposition, his father insisting that he become a concert pianist and composer like himself and his mother advocating the legal profession. During his boyhood both father and mother used subtle means to persuade him in the choice of a career, the former seeing to it that he attended all the better concerts, and the latter seeing to it that her young son attended as many court proceedings as possible. But Melvyn wasn't interested.

As a matter-of-fact he wasn't much interested in a career of any kind just then. He was kept pretty busy jumping from one part of the country to another during his grade school years and it's possible that these migrations hither and yon in search of an education were about all he could handle.

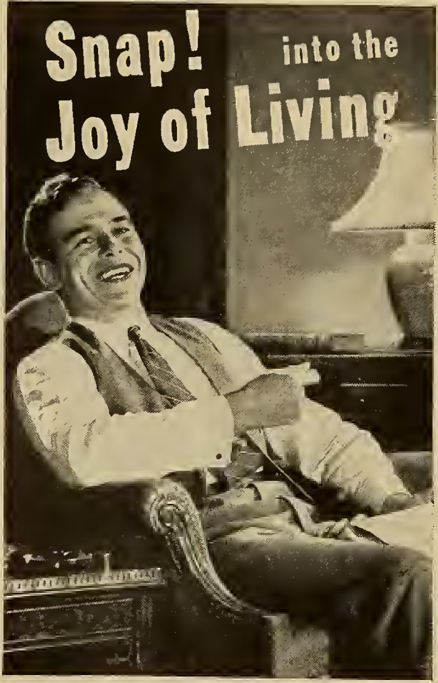
"It wasn't until I was seventeen," he says, "that I became aware of the stage. I was a junior in a Lincoln, Nebraska, high-school, then, and my father was director of music. One morning the dramatic instructor asked father if he would object to having his son take part in school dramatics and when he said no, I found myself a couple of weeks later taking part in *The Little Princess* in which I was cast as a Hindu. I must have been pretty satisfied with myself because I had the nerve to accept roles in several other school plays after that."

About this time the war came along and Melvyn *snuck out* the back window one dark night and picked 'em up and laid 'em down fast enough to get to an enlistment officer before his parents did (he'd ran away from home the year before in an attempt to join up with the Scotch Highlanders in Toronto but his parents brought him back after proving that he had lied about his age) and spent the war years in a medical corps stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington.

"I became intensely enthused about medicine and surgery," he says, "and had made up my mind to enter a medical school after the Armistice, but on the way home I stopped off in Chicago where an actor friend convinced me that the field of medicine was full of starving doctors and surgeons and that I'd be far happier in the long run and better off financially if I tried something else. Acting, for instance.

"The Douglas eyebrows went up like the temperature of a fever patient when he told me that, but he began battering me with dollar words until I finally consented to join his school of acting. That's how easily persuaded I was. He coached me for eighteen months, occasionally permitting me to appear in plays put on by the school. Later he organized a repertory troupe and we went on tour through the Middle West."

IN 1919, Melvyn began his professional career, playing important roles in Shakespearean productions. Two years were profitably spent under the tutelage of Jessie Bonstelle, theatrical star, and after that he



MISTER MAN, you cannot afford to let so-called "spring fever" *slow you down . . .* or *let you down!*

S.S.S. Tonic may be just the "lift" you need *this Spring* to make you *feel better* and *look better.*

when that tired-let-down feeling
begins to take hold and you slow-down in your work and thinking as the day wears on, it is well to remember your precious red-blood-cells may have been reduced in number and strength.

what causes this change?
Wear and strain of worry, overwork, colds, and sickness often reduce one's blood strength.

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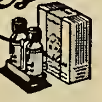

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owned and managed his own company—with experience if not much profit to himself.

In 1928 he and Broadway discovered each other when he was given an important role in *A Free Soul,* and from that time on he was identified with such plays as *The Silver Cord,* starring Laura Hope Crews; *Jealousy,* starring Fay Bainter; *The Command to Love, The Comeback,* and *Tonight or Never.* It was the last named play that brought him to Hollywood where, in 1931, he appeared in the screen version with Gloria Swanson.

"During my first nine months in Hollywood," he reveals, "I appeared in nine pictures and I got rather tired of the whole business, arranged for a contract release, and then embarked with my wife on a 'round the world trip. Got back just in time for Peter Gahagan Douglas to make his debut. I returned to New York a few months later and tried my hand at directing stage plays. In one of them, a play about the Bronte sisters, I had the pleasure of directing my wife and I must say that she was mighty nice about letting me boss her around.

"I returned to Hollywood in 1934 on a combined business and vacation trip and made one picture, *Dangerous Corner,* with Virginia Bruce, then back to New York again where I directed two more plays, *Within the Gates,* and *Mother Lode.* I not only directed the latter, but also appeared in it with my wife."

With this theatrical chore finished the Douglas family grabbed a rattler for Hollywood, grabbed a contract offered by Columbia a day or so after he arrived, and appeared with Claudette Colbert in *She Married Her Boss.* Columbia "execs" liked Melvyn's work in this film as well as the movie fans and he was signed to another contract committing him to do several pictures a year, along with "loan-outs" to other studios. His latest picture is *There's That Woman Again.*

Tennis is his favorite sport, next to swimming, and bridge his favorite card game next to Michigan rummy. Like the postman who takes a walk on his day off, Douglas makes it a point to see all the out-standing screen productions.

As we write this, he's "off-stage" with no more work for his idle hands to do other than to admire his 5-months-old daughter, Mary Helen. He's a family man, this Douglas guy—and proud of it.

Always a Best Man— Never a Groom

[*Continued from page* 53]

School of Manhattan, gave him what is known to Germans as "good nursery." It rhymes with "breeding."

What defeats the lads about town is the way Cesar squires the colony's loveliest honeys, yet is never led to the altar even by the sheerest of halters. He dances them, dines them, romances them (in a nice way, of course) but he never finds his name smeared on the front pages of the jonquil-colored journals in a breach of promise action. It's not because he is graded as a gigolo. The *passe* term could not be applied to Cesar who pays his way, and that of his girl friends. Sometimes it's only that memorable $3.50 at the Troc when he took Joan Crawford dancing and they each ordered a sasparilla, one apiece. No, it seems to be an immunity to matrimony that keeps Romero single. Some say an allergy. This Cesar denies. He plans to marry. "In two years," he declares.

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Don't make any bets on the date of Romero's wedding. He has a habit of putting off until next year what he cannot afford this year. It gives psuedo-psychologists, like us, a chance to work out Theories. We can easily attribute this hesitant philosophy to a "*manana* instinct," a do-it-tomorrow instinct, and trace it right back to the Latin. Cesar's forefathers are Cuban. Cuba's patriot, Jose Marti, was his mother's godfather. Actually, Cesar has a curious, Yankee idea of thrift. He doesn't want to buy anything until he is sure that he can afford it. That is why matrimony is two years away.

Like most young men who have danced, professionally, at cafes and night-clubs, Romero has had ample opportunity to marry well. All offers he has sternly rejected. The reason, in every case, was that he did not love the well-dowered damsel. And Romero has ideals. One is that he will not marry unless he is deeply in love. With the passing of the years, Romero, who was thirty-two on February 15th, finds love more remote; companionship a more necessary part of marriage. He looks back upon a love affair that he entered into at twenty-three as the peak of his romantic graph.

UPON coming to Hollywood five years ago at the invitation of M-G-M who wanted him in their *Thin Man* cast, Romero might have discovered the same situation in Hollywood: moneyed women wanted to marry him because he was an excellent dancer and a good all-around companion. But Cesar declined to become aware of it. By this time he had a definite objective, and that was a Career. After fooling around with one thing and another, never making enough money, in debt half the time, from the age of fourteen, Romero found in the picture business a solution to his family problems. He had himself and his family, five of them, to support. Films offered a steady livelihood. He took it. No gilded Hollywood honey could convince him there was anything else to do.

Being career-minded didn't destroy Romero's strong love of fun. Besides, his singleness of purpose was no exception. Everyone in Hollywood was career-minded, too. Also they were matrimonially-minded, changing partners with recklessness. Cesar might have fallen into the same slap-happy, careless habit, but every time he thought of marriage, he also thought of his responsibilities. They won. The first girl he went out with in Hollywood was Loretta Young's sister, Sally Blane, now Mrs. Norman Foster, and mother of Gretchen. Even today Cesar's heart softens at the thought of Sally. She has the sweetness of Joan Crawford, in his mind, and the independence of her younger sister, Loretta. All in all, Sally would have made a perfect wife. And does. But, unfortunately, not for Romero. This he probably thinks of between 'phone calls and wardrobe fittings. A busy actor has small time for regrets.

Soon he met Betty Furness, Virginia Bruce, Joan Crawford, Sonja Henie, even Ann Sheridan . . . she was "Clara Lou" then, right off the Texas plains. "So young, so dumb," says Romero, critically, today. "All she could say was 'How a' you all?' And has she changed!" It wasn't a case of dashing skittishly about from flower to flower. Romero was a good friend to all the girls. He had an urban wit, was a divine dancer, was good-humored; his technic with women was full-grown. There was nothing priggish in his attitude. Some of the girls were still smarting at the advice handed out by a certain crooner-executive who cautioned them not to consider matrimony. "Remember," he is reported to have told them, "I am just taking you out for a good time. Don't get serious." There was nothing like that about this six-plus footer. Cesar got along better with the top-notch glamor girls than he did with his former professional dancing partners; those he hired and fired with the regularity of a punch press. He can't figure out why that is. He doesn't waste time mulling over it, either.

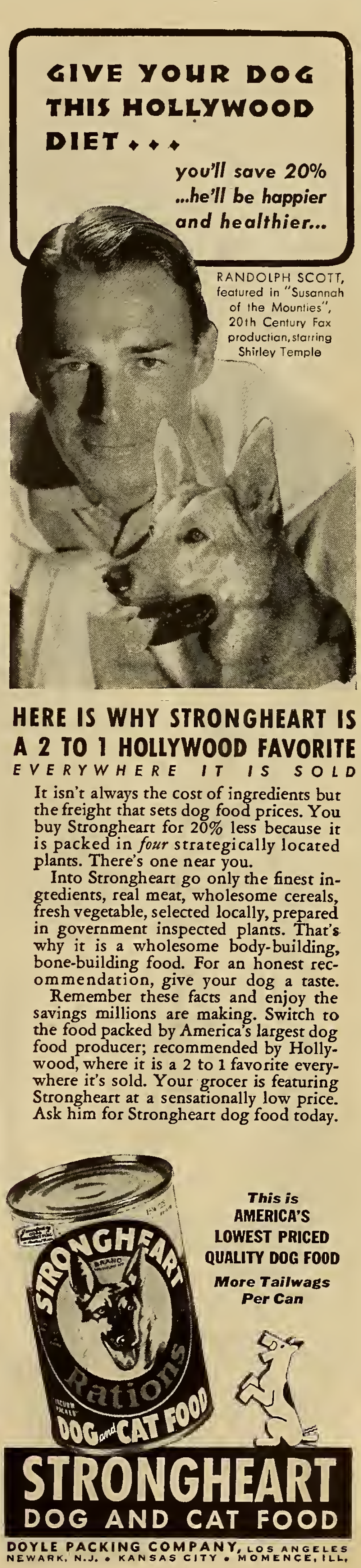
ACTUALLY, Romero's bachelorhood is something of a Hollywood phenomenon. Maintainance of this sacred state has been tried by many actors, and most of them have lost. Ronald Colman tried the recluse act. He might have been a Shangri-Lama for all the *premieres* he attended. Then along came Benita Hume. Clark Gable remained officially married, but separated from his wife, until Carole Lombard's presence made marriage highly desirable to him—again. Cesar Julio, the Second, chose the daring way of remaining a bachelor. He plunged headlong into the social swim and he has never had an engagement rumor printed about him. Apparently he is immune—until he chooses to fall victim. He is not even a marriage bug "carrier," like the famous "Typhoid Mary."

Factually, Cesar Julio has never been a "best man" at a Hollywood or Yuma wedding. The other night he almost became one. It was midnight and, in pajamas, he was about to retire, when a knock sounded on the door of his apartment. He opened it to greet a twenty-year-old friend from Oakland. With him was what was obviously a blushing bride-to-be and a quaking maid-of-honor-to-be. "We're on our way to Mexico to be married," quoth the youth. "Come along and be our best man, will you?"

Romero, the confirmed bachelor, thought fast. Then he invited the kids into the house. He explained that he wouldn't be able to go to Mexico with them at that moment but if they would wait until morning, he would drive down with them. "I'll put you up with me. You take the girls to the Roosevelt," he advised. While the youngsters were away, Romero received a wire from the boy's father, asking his assistance. When the prospective groom returned, Romero sat down before the fireplace with him, and they had a long talk. With the spectre of Economic Insecurity so freshly laid in his own life, Romero gave the performance of his career—to an audience of one. He pointed out the responsibilities of wedlock, touched upon the boy's lack of work, extreme youthfulness, and ran the gamut of logical reasoning against immediate marriage.

The boy wiped his brow when Cesar, the old meanie, finished, and Romero fished the telegram out of his dressing-gown pocket. "Here's a wire from your dad," he said. That was the climax. Grabbing his hat, the boy said a hasty farewell, and rushed to the hotel. His wife-to-be was still dressed, and both girls were as nervous as cats. "Come on! Let's go home. We can get married some other time. Let's leave right now," the near-groom ordered. They drove North that night. Romero looks upon this little episode as a service to matrimony, which is a great institution if you don't abuse it. Personally, Romero doesn't like to see it kicked around.

TO PROVE his fondness for the holy state Cesar points out that his best friends are married: the George Murphys, Irene Hervey and Allan Jones. He tactfully refrains from listing the Franchot Tones. Joan Crawford is one of Romero's long-time friends and he was the first male with whom she showed herself after the break-up of her marriage.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As a friend he rushed into the breach, not because he wanted to wear a glamor girl of her rating on his arm and grab front-page space, but because Joan is a friend. Romero values friendship. It was a risky thing to do, gossip being what it is. Romero risked being named as "other man." He took the chance, not, as you may suspect, because to dance again with Joan was a delight, but because Joan has the sweetest disposition of any woman that he knows. And she was a friend.

In the opinion of an expert, Joan sheds more real sympathy than a book of Western Union consolation wires. She likes to dramatize herself, but she gives you a chance to dramatize your troubles. This is Nirvana *and* Karma, to an actor. (It goes great with *any* man.) Loretta Young, Romero explained, is independent. She's a feminist, but she is still feminine. She is a bracing companion. Virginia Bruce is beautiful, so very beautiful. She is utterly feminine, but not a clinging vine. Definitely not. Ann Sheridan is . . . well, there's a slight diffusion there, Annie being the current Cleopatra in this Cesar's life. It's hard to see the forest for the trees. Her lovely traits like her humanness, her present self-confidence, are dimmed by the radiance of Eros.

With Annie as Romero's Cleopatra, it is interesting to know how our hero came by his name. He came by it honestly. It is his father's. And his father (Cesar's grandfather) had a humorous padre who named four sons with the inverted names of great men. Julius Cesar became Latinized (again) and Cesar Julio was christened. In turn, so were Bolivar Simon, Franklin Benjamin, Nelson Horatio.

IT CAN easily be said of Cesar the Second that he danced into fame. When at fourteen, Cesar the First lost his wealth with the collapse of the Cuban sugar market, he chose to use his personal fortune to pay off his debts instead of putting his money into his wife's name and seeking bankruptcy. Both Cesars regarded this with imperial fortitude as a necessary obligation. But the effect of reduced circumstances on the family made a deep impression on the boy, gave him his first thoughts about the close relationship of money, marriage and marital happiness. He never forgot them.

By the time he was twenty-three he was a well-established dancer in White Way night-clubs, but not ready for marriage. There was no future, no security, in this occupation. The woman he loved, a rich-voiced singer ten years his senior with two children, shared his life, but Romero could not ask for a permanent alliance. He was living, gracefully, on nothing. His tenderest romance died when she sailed for England for a theatrical engagement. It was about this time that Romero took the Tullio Carminati role in a road company of *Strictly Dishonorable.* Subsequent Broadway plays brought him to Hollywood, where he remains under contract to 20th Century-Fox with a part in Warner Baxter's *Return of the Cisco Kid* as his next thespianic tidbit. "Next year," he says, he plans to build a Mexican farmhouse in Brentwood. In "two years" he will probably marry—annuities, trust funds for the family, being as they are.

He is fearful of catching cold for fear that it may lead into a major complication, like pneumonia, according to a palm-reading given him by Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch. Cesar looks forward, with grisly delight, to the siege, for Mrs. Lubitsch also told him that it would bring him his future wife. Cesar is definitely intrigued, and definitely superstitious about such things.

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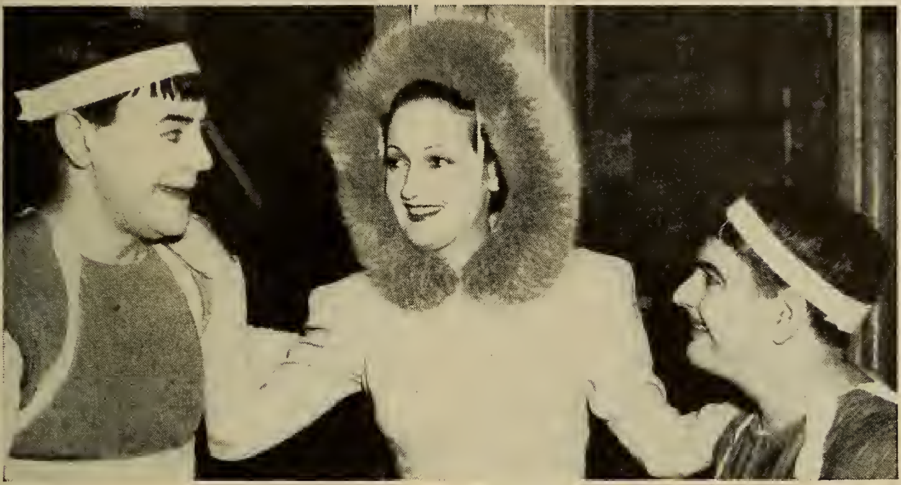
True Confessions

Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 24]



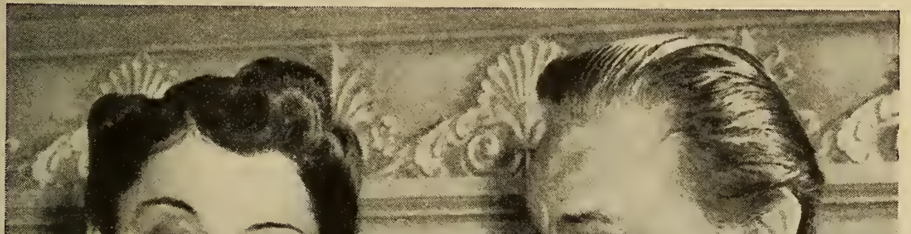
Dorothy Lamour saw *The Boys from Syracuse*, met comedians Savo and Hart

married pair I've yet to see emerge from the Hollywoods. . . Diana Blythe, John's daughter by his second wife, Michael Strange, is a frequent visitor backstage during rehearsals of "My Dear Children." . . . Her imitations of her dad are as devastating as they are amusing. It wouldn't take much coaxing to get her before the footlights.

2 A. M. in Reubens: Humphrey Bogart nursing bruises. . . I listen to his woeful tale because he's one of my favorite people. . . It seems all is not autographs and adulation for movie stars away from the home ground. . . There's a disturbing male element who resent actors. . . But Bogey can't understand the peculiar animosity a sight of his face seems to arouse. . . According to Mayo Methot, the new Mrs. Bogart, *this* time Humphrey was justified in the fisticuffs that followed one of those "so you're a tough guy, eh?" hecklers in the lobby of their hotel. . . But the manager thought otherwise . . . so in they moved to the dear old Algonquin where Papa Case made them feel at home. . . .

Later at the Stork Club: Tony Martin has us spell-bound, singing with more "Uumph" than the camera sound-track ever recorded. . . He looked tired and worried because Alice Faye was bedded with "flu" and couldn't join him . . . the crowds that have been tying up traffic outside the theatre where Tony is making personal appearance remind me of the early Rudy Vallee days. . . Lela Rogers, Ginger's ma, dancing with Ole Olson of *Hellzapoppin* . . . since Lela has slimmed down to size twelve she looks startlingly like Ginger. . . .

BACKSTAGE at the Alvin Theatre: Don Ameche and Eddie Albert talking over their early radio days in Chicago . . . while Dorothy Lamour, looking too lovely in a furred hood, and Edgar Bergen, take publicity pictures with the cast of a musical comedy. . . . Don and Eddie are the only new discoveries to spring directly from radio . . . a few blocks away Frances Farmer and Lief



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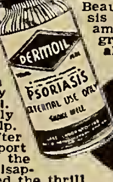

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Name__________
City__________State__________Age_____

Ericson, Manhattan's handsomest couple, eating spaghetti at Ralph's. . . Richard Carlson returns to the screen and the girl he left behind early this summer . . . the press-agent-inspired romance with Toumanova, the ballerina in his show, *Stars In Your Eyes* is amusing. . . They've been allergic to each other since the show opened . . . and at the moment aren't speaking. . . . Joan Blondell is planning to share a hide-away apartment with sister Gloria, thinking no one will be the wiser to her presence in town. . . . Errol Flynn tried the incognito act only to find himself practically shanghaied when he wandered into the Stork Club, the columnists' den. . . . Warner Brothers had offered a reward for his capture, preferably alive, so that work on his next picture could get under way. . . But the wandering Irishman managed to elude his captors. . . He'll probably stroll onto the lot just as casually as he entered the night-club. But not until *he's* ready to work!

IF FRANCHOT TONE looks none too happy these days, it isn't because he's denied himself the night-clubbing Joan Crawford complained about in her divorce hearing. . . Tone seems to have the telephone number of every show-girl and Powers model on Broadway! . . . But he still gets special delivery letters on Beverly-Wilshire Hotel stationery from? ? Franchot's taken the separation from Joan the hard way. . . He sponsored a charity affair which happened to fall on the day Joan received her decree. . . We didn't see him, nor did any of his friends after the curtain descended on *Gentle People*. If Franchot accepts the new contract M-G-M is offering, which appears likely, a difficult situation will arise. . . Because Joan and her ex-husband aren't too friendly. . . And running into Charlie Martin in the commissary isn't going to cheer Tone one bit.

IT LOOKS as though Katharine Hepburn, like the Freddie Marches, will confound her critics. . . Her new play, *The Philadelphia Story* is drawing raves from out-of-town reviewers and is expected to repeat on Broadway. Kate took an awful flop three years ago in *The Lake* and has never forgotten Dorothy Parker's oft quoted criticism, "Hepburn runs the gamut of emotion from A to B." . . . From Boston drift rumors of her interest in her leading man. . . Though it was Howard Hughes who backed the show. . . Fred and Florence March have fulfilled their long awaited dream of co-starring in a successful play in the Lunt-Fontanne manner. They've given us the flag waving *American Way*. . . They're very popular with the cast, but the bright lights see them not. . . Home they stay, on the East side of town, with their two children and a fireside.

DID you know that Howard Hughes, oil millionaire, aviator, movie producer swooped down to Nassau—with the British colony all eyes when seeing him with Brenda Frazier, Debutante Glamor Girl No. 1? . . . Did you know Mae West is in town making personal appearances and dickering to produce and act in a new Broadway play . . . that there has been talk that she may wind up at the World's Fair with a concession of her own. . . . Did you know that Eddie Albert is leaving The Boys From Syracuse in which he sings the hit song, This Can't Be Love, to resume his movie career in Hollywood in On Your Toes? . . . Did you know that Toby Wing is the mother of a bouncing boy born to her and hubby, aviator Dick Merrill—recently at their suburban home in Forest Hills?

Read the story of *Invitation to Happiness*, starring Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray, in MOVIE STORY

Tyrone Power previews for you his coming picture, *Rose of Washington Square*, in the same big issue

Captain Fury, starring Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen, is also presented in story form this month

Robert Donat stars in the story version of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, another big MOVIE STORY feature

ALL THE NEW FILMS ARE PRESENTED IN THRILLING STORY FORM IN THE NEW ISSUE OF...

NOW ON SALE 10c

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

I Confess!

I Confess One Size Napkin won't do for me — I found that out!

Until Kotex made 3 sizes I had to cut and adjust my napkins to suit my varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from one day to another.

I Confess I tried other type Napkins!

My days of experimenting are over—Kotex Sanitary Napkins are made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check that striking through in one spot. I don't worry about shifting, pulling or chafing with Kotex!

I Confess Bulky Bunchy Ends destroyed my Peace of Mind!

Then I found out about Kotex Sanitary Napkins and the patented pressed ends that fit flatly—now I'm free to go about my normal life without discomfort or embarrassment. No more blunt, bulky ends for me!

Better Say Kotex—Better for You

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The Chesterfield glove, created by New York's smart designer Merry Hull...

Original and different too is Chesterfield's way of combining the world's best tobaccos to bring out the finer qualities of each. It's the *Chesterfield way* and that's why Chesterfields are milder than other cigarettes. They also have a better taste and more *pleasing* aroma. Chesterfields really satisfy.

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FIRST SCREEN MAGAZINE—FOUNDED 1911

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(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FAWCETT PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE

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NSC

YRONE POWER
ALICE FAYE

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PERIODICAL DIVISION

WILL MARRIAGE END LOMBARD'S CAREER?

It is easy now to be a glamour girl . . . to make up your lips in luscious harmony with new fashion colors, for Irresistible has blended a complete lipstick wardrobe for you. Dynamic FLASH RED . . . delicate BLUE PINK . . . exotic FUCHSIA PLUM . . . and fashionable ORCHID lovelier than ever. Guarantee your glamour by having *all four new* Irresistible Lipstick shades.

And for romance supreme, the haunting fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, applied to your hair, your skin, will make you unforgettable. You'll adore Irresistible Perfume. Try all of the Irresistible Preparations today. They're certified pure. Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.

Jean revamped her bath technique and her popularity hit a brand new high

Bill met Jean and things happened! "You're the only girl for me," said his eyes. "And you're the only boy for me," flashed her smile! And of course, they dated!

This was to be the night of Jean's dreams. And how gloriously fresh she stepped from her bath—how fragrant and sweet—how radiantly sure of her charm! *Poor, poor Jean.*

Before the first dance was over, Bill's smile faded! Before midnight Jean was alone and in tears. Poor silly little goose, not to know *never to trust a bath alone.*

SMART GIRLS KNOW A BATH ALONE CAN'T PREVENT UNDERARM ODOR

"Your own fault," scolded Peg. "A bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odor to come! But Mum *prevents* odor —guards freshness all evening long."

BILL'S MY MAN-AND I WANT HIM BACK! I'LL NEVER AGAIN TRUST A BATH ALONE TO KEEP ME SWEET AND FRESH. FROM NOW ON I PLAY SAFE - I'LL NEVER FORGET MUM!

And Jean wins! Bill's back in her life and back to stay. Life's more fun for the girl who decides, "A bath alone is never enough —underarms *always* need Mum!"

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU FRESH!

NO MATTER how fresh you feel after your bath, don't forget that underarms always need special care to prevent odor yet *to come.*

Wise girls use Mum after every bath, before every date. Mum is so fragrant, so pleasant to use, so dependable. Mum is QUICK . . . it takes just half a minute to use, yet you're protected for a full day or evening. Mum is SAFE . . . completely harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin.

Mum is SURE . . . without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor, keeps you sweet all evening long. Be sure *you* never offend. Get Mum at any drug store today. Use it daily for *lasting* charm!

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. They know it's gentle and safe.

MUM
MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

JUN -3 1939

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Motion Picture

Incorporating

Movie Classic

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVII. No. 6 JULY, 1939 Twenty-eighth Year

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

GORDON FAWCETT
Hollywood Manager

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

WILL "OOMPH" TITLE HELP OR HARM HER?

Ann Sheridan, like Jean Harlow and Clara Bow before her, stands out from the crowd. From the four corners of the country she is known as "The Oomph Girl" because of her tremendously alluring appeal. In August MOTION PICTURE you will read how she became "The Oomph Girl"—"Oomph" being another name for "It." Also in this issue will be stories on Bob Montgomery, the Misguided Wives of Hollywood, Greer Garson—the sensational actress of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," Madeleine Carroll and many other exciting features of Hollywood stars and their activities. Place your order for August issue now—with your newsdealer.

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ROGER FAWCETT
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A Prediction by Leo of M-G-M

I saw "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS."

I saw a motion picture which I predict will be high among the year's Ten Best.

I saw Robert Donat's performance as "Mr. Chips", destined to be a leading contender for this year's highest film prize, the Academy Award.

I saw a new star born—lovely Greer Garson, whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts to overpowering emotional thrill.

I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the great works of the screen . . . rich in human drama and warm with laughter and pathos . . . to be beloved by people everywhere in every walk of life for many years to come . . .

I am proud of "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS." You will share my pride with wholehearted enjoyment.

Robert Donat scores another triumph as Mr. Chips . . . a role surpassing even his great performance in "The Citadel".

Greer Garson as Katherine . . . 1939's beautiful new star sensation, her heart-stabbing performance will hold you spellbound!

The famed novel at last on the screen!

ROBERT DONAT

Goodbye Mr. Chips

with **GREER GARSON**

A Sam Wood Production • Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz • Produced by Victor Saville

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SIMPLY SUNNING

TO BE FAIR IN WARM WEATHER YOU MUST FIRST OF ALL BE COOL AND COMFORTABLE. HOLLYWOOD GLAMOR GIRLS HAVE IT DOWN TO A SCIENCE. HERE'S HOW

By DENISE CAINE

We can't all have faces like Ann Rutherford's, above, but we can have this new cake form foundation

For an even tan and to protect herself from the sun's burning rays, Ann Rutherford, top, applies sun oil

Ann plays *Scarlett's* sister in GWTW but there's nothing scarlet about Ann's suntan, top across

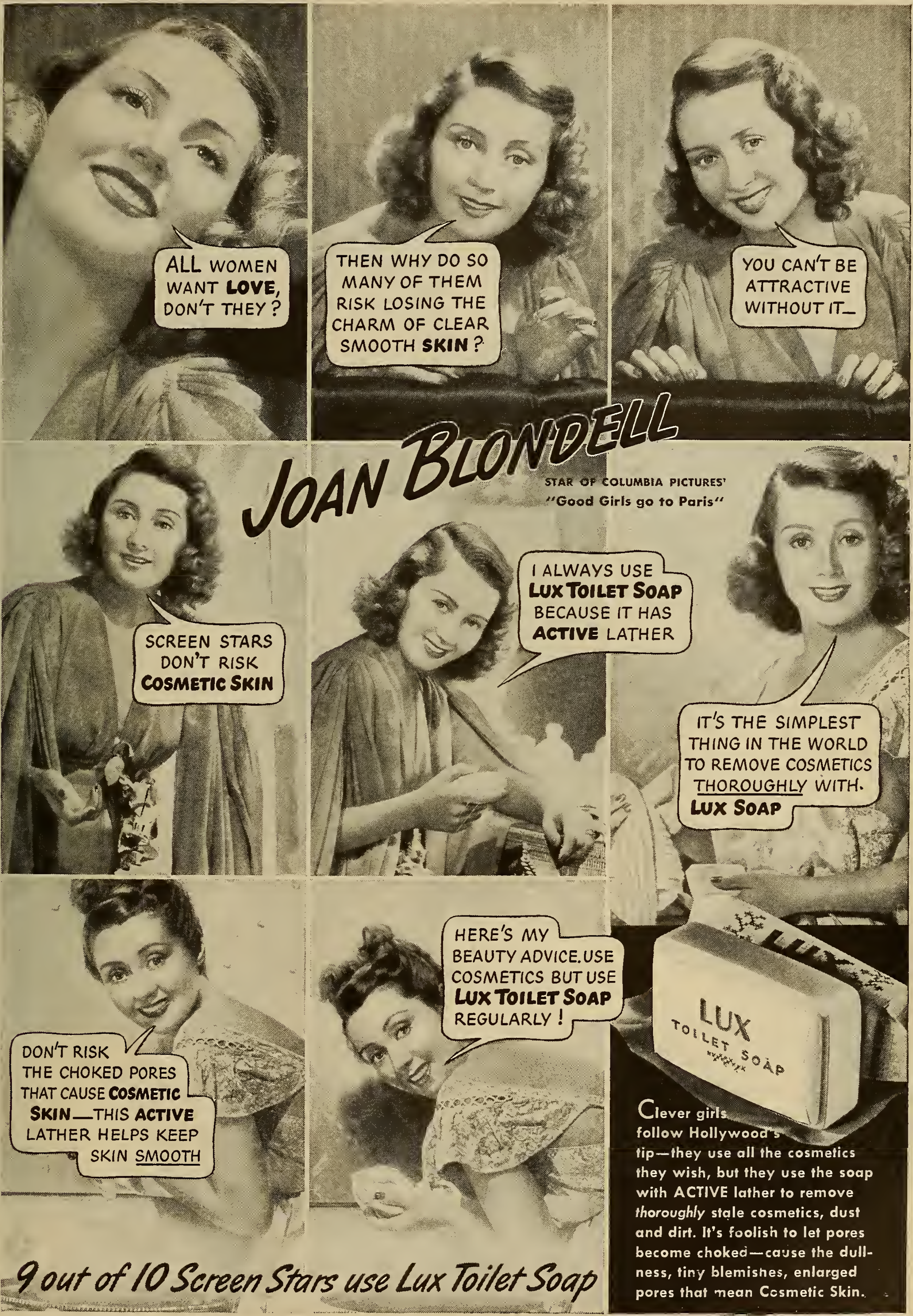
OUT Hollywood way, where it's summer most of the time, the glamor girls have developed a science of keeping themselves looking cool and lovely—even when the thermometer climbs to a hundred and umpity ump in the shade. And don't think they spend their days lounging in air-conditioned dressing rooms. How do you think they acquire those *gudgeous* honey-beige tans? They sun and swim at the beach, they play tennis, golf, badminton—even as you and I.

But with a difference. Film lovelies like Ann Rutherford, Annabella, Merle Oberon and Madeleine Carroll don't go all haywire and burn themselves to an ugly red the first day the sun shines. They take the sun as part of their beauty routine—and are as careful about it as they are about applying lipstick! They protect themselves from the sun's burning rays by liberal use of sun oils; they use a waterproof foundation that protects and beautifies their skins; they wear bandanas and floppy beach hats to keep the sun from drying out their hair, giving it a streaked, uneven bleaching. With the result that they look just as lovely in the sunlight, on the tennis court, as they do by lamplight, on the dance floor.

To be fair in warm weather, they've found that they must first of all be cool and comfortable. Sounds rather impossible, doesn't it? But it's not only possible—it's quite easy to do! And here's how.

Frequent bathing—at least twice a day—in lukewarm water. Don't make the mistake of thinking that cold water will cool you off. Just the opposite! The shock of the cold water sets the blood flowing faster and you'll end up by being hotter than when you started. Tepid water, and plenty of soapy lather will cool you off, remove all the accumulated oil and perspiration that made you feel hot and sticky. Try [*Continued on page* 54]

Do you know how to look fresh and beautiful on the hottest days? Denise Caine can tell you. Write her today, and ask her, too, about any other beauty problems that puzzle you. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.


ALL WOMEN WANT **LOVE**, DON'T THEY?
THEN WHY DO SO MANY OF THEM RISK LOSING THE CHARM OF CLEAR SMOOTH **SKIN**?
YOU CAN'T BE ATTRACTIVE WITHOUT IT—
JOAN BLONDELL
STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES' "Good Girls go to Paris"
SCREEN STARS DON'T RISK **COSMETIC SKIN**
I ALWAYS USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** BECAUSE IT HAS **ACTIVE** LATHER
IT'S THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD TO REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH **LUX SOAP**
DON'T RISK THE CHOKED PORES THAT CAUSE **COSMETIC SKIN**—THIS **ACTIVE** LATHER HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH
HERE'S MY BEAUTY ADVICE. USE COSMETICS BUT USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** REGULARLY!
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Clever girls follow Hollywood's tip—they use all the cosmetics they wish, but they use the soap with ACTIVE lather to remove *thoroughly* stale cosmetics, dust and dirt. It's foolish to let pores become choked—cause the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin.

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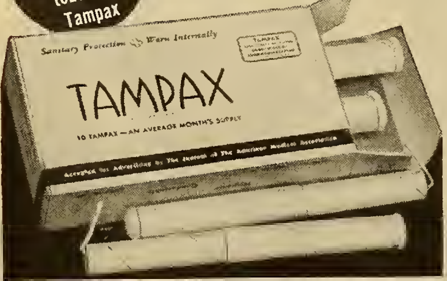
Your Hands never touch the Tampax



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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Suspense is over. Tyrone's heart belongs to Annabella—and vice versa. It's his first marriage—her third. He's 25—she's 26

Doug Fairbanks, Junior your ideal-man-to-be-stranded-on-a-desert-island-with:

In *The Sun Never Sets,* Virginia Field got kissed by Doug Junior. Said Virginia of her role: "It's wonderful, EXCEPT when he kisses me. His moustache TICKLES!" Ah, me. . . .

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Andrea Leeds, back to Ken Murray—
Certainly does get around in a hurry!

■

YOUR Gables and your Flynns and your Ty Powers are the knock-em-dead ballyhoo boys who are popularly supposed to

[*Continued on page* 74]

Juanita Quigley saved pennies, tried to buy "Spooks," trick movie dog, but no sale. He's rich, earns more than Juanita

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE FRANCES LANGFORD'S

Here's how to look Your Loveliest!

Radio Star,
now appearing
on the "Texaco
Star Theatre"

Use MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP... keyed to the color of your eyes!

ANN: Choose *face powder* by the color of your *eyes?* I never heard of such a thing!

RUTH: It's a wonderful new way, Ann, and it applies to rouge and lipstick, too! Do try it! Really, with Marvelous Matched Makeup you look lovelier *instantly!*

ANN: With your *brown* eyes, it's *perfect,* Ruth! But what about *me,* with *gray* eyes?

RUTH: Whether your eyes are gray, blue, hazel or brown, the Marvelous people have the right shades for you, Ann! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—

ANN: And they found proper cosmetic shades depend on *eye* color, Ruth?

RUTH: Yes! And so they created Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*

RUTH: Marvelous Matched Makeup is what we've all been looking for, Ann! The powder is simply wonderful—clings for hours—never cakes or looks "powdery"! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it gives your skin a beautiful suede-like finish!

RUTH: You'll adore the rouge and lipstick, too, Ann! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips such lovely, *long-lasting* color!

ANN: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony,* get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

(65¢ in Canada)

55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City FW-739

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name____________________________

Street____________________________

City________________State________

NONSPI CREAM

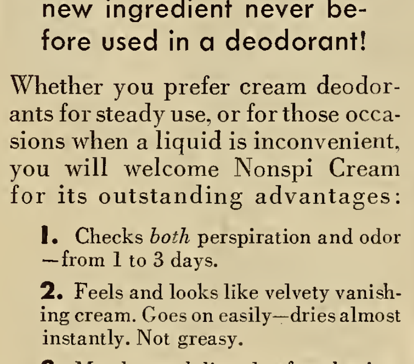
Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

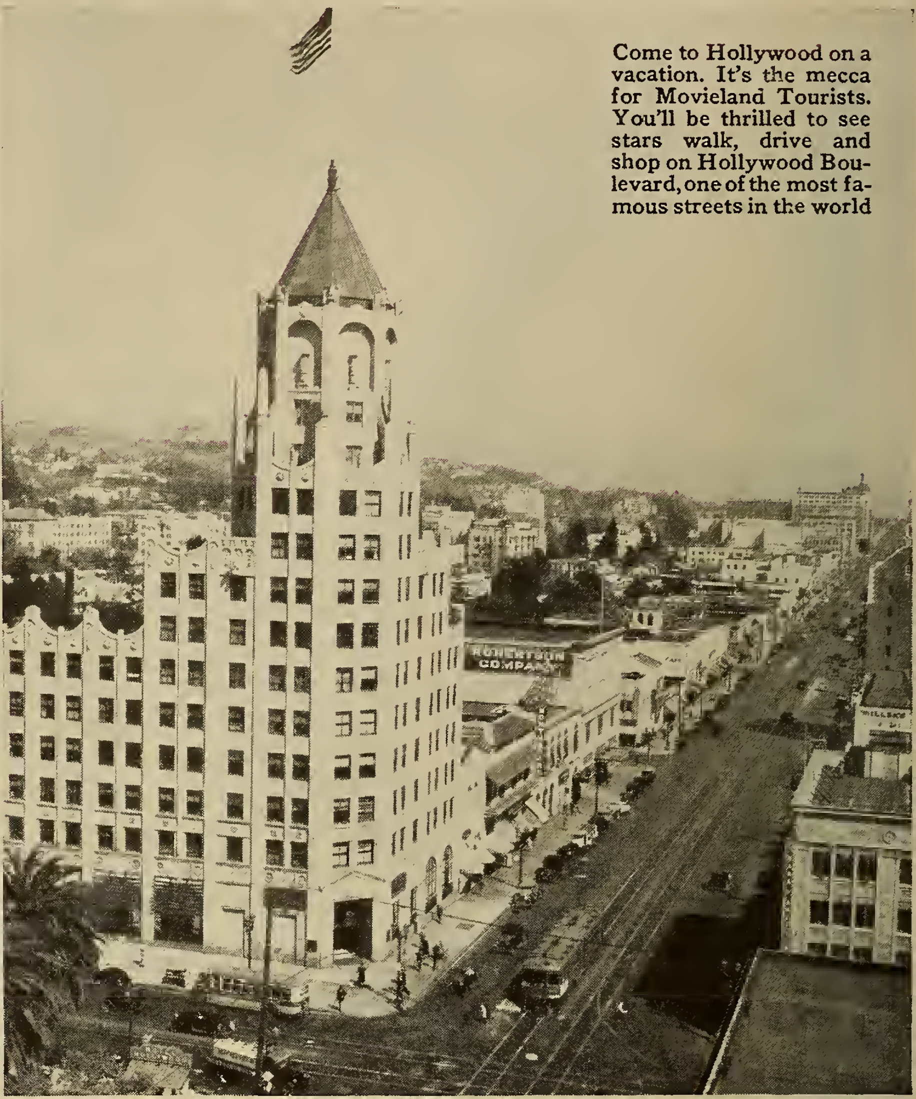
Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks *both* perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.
2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.
3. May be used directly after shaving.
4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.
5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*



BE OUR GUEST IN



Come to Hollywood on a vacation. It's the mecca for Movieland Tourists. You'll be thrilled to see stars walk, drive and shop on Hollywood Boulevard, one of the most famous streets in the world

LAST call for Hollywood!

Last call for the holiday thrill of a lifetime!

In just a few weeks the luxurious special train carrying members of this year's first Movieland Tour will glide out of Chicago's Union Station, bound for a two weeks' trip to Hollywood crammed with thrills and excitement. You won't want to miss that glorious vacation. So, if you haven't already made arrangements to take one of this year's two Tours, start planning now.

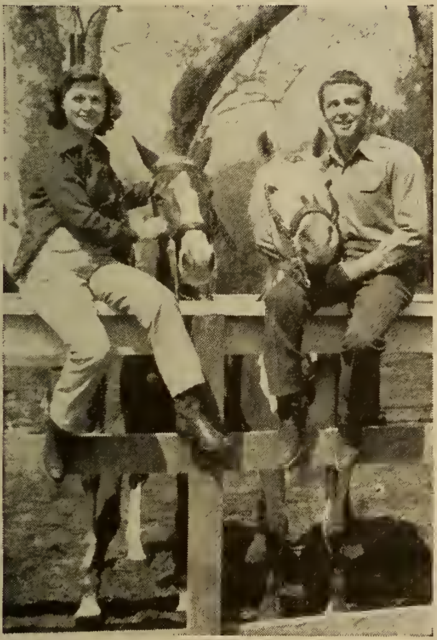
Waiting to welcome you to Hollywood are world-famous stars whose screen personalities have thrilled you and millions of other movie-goers. Think what a marvelous experience it will be actually to meet these cinema celebrities in person, to chat with them about their work—best of all, to be entertained by a movie star in his own home!

Last month we quoted excerpts from letters we received from members of the 1938 Movieland Tours, telling us what a glorious time they had. At risk of seeming too much like high-pressure salesmen, we, the editors of MOTION PICTURE Magazine, can say that we sincerely believe this year's Tours will be even more exciting and more enjoyable. All the most popular features of previous Tours have been retained and many new ones added, among them an unforgettable visit to the spectacular $50,000,000 Golden Gate International Exposition on San Francisco's Treasure Island.

There's still time to make your reservation for the July Tour, which leaves Chicago on July 15 and returns exactly two weeks later. If you can't get away for that trip, make plans now to be aboard the Movieland Special when it rolls out of the Windy City on August 5 for the second Tour. Both trips start and end on a Saturday. And both will bring you more real pleasure at less expense than you ever dreamed was possible.

HOLLYWOOD

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO CATCH THE MOVIELAND SPECIAL MAKING TWO TOURS TO HOLLYWOOD THIS SUMMER. TAKE A VACATION YOU WILL REMEMBER ALWAYS. YOU'LL MEET—BE ENTERTAINED BY STARS



Allan Jones and wife, Irene Hervey, will give cocktail party for Movieland Tourists who take first Tour, arriving in Hollywood July 21. You'll meet many stars

If you take the first Tour your host and hostess in movieland will be handsome Allan Jones and his lovely wife, Irene Hervey. This popular Hollywood couple has planned a gay, informal cocktail party just for you at the famous Bel-Air Stables, [*Continued on page* 88]

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
MOVIELAND TOURS
360 North Michigan Boulevard
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State MP-3

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!
Cashmere Bouquet
BEFORE YOU SEE HIM TONIGHT BE SURE TO BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
ANY GIRL WHO WANTS TO FIND HER BIG MOMENT OUGHT TO GUARD HER DAINTINESS WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR. AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME KEEPS YOU SO ALLURING!
AND THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU SO UTTERLY SWEET . . . HOW COULD I HELP LOVING YOU?
IT WAS A LUCKY DAY FOR ME WHEN I LEARNED ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!
Cashmere Bouquet
10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores
THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

3 TIPS FOR FASHIONABLE FINGERS!

. . . For that "little girl" look—TARA, the orchid rose shade of Glazo Nail Polish.

. . . For the dashing sophisticate—the stimulating fuchsia rose of RUMBA.

. . . For the "great outdoors"—beach and country—EMBER'S suntan rose.

All the Perfection of a 60¢ Polish . . . in GLAZO at 25¢

Your fingers are in fashion when they wear RUMBA, TARA or EMBER! These luscious Glazo shades bring chic color harmony to the latest pinks, fuchsias, blues, greens, golden yellows, reds and violet . . . or exciting accent to navy, beige and black.

See these new shades, and other Glazo colors *today*. And *remember . . . Glazo is guaranteed to wear longer, or your money back!*

For a superior foundation *under* polish, and as a protector *over* polish, use NAIL-COTE. Contains wax. Helps guard nails against breaking.

GLAZO

Nail Polish Wears Longer

SEND FOR SAMPLE KIT!

THE GLAZO CO., E. Rutherford, N. J.
(In Canada: P. O. Box 443, Montreal.)
I am enclosing 10¢ to cover cost of mailing GLAZO PURSE KIT, a genuine leather compact containing Glazo Nail-Cote, cotton, and my choice of Glazo Nail Polish. (Check shade desired.)

☐ RUMBA (fuchsia rose) ☐ EMBER (suntan rose) ☐ TARA (orchid rose)

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ State__________ E-7

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

At New York's famous Stork Club are Bill Gaxton, Victor Moore, Joan Crawford

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF BALLYHOO: Lew Ayres slipped into town and slipped right out again for London, Paris and Madrid in search of excitement . . . He'll talk about the situation in Europe, but not about Ginger . . . It's been an open secret among her friends that she's been in love with George Stevens for some time . . . and unhappy. At last Ginger may file suit for a divorce that has been in the offing for three years . . . On Lew's heels is Spencer Tracy. This is Spencer's third try at an ocean crossing . . . it should be the charm . . . Last time he was sick . . . before that he just changed his mind. Betty Furness is letting band-leader, Johnny Green make the living for the family from now on . . . it'll be a threesome late this summer . . . Bridegroom Nelson Eddy is finding audiences haven't thinned down since the new missus accompanies him on tour. I always thought those pursuing females were press-agent fodder until I saw them with my own eyes at a Metropolitan benefit . . . they cheered him as Caruso and Farrar were never cheered . . . a dozen less vociferous males looked self-conscious . . . Laurence Olivier who is nothing less than sensational in *Wuthering Heights* gets a change of pace in the new Katharine Cornell comedy hit, *No Time for Comedy* . . . you'll like him better in the picture. . . .

Merle Oberon takes the *Queen Mary* for London—where according to our spies she'll marry Alex Korda in quiet wedding

LESSON IN CAPTURING A MOVIE STAR: Young Doug Fairbanks' stepdad, torn between attending his beloved Lambs' Gambol and Doug's wedding to Mary Lee Epling Hartford, occurring the same

[*Continued on page* 58]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

"BABY bob" may mean nothing more to you than the name of the latest hair-do—which it is—but to the Hollywood designers and producers it's the biggest pain in the neck they've had to contend with for months. . . . The main argument being that when a gal has her hair cut off to a mere three inches in length, the studio is going to have to spend many dollars buying wigs for their stars to wear on the screen. . . . But we'll let the biggies fight over that. The only thing your friend Chic is interested in is the fact that the mass of ringlets brushed in various ways and known as the "baby bob" is *definitely* a fashion of the moment. . . . 'Cause you don't see such gals as Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer and Annabella going for a thing unless it is decidedly smart. . . . So, bearing all this in mind, I took myself to Perc Westmore's office out at Warner Bros. and asked questions. . . . Perc told me that the best feature of the new hair cut was that it could be adapted to *any* type of face ! . . . The hair is *cut* the same way in *all* cases—three-inch-length strands, and *no* shingling—and then *combed* and *curled* to fit *your* particular *type* of head . . . The Westmore didn't spend as much time telling me about the hair as he did about what make-up to wear with it . . . He believes that a soft natural make-up with light rouge, slight dusting of powder and rosy lips best compliments the baby bob. . . . And with this hair-do and make-up should definitely go the little-girl fashions. . . . The peeping petticoats, lace collars and jumper dresses.

AS I was crossing the lot from Perc's office to my car, I met Bette Davis. I stopped to tell her how much I liked the gown she had worn the night before, and how completely different she had looked from the rest of the gals dancing at the Biltmore. . . . She was the only one there in a formal gown of cocoa brown. . . . And so Bette told me one of her secrets that is rapidly making her a style setter of Hollywood. . . . Bette *never* wears a highly promoted color. She believes that when so many girls wear a single color, merely because it is *being worn* that season, that they all get lost in the crowd. . . . The gal who wears a color that isn't popular at the moment, is the one who stands out. . . .Another gal who dares to be different in her clothes is Gale Page. . . . Dancing at the Biltmore, Gale wore a frock that took advantage of the present "petticoat fever" that has the accent on what you wear *under* your costume—not your dress itself. . . . Under a crisp full-skirted gown of white organza, Gale wore a form-fitting slip of silver lame which gave just enough shimmer to the sheer white material to make it seem alive. . . . The Hollywood mamas seemed to be outdoing one another with eye-catching tricks of dress that night. . . . And what extremes! There was Nancy Kelly wearing her own version of the old-fashioned beauty spot. . . . Nancy called my attention to them and told me that she had never cared for the unbroken line of neck and throat her off-the-shoulder, strapless gown had given. So pasted *on her shoulder* were *three little silver stars.*

A JUMP from old-fashioned beauty spots to modern pajamas takes us to Jane Wyman, who was having a lovely time dancing in gypsy-style pajamas . . . The trousers, of purple, pink and aqua plaid satin were cut almost as full as a skirt and were specially designed for dancing . . . But old practical-minded Chic didn't spend too much time on the fads of the moment . . . I knew you would want some ideas for formal dresses that could be stretched over four or five dates with the same boy friend without him getting wise to the limited extent of your wardrobe . . . So I busted right in on Priscilla Lane's party. I knew I had seen her wearing the same dress a week before—but there was a new look to it and I wanted to find the secret . . . Priscilla's dress was plainly made with fitted bodice and full skirt. The week before it had been strapless and the skirt had been slightly hooped at the bottom . . . But this night the skirt hung to the floor with only a slight flair and the bodice was fitted with jeweled shoulder straps . . . Priscilla told me that it's what she calls her three-way dress. The first time I had seen her, she had a slim hoop run thro' the hem of the skirt . . . for a change she took out the hoop and attached jeweled straps to the bodice . . . and when she wears it for dinner, she dons a snug little basque jacket with long sleeves.

YOUR black crepe that you wanted to give to the cook last year would put you right on top if you treated it right . . . How about getting a brilliant roman-striped satin ribbon for one of those wrap-around sashes, and narrower matching ribbon for shoulder straps? . . . And while you're buying ribbon—buy some bows for your hair! Sounds like you're getting ready for school, doesn't it? . . . But perky little hair bows on both Priscilla and Olivia de Havilland, who was in her party, were the cutest hair-do's I saw that evening . . . Priscilla, who is one of the staunchest supporters of the up-swept hair-do, had tied the curls on the top of her head with a bevy of little ribbon bows . . . Livvy had used George Washington for her pattern and had tied a pink satin ribbon around her back hair. The ribbon matched the color of her satin and tulle evening gown.

BUT with all these evening fashions around, the talk that night was mostly of vacations and summer dates at the beach . . . Marie Wilson told me I simply have to go down to Malibu some day soon and see what she calls her "sunburn-limiter" . . . Sounded to me like anything from a new lotion to venetian blinds, but Marie told me it's a blouse . . . Seems as how Marie likes shorts-and-bra suits for play, but she doesn't like sunburn . . . So . . . Over her pink linen bra that matches her linen shorts she wears a long-sleeved, high-neck blouse of sheerest lawn patterned with tiny sprigs of pink roses . . . As usual, the little Wilson gal isn't so dumb . . . 'Cause while everyone else is being very sporty in tailored slacks and sport suits, little Marie is going to be on the sidelines fluttering around in peek-a-boo blouses . . . It might keep the sunburn away, but you tell me where the *men* will be! . . . And now I'm off for another month of snooping—along the Boulevard to see what they wear when shopping . . . and out to the beach to watch gals like Marie Wilson "mow 'em down" . . . And I know darn well that by this time next month, wear what I will, I'll be sunburned.

Mlle. Chic

WHAT A RELIEF! TO BE COMPLETELY RID OF DANDRUFF AT LAST!

Listerine Antiseptic gets beneath surface symptoms . . . attacks Pityrosporum ovale . . . the germ which causes dandruff

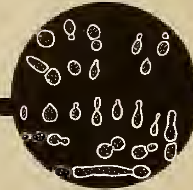
How many times have you treated yourself for dandruff, with only momentary relief? How many times have you longed to rid yourself of its disgusting flakes?

Science has discovered a new method to replace these old fashioned methods which merely affect surface symptoms. Research men know that dandruff is a germ disease and the way to get rid of it is to kill the germ. And now clinical records prove that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for so long as a mouth wash and gargle, kills the dandruff germ . . . and by actually removing the cause of the disease usually banishes dandruff.

Try a Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. So clean. So easy. So delightfully invigorating. And you'll be amazed by its effectiveness.

Your hair will look cleaner and feel healthier. Your scalp will begin to tingle with new invigoration. Those ugly dandruff scales will begin to disappear as if by magic. Don't put off your first delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatment another day! And even after dandruff has disappeared, use Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals to guard against re-infection.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri



Pityrosporum ovale, the germ that causes dandruff, magnified many times.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.*

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF

Good Housekeeping Bureau

THRILLING AS A BUGLE CALL!

A really great picture about a crucial and dramatic chapter in the early years that foretold the Lincoln of destiny!

Two boys fighting for their lives . . . and between them and the gallows . . . the youthful backwoods attorney for the defense . . . ABE LINCOLN!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

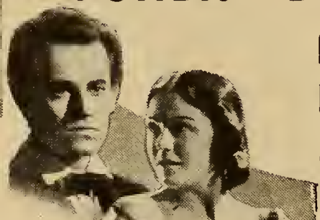
YOUNG Mr. LINCOLN

with

HENRY FONDA · ALICE BRADY · MARJORIE WEAVER · ARLEEN WHELAN

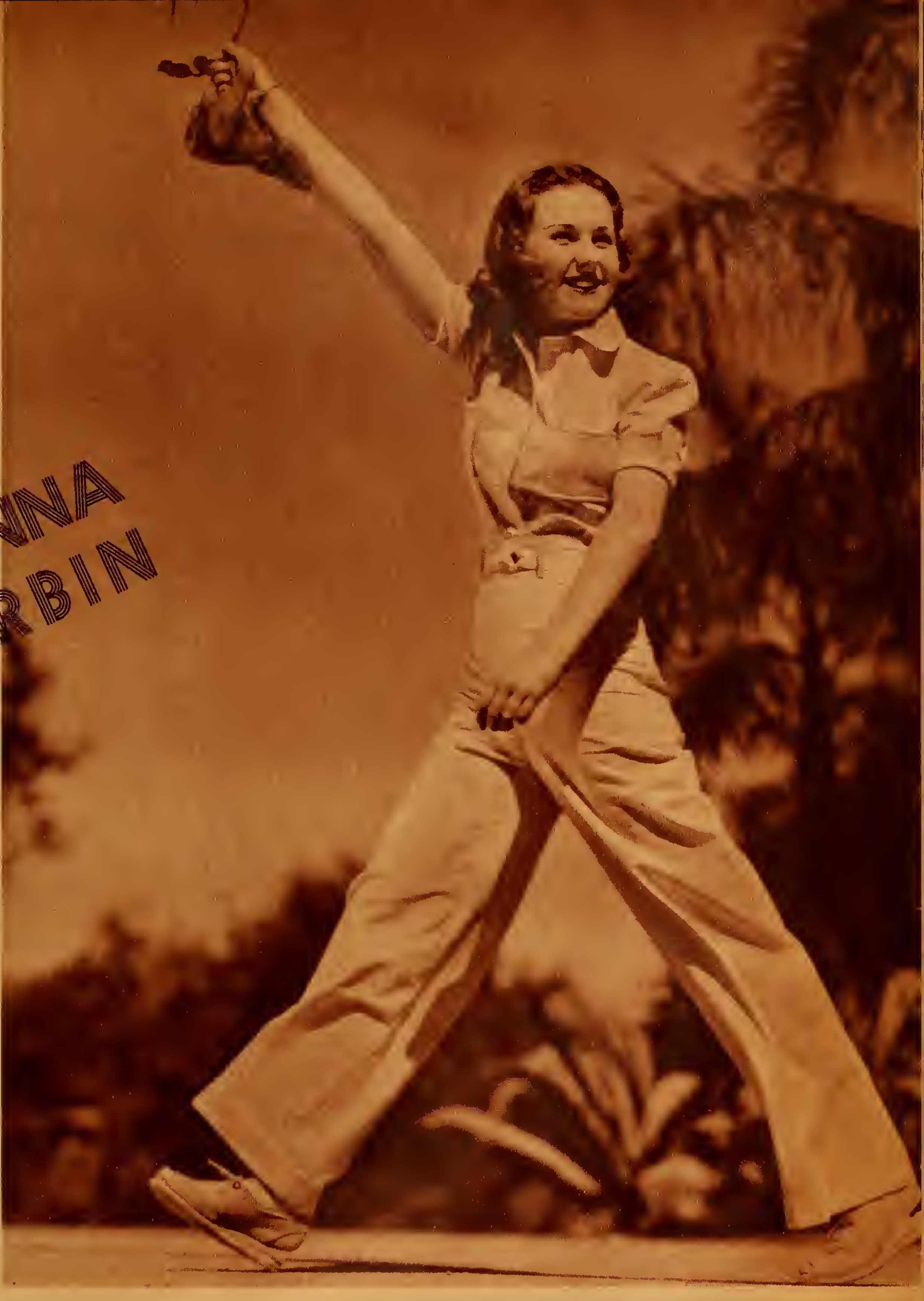
EDDIE COLLINS · PAULINE MOORE
RICHARD CROMWELL · DONALD MEEK
JUDITH DICKENS · EDDIE QUILLAN

A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti



In his dreams of Ann Rutledge . . . contentment! In his meeting with Mary Todd . . . fate!

DEANNA DURBIN



With the most promising future of any star—with an endowment of youth, beauty and voice, Deanna takes a big stride toward the head of the parade. This grown-up smart girl who has grown into smart sport togs, will soon be seen opposite Charles Boyer (secret passion of countless hearts) in *First Love*. Meanwhile, Deanna, don't let the story put ideas in your head—meaning don't go running out on us and getting married

JANE WYMAN

The girl who dyed to become a star—who frankly told the world that she prefers being a blonde to a brunette—wins our title of Miss Hollywood-By-The-Pool. With such a number taking a tan all by her lonesome how do you expect Hollywood boys can keep working? They'll be telling each other: "I've a date with a blonde"

"I CAN'T HELP GROWING UP, CAN I?"

By **GLADYS HALL**

ASKING NO FAVORS, GIVING NONE, SHIRLEY SETTLES HER DESTINY IN THE BEST TEMPLE STORY EVER TOLD

I DROVE 245 miles in one day—from Beverly Hills to Palm Springs and back again—to hear Shirley Temple say, "I want to grow up." I didn't hear her say it.

When I arrived at the Desert Inn where Shirley was resting between pictures, *Susannah of the Mounties* and *Lady Jane* which is to follow Susannah, Shirley's "resting" was taking the form of a stiff game of badminton with two boys slightly older than herself. Her hair tied under a scarf, a white visa shading her eyes, a bit slimmer, a bit taller in the past six months, Shirley was giving the bird—and the boys—the trouncing of their lives. Watching her, I realized that she asks no concessions because she is a child. Whether she plays with children older than herself, or with adults, she plays the game and no quarter asked. Nor does she ever tire of a game in the middle as most children do. She never says: "I'm tired of this, let's not play anymore!" *Shirley finishes everything she starts.* And this is indicative . . . this may well mean that Shirley will never fling down the tools of her craft exclaiming, "I'm tired of this, I don't want to play anymore!"

A little later Shirley came into the bungalow and took up her knitting. She was making an afghan . . . "for myself," she explained. Shirley knits as she listens to the radio, her mother told me. She knits and [*Continued on page 72*]

WILL CAROLE

The love spark was ignited when "Pa" and "Ma" starred together in *No Man of Her Own*, some years ago. Right, and in title ribbon, as love-birds in new role of MrandMrs.

LOMBARD'S MARRIAGE END HER CAREER?

By DON WORTH

DON'T BE SURPRISED TO SEE "MA" GABLE GIVE UP HER CAREER ONE OF THESE DAYS, STAY HOME AND MEND "PA'S" SOCKS—AND MIND THE BABIES. HER PET DREAM IS TO SKIP BEING A STAR AND BEGIN BEING A WIFE AND MOTHER—FULL TIME

MRS. CLARK GABLE (she used to be that screwy Lombard girl; don't you remember?) calls her husband "pa" most of the time, now. . . .

And Gable, he comes right back at her. His most-pet name for her, you see, is "ma!"

That's what they call each other pretty generally, now—"pa" and "ma." Oh, to be sure, they have other things they call each other—some of the most startling things, which maybe we'd better not mention here. But the point I'm making, here and now, is that to Clark and Carole, now that they're Mr. and Mrs. Gable, it's just "pa" and "ma". . . .

And the further point I want to make is this: THEY'RE NOT KIDDING! They're—well—rehearsing.

Because you needn't be one tiny bit surprised if, before very many more moons have waxed and waned, Carole Lombard stands up and tells the world out loud that she's gonna have Clark's baby. . . . ! !

And then and there, the rest of the world will finally and definitely realize what we in Hollywood pretty well know right now—that when Clark and Carole did that little "I-do" act in front of that minister in Kingman, Arizona, the other day, it meant: Goodbye, Carole "Screwball" Lombard; hello Mrs. "ma" Gable.

This isn't one of those Hollywood-style marriages of public convenience. Clark and Carole didn't get married just because too many people were writing things and saying things about them. They didn't get married because any morals code of moviedom, written or implied, demanded it.

Clark and Carole got married because they were and are so dam' much in love; they wanted to get married just like Sally and George, who live down the street from you, wanted to get married. So they could have a home of their own, and kids, and bye and bye, grandchildren and all that sort of thing.

Hell's bells!—when Carole and Clark stood up in front of Dr. Engle in that sun-baked Arizona town, they were no more the two most sophisticated people in the world than would be Jimmy Jones and Susie Smith under the same circumstances. Carole didn't make a wisecrack from beginning to end, and that, from Lombard, is a world-sensation! It's also indicative. It's indicative of the fact that at that moment, Carole Lombard was ceasing to be the "screwball gal" of Hollywood, and beginning to be herself.

She was dropping, in that ceremony, all the business of posturing and acting and clowning and gagging that has made her famous. She was shedding that trick, synthetic personality exactly as she'd chuck a mask aside. She was marrying her man, and as women have done from time's beginning and will do until time's end, she was renouncing every bit of herself and her individuality and becoming utterly and completely part of her man.

And let me tell you this: as a Hollywood "insider," I have felt a tremendous disappointment sweep the town at the unspectacular, gag-less nature of the Lombard-Gable nuptials. Hollywood felt surprised and cheated that Lombard didn't pull some kind of outrageous gag, or give out some kind of dynamitish statement either at or immediately following the ceremony.

Hollywood is nuts. Hollywood might have known Carole wouldn't. And if Hollywood was

[*Continued on page* 56]

LITTLE IRISHER—BIG FIND

IT'S THE LIKES OF GERALDINE FITZGERALD OF DUBLIN WHO'S HOLLYWOOD'S BIG FIND AFTER "DARK VICTORY" AND "WUTHERING HEIGHTS." HUNCHES PUT HER OVER

THERE are four reasons why Geraldine Fitzgerald will be Hollywood's next star. She has an appealing, expressive face—pretty, but not too pretty. She has a crisp, memorable voice. She has vivid talent. And—she plays her hunches.

"I never do anything important till I feel it's the right moment," she says candidly. "I get the idea to do something, and have it for months sometimes before I do it—before something inside me says, '*Now* is the time.' I don't act on my hunches in a reasonable way. I'm most unreasonable about them. But it's the best way for me, I'm sure."

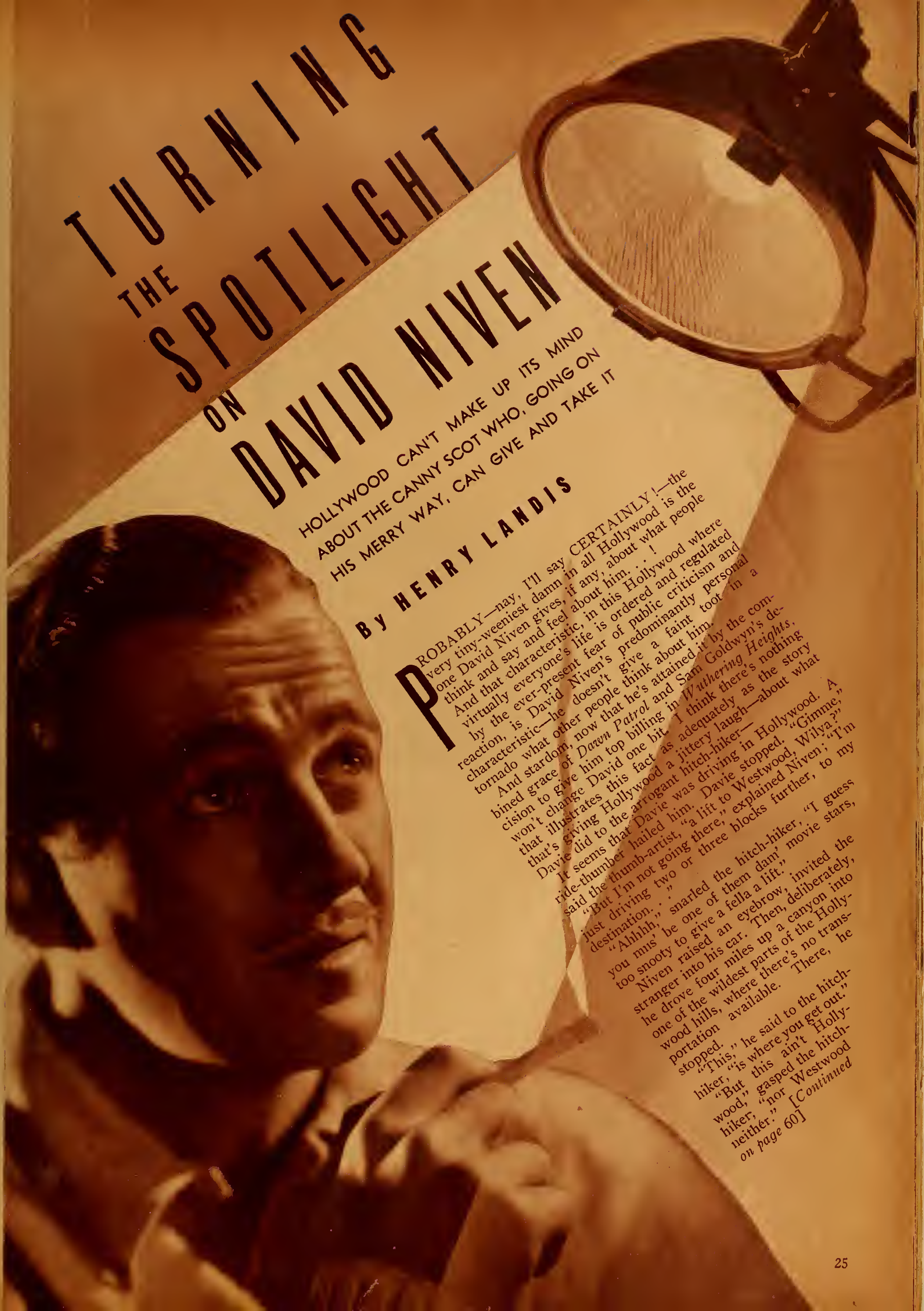
It was intuition that made her give up her life's ambition—painting—and decide, overnight, to go in for acting. Intuitively, she sought out the one theatre that could give her the dramatic education she wanted. It was a hunch that interrupted her honeymoon, took her to New York, where talent scouts saw her. It was a hunch that persuaded her to refuse offers from every other major studio and accept the one from Warners. Who can't be blamed—after *Dark Victory* and *Wuthering Heights*—for having a hunch that, in the little Irisher, they have one of the biggest finds in years.

By ROGER CARROLL

But let's begin at the beginning.

She was born in Dublin, November 24, 1914, and she was born Geraldine Fitzgerald. Her parents had absolutely no premonitions about her possible future, or the possible difficulty that theatre managers might some day have, squeezing nineteen letters into their marquees. Her father was, and is, a lawyer. The only theatrical blood in the family flowed in the veins of her mother's sister, Shelah, (yes, that's the way it's spelled) Richards, a leading light of the Abbey Theatre.

Her aunt was one of her favorite people. All through her childhood and girlhood, Geraldine [*Continued on page 75*]



TURNING THE SPOTLIGHT ON DAVID NIVEN

HOLLYWOOD CAN'T MAKE UP ITS MIND ABOUT THE CANNY SCOT WHO, GOING ON HIS MERRY WAY, CAN GIVE AND TAKE IT

By HENRY LANDIS

PROBABLY—nay, I'll say CERTAINLY!—the very tiny-weeniest damn in all Hollywood is the one David Niven gives, if any, about what people think and say and feel about him. . . !

And that characteristic, in this Hollywood where virtually everyone's life is ordered and regulated by the ever-present fear of public criticism and reaction, is David Niven's predominantly personal characteristic—he doesn't give a faint toot in a tornado what other people think about him.

And stardom, now that he's attained it by the combined grace of *Dawn Patrol* and Sam Goldwyn's decision to give him top billing in *Wuthering Heights*, won't change David one bit. I think there's nothing that illustrates this fact as adequately as the story that's giving Hollywood a jittery laugh—about what Davie did to the arrogant hitch-hiker—

It seems that Davie was driving in Hollywood. A ride-thumber hailed him. Davie stopped. "Gimme," said the thumb-artist, "a lift to Westwood, Wilya?"

"But I'm not going there," explained Niven; "I'm just driving two or three blocks further, to my destination. . . ."

"Ahhhh," snarled the hitch-hiker, "I guess you mus' be one of them dam' movie stars, too snooty to give a fella a lift."

Niven raised an eyebrow, invited the stranger into his car. Then, deliberately, he drove four miles up a canyon into one of the wildest parts of the Hollywood hills, where there's no transportation available. There, he stopped.

"This," he said to the hitch-hiker, "is where you get out."

"But this ain't Hollywood," gasped the hitch-hiker, "nor Westwood neither." [*Continued on page 60*]

It was considered good box-office when stars like Lupe Velez went into tantrums. Feuds now never make headlines

DO THE STARS HAVE TO BEHAVE?

By JOHN SANFORD

Bette Davis furnishes proof that one can be a great actress and live a perfectly normal life

Marlene Dietrich has tamed her eyebrows and is no longer temperamental. No men's togs. No headlines

Don Ameche proves that a man can be a top-ranking popularity hero and still live a very well regulated family life

The happy [illegible]estic life of Charles Boyer and Pat Pat[illegible]n doesn't stop Mr. B. from being an idol of millions of girls

Gone are the days when stars indulged in showing off, like curb-sitting Katy Hepburn in overalls, reading fan mail

THE PUBLIC PREFERRING HOLLYWOOD TO BE ON GOOD BEHAVIOR, THE TOWN HAS QUIETED DOWN. TEMPERAMENTAL STARS AND SHOW-OFFS HAVE DONE A FADE-OUT

WHEN celebrities were cutting up capers and didos in the good old days, they let the world know about it. Their extra-curricular romances were considered colorful, and actually increased their popularity.

Dear Public and Mr. Will Hays, how the situation has changed! Filmdom's celebrated sinners no longer live in glass houses, and they sue people who throw stones. Unconventional behavior no longer increases box-office returns, and they know it. More to the point, their bosses know it, too.

Where are the temperamental fit-throwers of yesterday? Are they still drawing down cinema pay-checks? Not in Hollywood. Allah be praised! Dietrich, you say? Ah, then you're not up to date on Dietrich. You should have seen her posing for photographers the other day. No wise ingenue, anxious to succeed, and therefore to please, could have been more obliging. Becoming an American citizen wasn't a bad idea, either, nor the taming of her wild-roaming eyebrows. Oh, she's a smart girl, that Marlene!

Let us make clear, right now, that human nature hasn't changed, either in Hollywood or elsewhere.

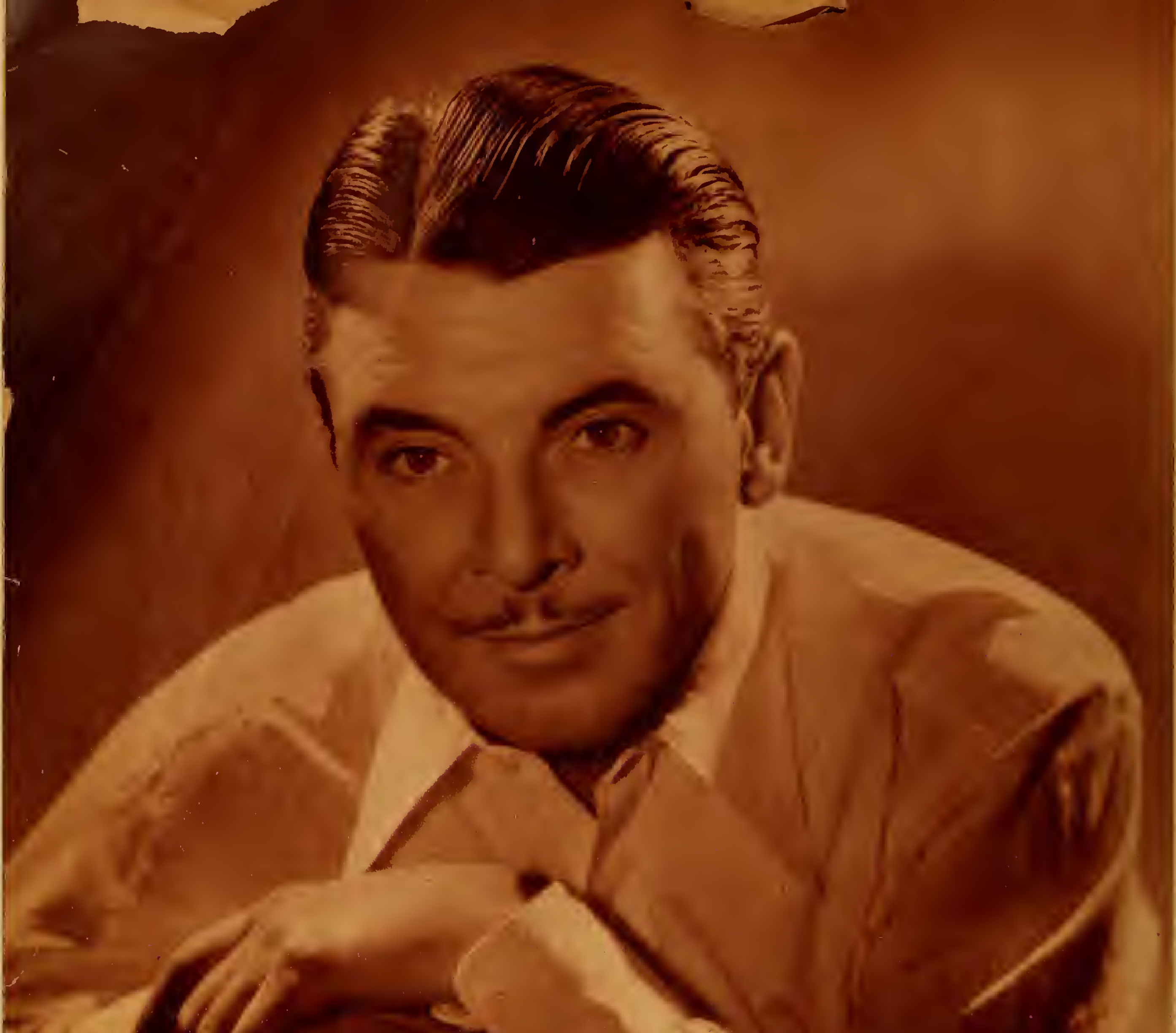
Just because hair-pulling and face-clawing between pairs of festive female stars doesn't reach the headlines today, is no sign that Lupe Velez and Jetta Goudal were the last of the gladiators. In their day, battles reported and even judiciously built up in the reporting, were good box-office. More recently, no more than mere rumors of feuding between such girls as, let us say, Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn, reached the prints.

We daren't even name the two blond stars who were battling in a film scene the other day, and didn't stop when the director said "cut." Telling on them might impair their popularity, instead of increase it, as would have been the case in times past.

Gone are Miss Dietrich's trick eyebrows, to be replaced by charming but believable ones. Gone with them are another star's fantastic eyelashes and the grotesque Chinese fingernails of a third.

Gone are those other relics of the film city's exhibitionism, the fantastically "loud" clothes once worn by leading men. And gone are the much-publicized rivalries among stars of both sexes for "best-dressed" honors. We no longer see those eye-opening automobiles of Jack Oakie, Gary Cooper, Mary Pickford, and many other celebrities. Maybe the fact that Stepin Fetchit finally surpassed them all, when he bought a great limousine of robin's egg blue, had something to do with the sudden shift toward more modest vehicles.

We mention these matters to show that along with publicized sin and fights and temperament has gone much of the garish show-off that used to make us stare at the stars [*Continued on page 62*]



GEORGE BRENT

With no fanfare or beating of drums George goes his even way getting good acting plums such as playing opposite Bette Davis in *Dark Victory* and *The Old Maid*

WHAT NOT TO DISCUSS WITH YOUR HUSBAND

By JAMES REID

THOSE WIVES WHO ARE ALWAYS SAYING THE WRONG THING CAN PROFIT BY IRENE DUNNE WHO KNOWS ALL THE RIGHT ANSWERS

IN THE past few months, Irene Dunne has given few interviews. And those that she has given, she has found difficult to start. She confessed why the other day. Patting her back hair self-consciously, and smiling wryly, she said, "Every time I have an interview nowadays, I'm stunned. Nobody ever asks me to defend long-distance marriage any more. I can hardly believe it."

She added, "I mean, I can hardly believe that there's no reason now why I *should* defend long-distance marriage—that mine isn't that kind any more."

Irene married Dr. Francis D. Griffin, well-known New York dentist, in 1928, on the most blistering July day she had ever seen. But that day she coolly decided that she would give up her budding stage career. They went abroad on their honeymoon. They saw practically all of Europe, and everywhere they went Irene had domestic impulses. She left behind her a trail of purchases for their future New York apartment—linens, rugs, china, fine glass, furniture. When they returned, and while they were waiting for her purchases to catch up with them, they took temporary quarters in an apartment hotel.

They were about to move into a place more their own, when Ziegfeld offered her the singing lead in the Chicago company of *Show Boat*. An offer from Ziegfeld! That was something to thrill about. But she was resolutely going to turn it down, until Dr. Griffin—a very wise man—urged her to accept it. He said, "If you don't, you'll always wonder what might have happened if you had."

So Irene went to Chicago, and all the house furnishings went into storage. Movie scouts saw her in *Show Boat*, and Hollywood wanted her. She thought of those pretty things purchased in Europe, and she was minded to say "No" to Hollywood's blandishments. It was Dr. Griffin who persuaded her to say "Yes." He told her again, "If you don't, you'll always wonder what might have happened if you had."

When she stepped aboard the Westbound train, Irene didn't doubt that she would be back in six months. "It probably won't take them that long," she told her husband, "to decide I'm not a movie type."

Hollywood decided otherwise. With her third picture—*Cimarron*—she became a star. Suddenly, she had a career such as she

[*Continued on page* 78]

CATCHING THE STARS OFF GUARD

OUR OWN NEWS CAMERA TAKES CANDID SHOTS

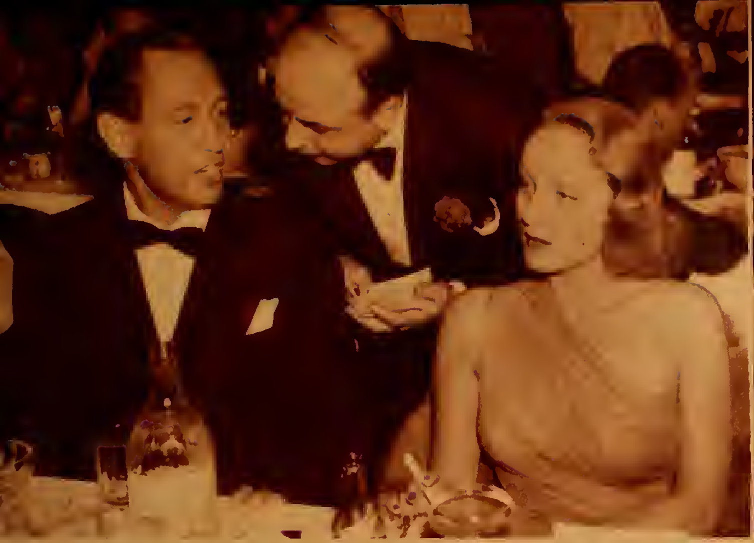
J. Walter Ruben and frau Virginia Bruce seem to be having not such wonderful time at preview party. Perhaps it's past their bedtime

Eve Carlton doesn't like to be put on pedestal but if she's to be worshipped for beauty that's where she belongs

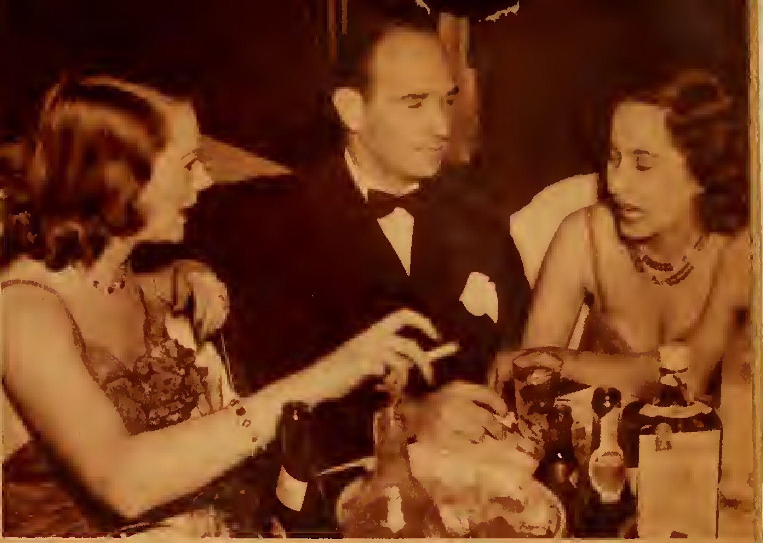
We won't deny or affirm marriage rumors about Deanna Durbin but here's evidence she's only a baby drinking milk with bib on

Lana Turner, minus sweater and skirt, with best beau Bautzer at Show Boat Party

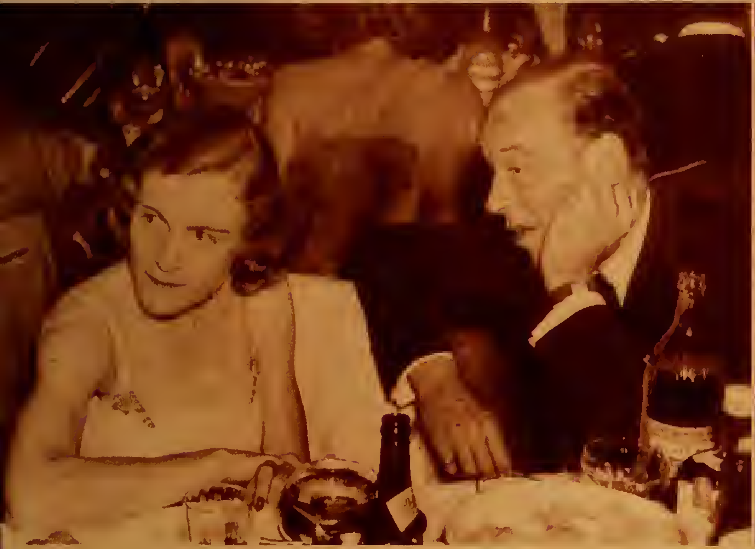
Jimmy Cagney knows enough to come in out of rain but has to take it for scene in *Each Dawn I Die*



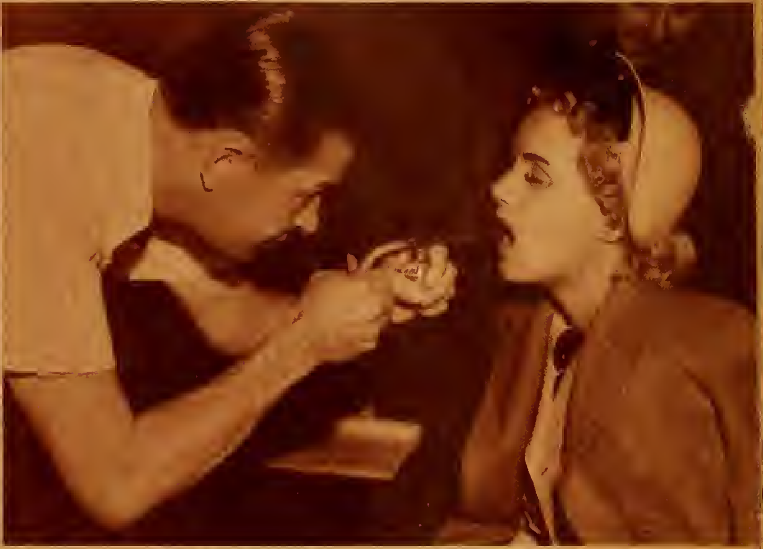
Seeing how the draped figure, right, is Marlene Dietrich we wouldn't know whether it was a posed or poised study. The gentleman at Marlene's right is William Paley of CBS



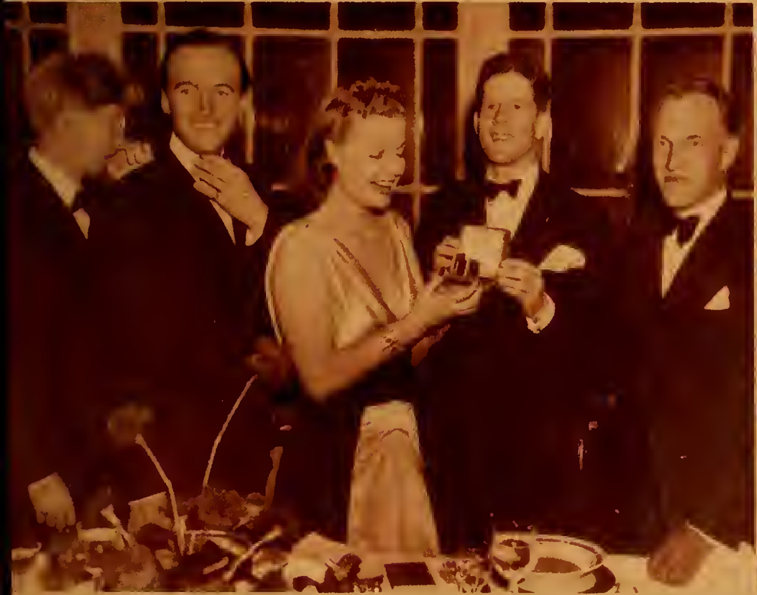
Candidly speaking we think Merle Oberon is having herself a time at her own party given after preview of *Wuthering Heights*. Mrs. Sylvia Fairbanks and Robert Riskin look on



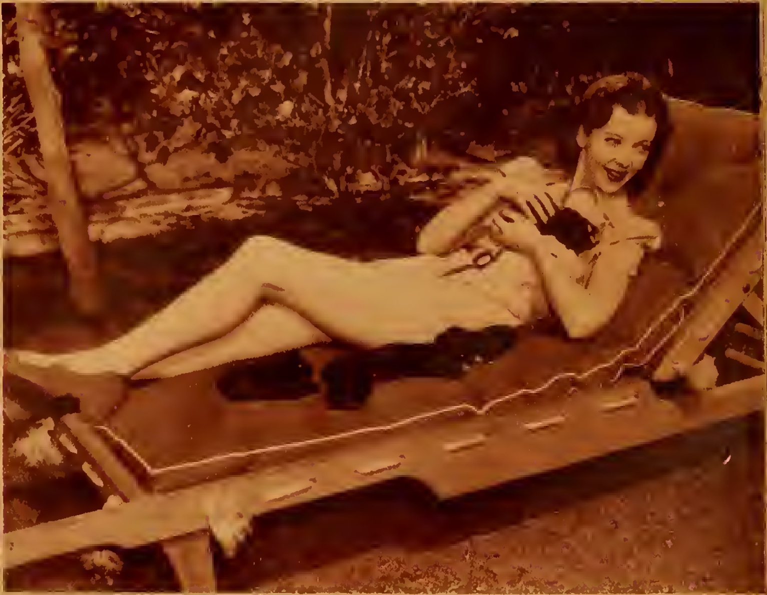
Having finished dancing in *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*, Fred Astaire goes on a sitdown strike with Mrs. Astaire at Marcel's during *Wuthering Heights* preview party



Marie Wilson wants to be in good shouting form for *Sweepstakes Winner* so she has her tonsils sprayed by Alton McDermott from first aid headquarters on set. Ahhhhhhh



It pays to have "It" Ann Sheridan discovers on being presented with a prize for winning Oomph Girl title. Judges are Sterling Holloway, David Niven, Rudy Vallee, Otto Kruger



Even a dog's life is something to be envied in Hollywood when you can cuddle up with Ida Lupino on a chaise longue. Wonder if hubby Louis Hayward is jealous of the puppies?

THE JON HALL'S THROW A TAHITI PARTY

In Tahitian toggery Jon Hall serves native food to Allan Jones as Frances Langford hangs lei on Irene Hervey—who diets while daring Allan to eat

Glenda Farrell, Tom Lewis, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell dive with great gusto into a Tahitian temptation. Table manners were checked at the door with the hats

Now just look at Dave Rose who plays piggy at a trough with a mess of stew, while Martha Raye tears into slab of pineapple. All customers went native and sat on the floor

Calories were forgotten by the guests—even among such diet faddists as Mary Carlisle who sinks her teeth into the biggest specialty on her dish. And Eddie Buzzell says "go to it"

Joy Hodges and Producer Joe Pasternak having finished their plates, each promises the other not to eat again till Thanksgiving. Meanwhile Joe, who looks well stuffed, gives Joy a light

The most ravenous eaters were Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable who polished off most of the dishes. Betty doesn't think Jackie has opened his mouth wide enough, shows how it should be done

Betty Grable joins Ken Murray when Jackie joined musicians to tickle "uke". In lovey-dovey pose are newlyweds Ken Dolan and Shirley Ross, who'd keep girlish figure, refusing tasties

The orchestra at the Jon Hall-Frances Langford party was made up of South Sea natives, who strummed and sang 'til dawn. "Uke" tickler is Jackie Coogan

After guests were well fed, Jon and Frances put on feedbag themselves. Jon put away enough vitamins to make big mukkles even bigger. She uses both hands

HIGH TIDE AND TAN SOME

Among those who like to get their tootsies wet are Dorothy Moore, top left, and Bonita Granville, waving a greeting. Andrea Leeds just above, is a sun-worshiper. Susan Hayward standing against the world's largest bonnet, is backward about facing the camera. Ellen Drew, right, wears a sunny smile, but then she wears a suit with a "sunny" disposition. Ann Sheridan, top, will have people turning for a second look—to get a load of "umph"

JUST A PLAYTHING

By CANDIDA

Movita's "in the swim" with her Coolie Clogs, her beach jewelry by Charlotte of Paris and her slick BVD suit. She's also in *Wolf Call*

Playclothes go to all lengths this summer. Choose very short culottes, just-above-the-knee tennis dresses with flared skirts, or full length slacks. Jumper dresses, or shorts with suspender tops rate high with the stars. Blouses for playtime are longer, fuller of sleeve. Drawstring necklines continue the gypsy trend. Some bathing suits are "strapless," some go Victorian with lingerie trim. Plaids and wild prints are new and so are separate bra or camisole tops. Beach jewelry is waterproof, colorful. Look for these playthings in your local department stores, or send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, for further information

Marjorie Weaver's one-piece Jantzen is a far cry from costumes worn in *Young Mr. Lincoln*

Linda Winter's Victorian dressmaker suit is as popular as the *Blondie* series she's in. Kleinert makes the suit, the beach strollers and roomy quilted bag

Check! Marie Wilson's Catalina skirted suit in yellow, rose, black. She's in *Sweepstakes Winner*

Now what are these youngsters wearing? Bonita Granville's briefcoat is covered with Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" figures. Grand for the beach

Judith Barrett does a swan in her Gantner suit of satin lastex. U. S. Howland Swim Cap is safe, snug

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ntinu

Coolie-clogged Jane Wyman swings tennis racket and Solarex glasses, wears polka-dot suspender shorts. This Little Girl influence strong in Nelly Don Playtonics

“YOUR AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE!”

By SCOTT FELDMAN

COLLECTING AUTOGRAPHS FROM MOVIE STARS AND OTHER CELEBRITIES IS MORE THAN A PASTIME, IT'S A THRIVING INDUSTRY THAT EARNS MONEY FOR SMART COLLECTORS. SOME STARS' NAMES COME HIGH

DON'T trust the comic strips. If you wait long enough, your favorite cartoonist will draw something terrifically funny about signature collectors. He will have Horatio Collector tearing off the seat of a star's pants as a souvenir, or yowling some senseless remark out of the side of his mouth.

Of course you'll laugh, because Horatio will probably look like something out of an artist's nightmare; but just the same you'll actually believe that autograph collectors are just a bunch of poor nuts. And that's where you're wrong. Because the main qualification in star-chasing is having quite a quantity of the grey matter.

Kenny Baker was one of the tribe of actors whose opinion of autograph collectors must have been influenced by the comic strips. When he arrived in New York, on his way to make *The Mikado* in England, he was greeted by about two hundred over-affectionate fans.

A police guard helped him to enter his hotel with only a few battle scars, but the real problem had not arrived yet. How on earth could he evade collectors at the pier when he sailed?

Finally, along with the realization of the low mentality of autograph collectors, came a very brilliant idea. So, Kenny phoned the New York columnists and, after telling them that he was leaving on the *Queen Mary*, bought a ticket for the *Ile De France*.

But autograph collectors, unaware of the fact that their mentality was low, also did some thinking.

They realized that there was something very strange happening when a star deliberately tells the world where they can come and annoy him. They got to work.

After a deep-voiced collector had informed the *Queen Mary* purser, via the telephone, that he was a "headquarters man," and learned that no Mr. K. Baker was sailing, an informal meeting of hounds was called. It developed that one of the girls knew the switchboard operator quite well.

By the gentle art of pumping, the operator's friend got the facts. Within ten minutes, several hundred collectors had the facts.

Then came sailing day. Kenny Baker stepped happily up the gangplank. Ah, this was the life. No autograph hounds to bother you, no fanatics to get in your hair. He stepped gaily around the turn of the deck . . . and bumped right into an enormous mob of grinning people.

Kenny stared and gulped. Then he frowned. Suddenly he laughed out loud and turned to face the collectors. "Okay, there," he shouted. "Who's first?"

Today Kenny Baker has a lot of respect for signature collectors.

NOW let's be fair about this. Autograph collectors have done many dumb things too. Things have happened, like the boy who, upon being told that Noel Coward was standing in front of a certain theatre, stepped over to Mr. Coward and asked him if he would please point out the famous playwright.

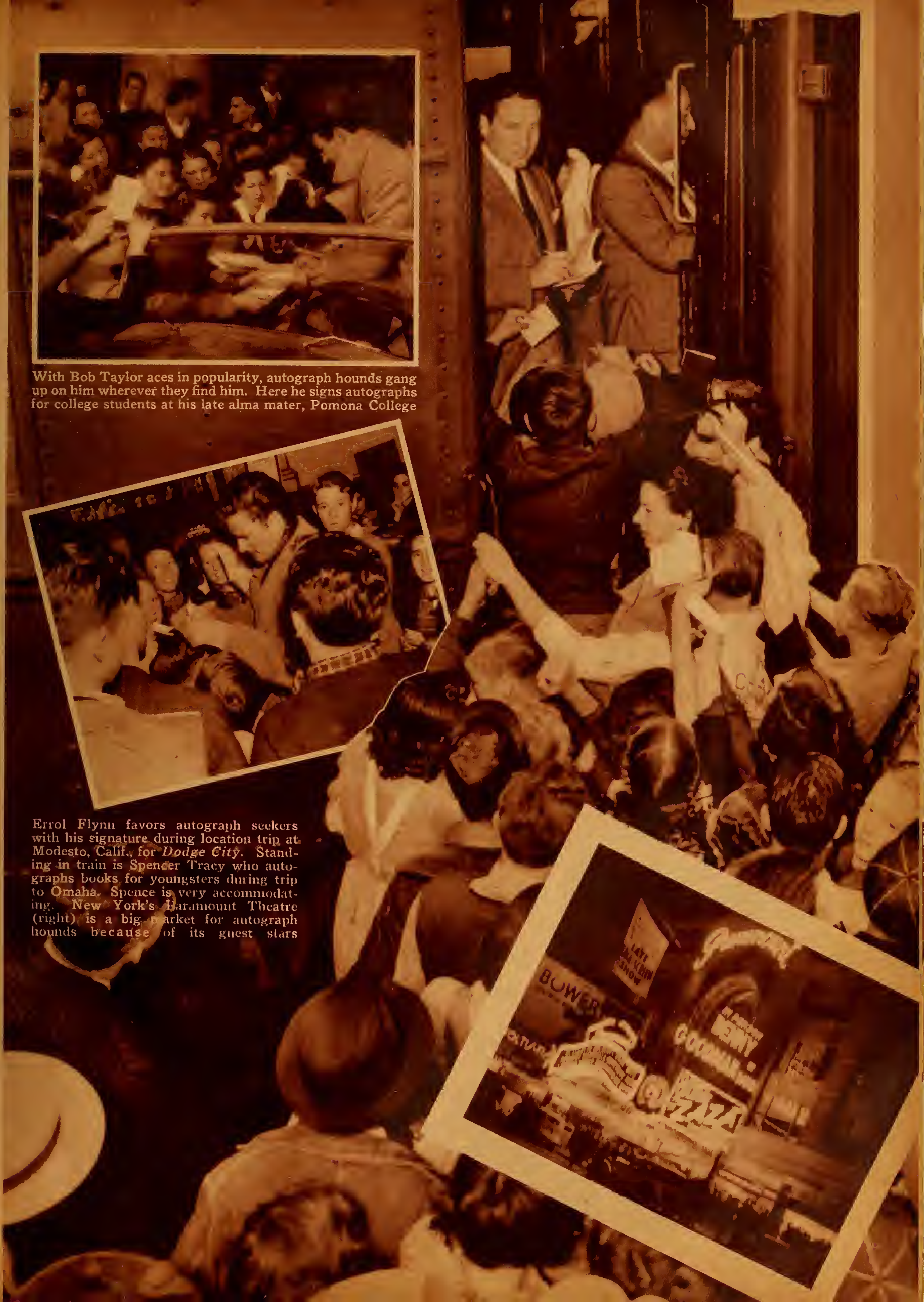
The writer looked at the boy for a minute. "Why, didn't you know?" he answered sadly. "Noel Coward's dead!"

The brainy collector then walked away with bent shoulders, saddened at the world's loss.

Note: he didn't get the autograph.

When Ralph Bellamy arrived in New York for a visit, he informed a radio commentator who, later that afternoon, gave a little thumbnail sketch of the blond act , mentioning the hotel he was stopping at.

That night Ralph was seated in his eas air, contentedly reading a book. Life seemed pretty swel him just then. Suddenly, a frantic knocking on the [C d on page 90]



With Bob Taylor aces in popularity, autograph hounds gang up on him wherever they find him. Here he signs autographs for college students at his late alma mater, Pomona College

Errol Flynn favors autograph seekers with his signature during location trip at Modesto, Calif., for *Dodge City*. Standing in train is Spencer Tracy who autographs books for youngsters during trip to Omaha. Spence is very accommodating. New York's Paramount Theatre (right) is a big market for autograph hounds because of its guest stars

Hollywood Greenhorn

By KATHARINE FRINGS

HENRY FONDA'S NOT A GLAMOR BOY. HE DOESN'T GO FOR FANCY CLOTHES, CARS AND FANCY PLACES. HE'S JUST "HOMESPUN." NO WONDER HE PLAYS LINCOLN!

WHEN a young man has been in Hollywood for four years you expect that there will be nothing new to be told about him. But when the young man is Henry Fonda, the situation is different because he has never talked much about himself. Henry is one of those individuals who, when you interview him at an appointed time, at a reserved luncheon-table, "can never think of a thing interesting." But climb up beside him on a fence rail, for example, chew a straw with him while you both watch an outdoor picture scene being filmed, and you might hear Henry ruminating. And when you do, then you've got something.

Here's a little story as an illustration, which has been lying dormant in his memory for these last four years, and which concerns his first day on any movie set, and also considerably explains his naivete. For some reason he just never got around to telling it until this fence rail moment, but as he told it we could understand why—because the joke was very much on him. It proves what a picture bumpkin he once was. It proves it delightfully.

Henry had been given a script for *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. He had played the same story and the same role on the stage, but as he began to read the movie script he perceived that a new character had been written into the plot. This new character was practically on every page; he ran across her time and time again: "As Fonda comes into the room, Dolly in with him." Again, "Dolly in, while Fonda talks with Gaynor," and so on. In nearly every scene there was Dolly somewhere, somehow. Fonda couldn't under- [*Continued on page 67*]

LARAINE DAY

Hollywood, the place where they have the world's fairest, also sponsors the dawn of a new Day—Laraine. If Laraine hasn't already received your sponsorship for *Sergeant Madden* she will in *Calling Dr. Kildare*. Meanwhile she keeps in good form playing tennis. A love set?

WITH THE STARS WHO'VE "GONE WITH THE WIND"

Leslie Howard as Ashley Wilkes

Thomas Mitchell as Gerald O'Hara with daughter Scarlett

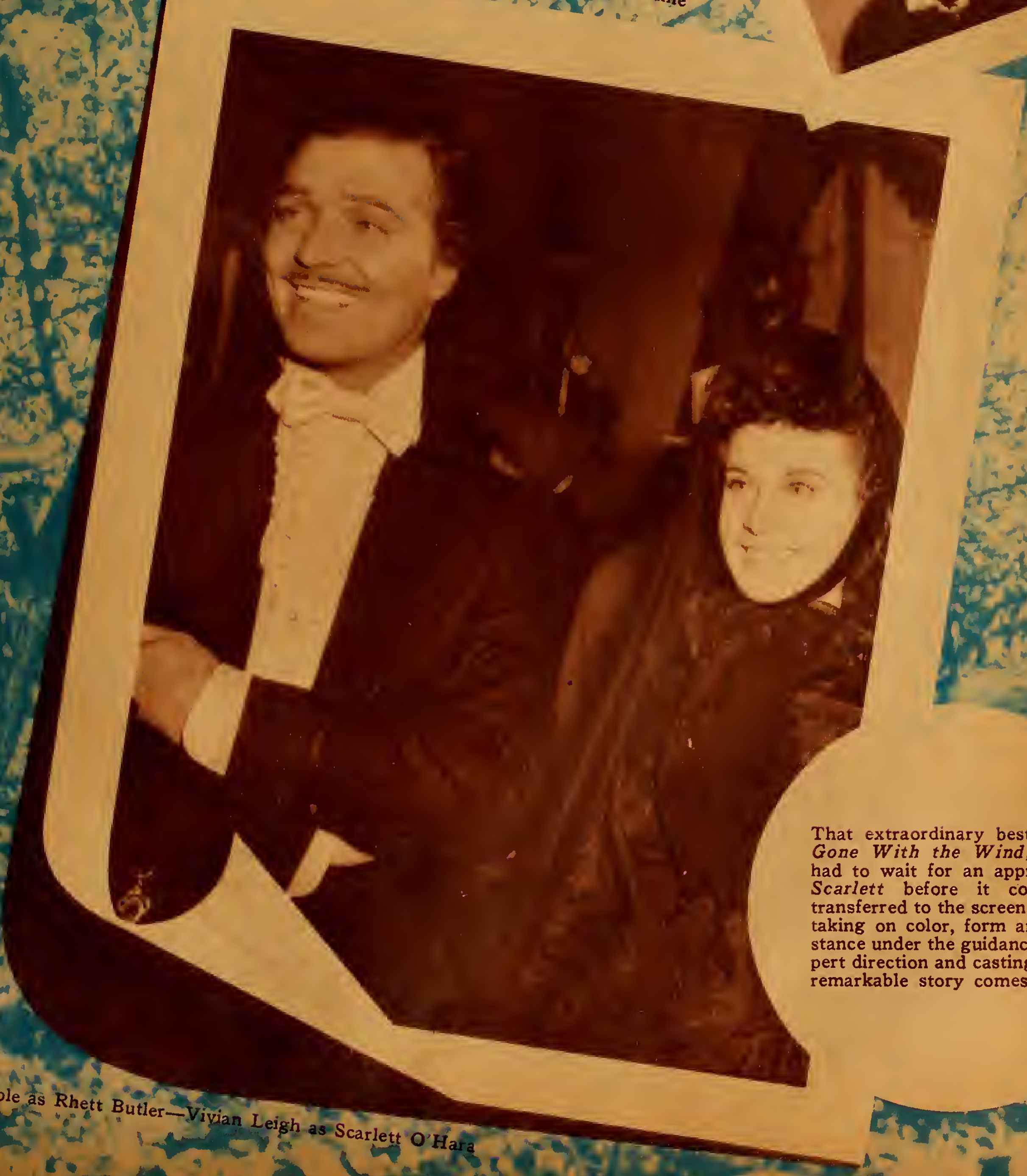
Laura Hope Crews as Aunt Pittypat

Fred Crane (L) and George Bessolo as Stuart and Brent Tarleton

Ann Rutherford as Carreen O'Hara

Marcella Martin as Cathleen Calvert

Olivia de Havilland as Melanie


Clark Gable as Rhett Butler—Vivian Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara

That extraordinary best seller, *Gone With the Wind,* which had to wait for an appropriate *Scarlett* before it could be transferred to the screen, is now taking on color, form and substance under the guidance of expert direction and casting. So a remarkable story comes to life

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS

Producers seem determined to make 1939 a memorable picture year. This season has barely started yet here is *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* making a bid for topmost honor . And who can deny Robert Donat for giving one of the great performances of all time? Nor reject Greer Garson for making him feel the mellow memories of youth? A Great Story—A GREATER picture

By

LEON SURMELIAN

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ROBERT YOUNG?

YOU SELDOM READ ANYTHING ABOUT BOB YOUNG. HE'S NOT YOUR TYPE OF MOVIE HERO EVEN THOUGH HE PLAYS IN MORE ROMANTIC PICTURES THAN ANY OTHER STAR. HE SUPPLIES THE ANSWERS HERE

"I CAN understand," Bob Young said, "why so few stories are printed about me. Frankly, if I were a reader, I'd be much more interested in reading about Clark Gable or Joan Crawford than about a player like myself."

In the past five or six years Bob has played probably in more pictures than any other star of the romantic school. On the day he said this he was making love to Annabella in *Maiden Voyage*. He is under contract to the largest studio, and appears in lavish productions, and not B pictures. Let me remind you of *I Met Him in Paris, The Emperor's Candlesticks, The Bride Wore Red, Navy Blue and Gold, Three Comrades, Rich Man, Poor Girl, The Shining Hour, Honolulu.*

He is m. c. of the Metro Good News program over the N. B. C. network. He knows a thing or two about acting and has really done wonders with some of the most insipid roles in the history of the American cinema. He is good-looking, personable, rated a good guy. Yet you hardly ever read anything about him. His is a unique record in that respect. Many a stock girl has received more publicity than this full-fledged star.

Is there anything wrong with him? Why isn't he exactly our idea of a movie hero? I asked him point blank what's wrong with him and how he feels about his outrageous obscurity in the public prints. You can be absolutely frank with Young. Other stars might have felt like punching me in the nose for asking them such questions; actors being such egotists.

"What's wrong with me? Well, I've been told time and again that I'm so normal. I'm beginning to suspect that what they mean

[*Continued on page* 70]

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Too Motch Is Too Motch

■ Paradoxical as it may seem, Hollywood is suffering from TOO MUCH patriotism. Or maybe not "too much" but certainly too outspoken. . . . Hollywood, you see, is populated by so many foreigners. For years past, you've been hearing about all these foreign stars and directors and writers and experts that have been coming in. So now here they are—and they've brought their own national dislikes and antagonisms with them.

And now that America is trembling on the verge of the world unrest, Hollywood's Americans—both native and adopted—are rushing to add their voices against the threat of the "isms." That'd be fine, very fine—except that Hollywood, in its customary enthusiasm, overdoes things. And Hollywood's thoughtless way of overdoing things is to bandy loose gossip and accusations like so many tennis balls. Every German actor or technician or director, for instance, is suddenly termed a "Nazi!" Your faithful snooper knows of at least two fine Germans who love America and have no love for Hitler at all, who still can't get a job in Hollywood today—because the whisper goes around that they're Nazis.

It got so bad that no less important a figure than Baron Barnekow—the man Kay Francis still says she's going to marry—publicly threatened a slander suit for hundreds of thousands of dollars against Hollywood's No. 1 hostess, Countess Dorothy di Frasso. Barnekow said that the Countess had called him "a Nazi spy" in public. Barnekow admits he's German; Barnekow admits he fought for Germany in the World War. But Barnekow says he's no Nazi spy, and nobody—not even the di Frasso—can call him one and get away with it.

Dorothy denied she'd said that, and she and Barnekow made a lot of statements, and finally the Baron withdrew

Margaret Lockwood, Britisher, did such good work in *The Lady Vanishes* she was called to Ameddica for Temple film

Joan Blondell's gorgeous gams are the kind that never stay in hiding. Such good gams go to the head of the class when seen in *Good Girls Go To Paris*

●

On the left, three IT-ful OOMPH-ful, Swim-Suit-Fulls, Mary Howard, Mary Beth Hughes, Ann Morriss of M-G-M light up skyrockets for the Fourth

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

his projected suit. But the bitterness lingers on. It's all a backwash of over-enthusiastic Americanism, which, like everything else, is splendid when properly applied; but misdirected, it's simple, outright viciousness! Against the Leni Reifenstahls and the Mussolini baby-bombing offspring, it's okeh enough, and Hollywood has done its bit there. But against innocent folk, why? . . . !

Innocent folk will be chief sufferers if war breaks out in Europe—with our sympathies naturally on the side of the democracies. They could change their names and still be suspect. Sauer-kraut remained sauer-kraut even though called liberty cabbage 20 years ago.

It's a wonder Richard Dix as Sam Houston could keep soldiering with Joan Fontaine for sweetheart in *Man of Conquest*

Bringing the Bay to Her Home

■ And that's that, so let's have a giggle. About Margaret Lindsay. She always made so much about how she loved the Bay of Naples. When she didn't have a cent, she sighed about how she'd love to go to the Bay of Naples. So now she's made a fortune, and she still loves the Bay of Naples. So does she go there?—no, she hires a painter to put a full-sized mural of the Bay of Naples on her living-room wall. Take that, Mahomet!

La Colman and La Colman

■ Benita Hume may be Mrs. Ronald Colman, but she jolly well has to be contented with being Mrs. Ronald Colman, 2nd. Because Ronnie's first wife, a British actress named Thelma Raye, has a little souvenir shop in Laguna Beach, two hours down the coast from Hollywood. She advertises herself as "the Original Mrs. Ronald Colman!" Her stationery bears the imprint: "Mrs. Ronald Colman, the First."

Meanwhile Ronnie and his bride are dodging the social whirl—preferring each other's company to that of Hollywood.

[*Continued on page* 87]

Dorothy Lamour becomes a fugitive from a sarong but not a fugitive from CHAIN gang to judge by the big "slave" bracelet she wears as slave girl in new film

Even Gracie Allen's brother would come to life if he could see Judith Barrett whose oomphish appeal will be on display in the *Gracie Allen Murder Case*

COUNTRY LIFE

2

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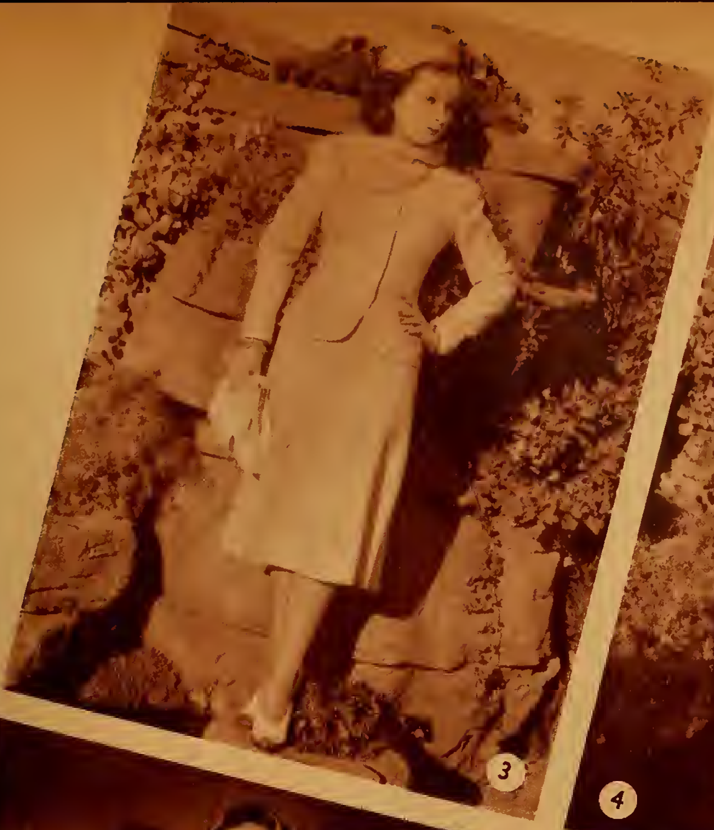

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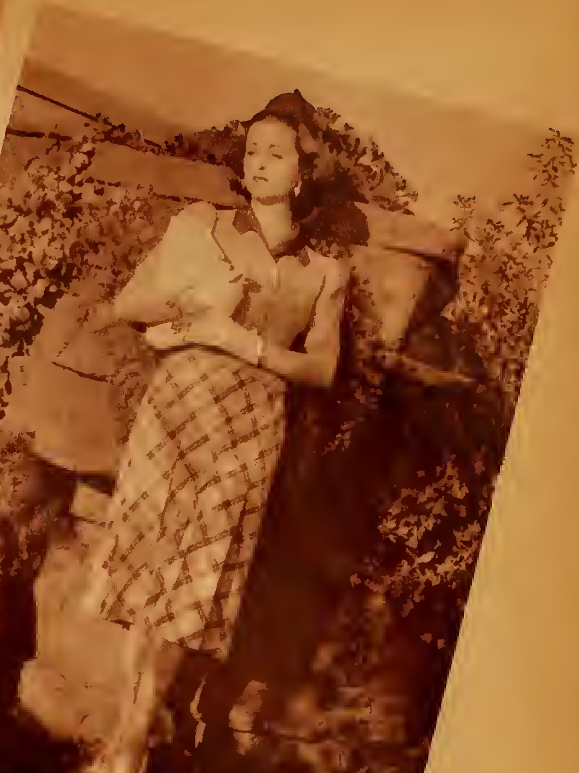

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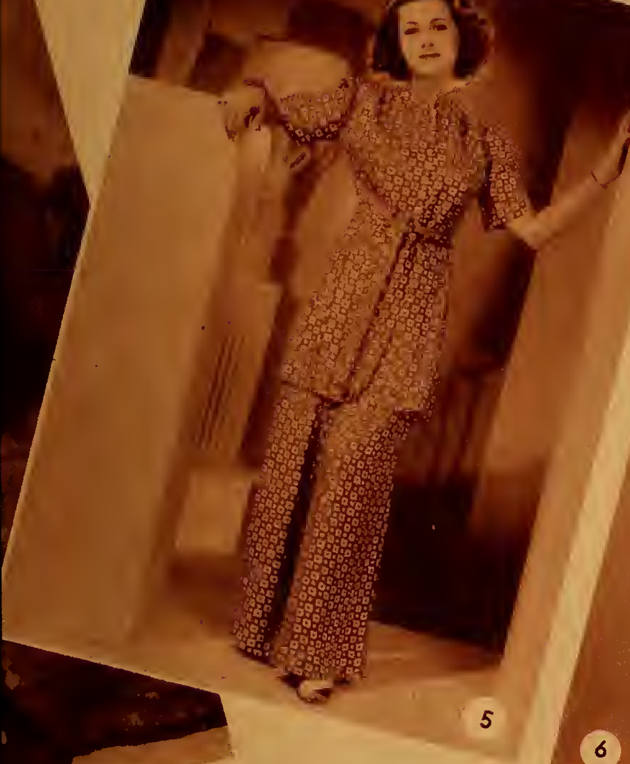

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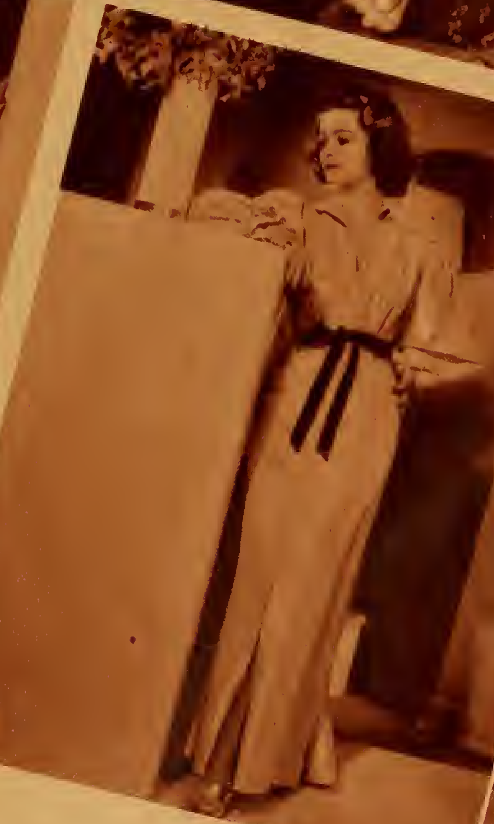

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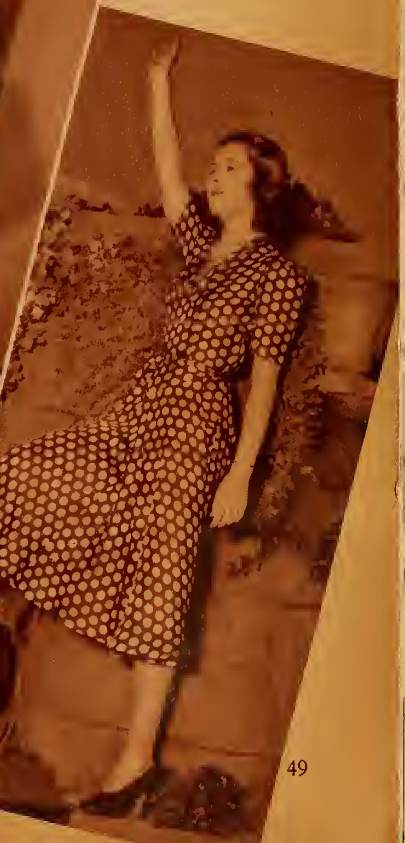

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If you're planning an escape to the country—even if only for a week-end—don't think you can escape the clothes question. Here are Joan Bennett's plans for country life. 1. A blue and white striped and checked house-coat for informal evenings at home. 2. A "get away from it all" ensemble. The dress, brown pussy-willow silk with blue dots; the coat and accessories, brown. 3. To see her through luncheon or tea at the club, a canary yellow twill suit. White accessories, with the exception of the wimple hat which is canary, too. 4. A more casual alternative is the plaid skirt, brown and yellow, with yellow hand-crocheted sweater. Hat, blouse and shoe trim carry through in brown. 5. Pajamas are useful—and attractive. Particularly in burgundy rajah silk with white pattern. 6. Dress up—if you have to—in a peach-pink lame house gown. 7. Another view of 2. Joan Bennett's latest is *The Man in the Iron Mask*

GIRL WITH THE ONE-TRACK MIND

A LIGHTNING-FAST MIND PLUS TALENT AND FAITH BRINGS STARDOM TO LOUISE CAMPBELL

By E. J. SMITHSON

IN WRITING about the throaty-voiced, black-haired—and talented—Louise Campbell, we might as well start off by telling you that she's the owner of one of the most "one-trackingest" minds in Hollywood. One of those stubborn, lightning-fast feminine minds that has been carefully trained and pampered to labor overtime in the furtherance of its possessor's career.

You'd never guess that this is the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help me. Not by merely giving the little lady a quick, casual glance, because she gives you the appearance of being shy and timid and afraid of her own shadow. Her voice is soft and low and you expect every minute to see her take knitting-needles and yarn from a bag and start knitting one while she's purling two.

But don't be taken in by what you see and hear. Louise is just fooling you. The chances are 100 to 1 that while you're looking at her that one-track mind of hers is busy arranging and devising plans for the present and future.

Now, before you accuse us of beating around the verbal bush, we're going to do a bit of Q. E. D-ing, as proof that we know whereof and whereat we are talking.

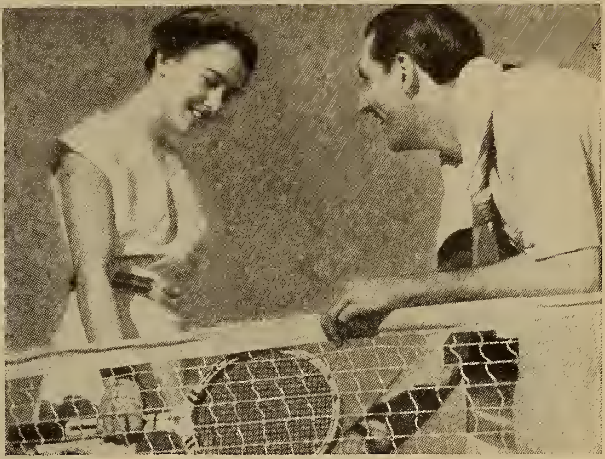
In grade and high school Louise sang, recited, orated, and appeared in school dramas. "Just for the fun of it," she says. And that's undoubtedly true because that one-track mind of hers was fostering plans "to become a school teacher—or something." In all probability the "something" had something to do with being a wife to some nice, young man in the old home town.

This is pure conjecture on our part, but there IS one thing we're certain of. The very minute she started to study dramatics under the guidance of her sister, Louise immediately began to have notions about what went on behind the footlights. "I wanted to become an actress," she says, "and a good one. I became conscious of the word 'Broadway' for the first time in my life and resolved that some day I'd get there or know the reason why. So. . . ."

So Louise enlisted "for the duration" as we old foot soldiers used to say. No more of this orating, reciting, and so on for the fun of it! The shortest distance between two stage points marked out a long road that [*Continued on page* 59]

THEY *All Agree* ON TODAY'S NEW SKIN CARE

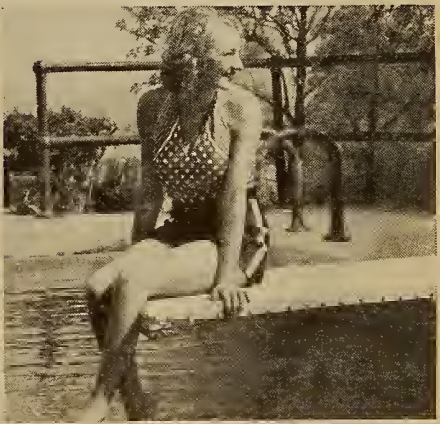
In England, The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the **21st Earl of Erroll,** has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"



Montreal—The Hon. Ann Shaughnessy, daughter of the late **Lord Shaughnessy.** With English and American sportswomen, she cheers the new skin care—"skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream.

British and American Sportswomen
CREAM
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO THEIR SKIN*

In Canada—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. " 'Skin-vitamin' in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!"



A Roosevelt smiles from the springboard! The former Anne Clark says: "Now that it's known 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health, it's great to have it in Pond's."

Titled English Horsewoman—The Lady Cynthia Williams, daughter of the **Earl of Guilford,** often visits America—one of many British peeresses who praise the new skin care.

It's American to skate! Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington, often joins her friends at a private rink. She has always used Pond's to give make-up that **winning sparkle.**

In Britain, in Canada and in the United States, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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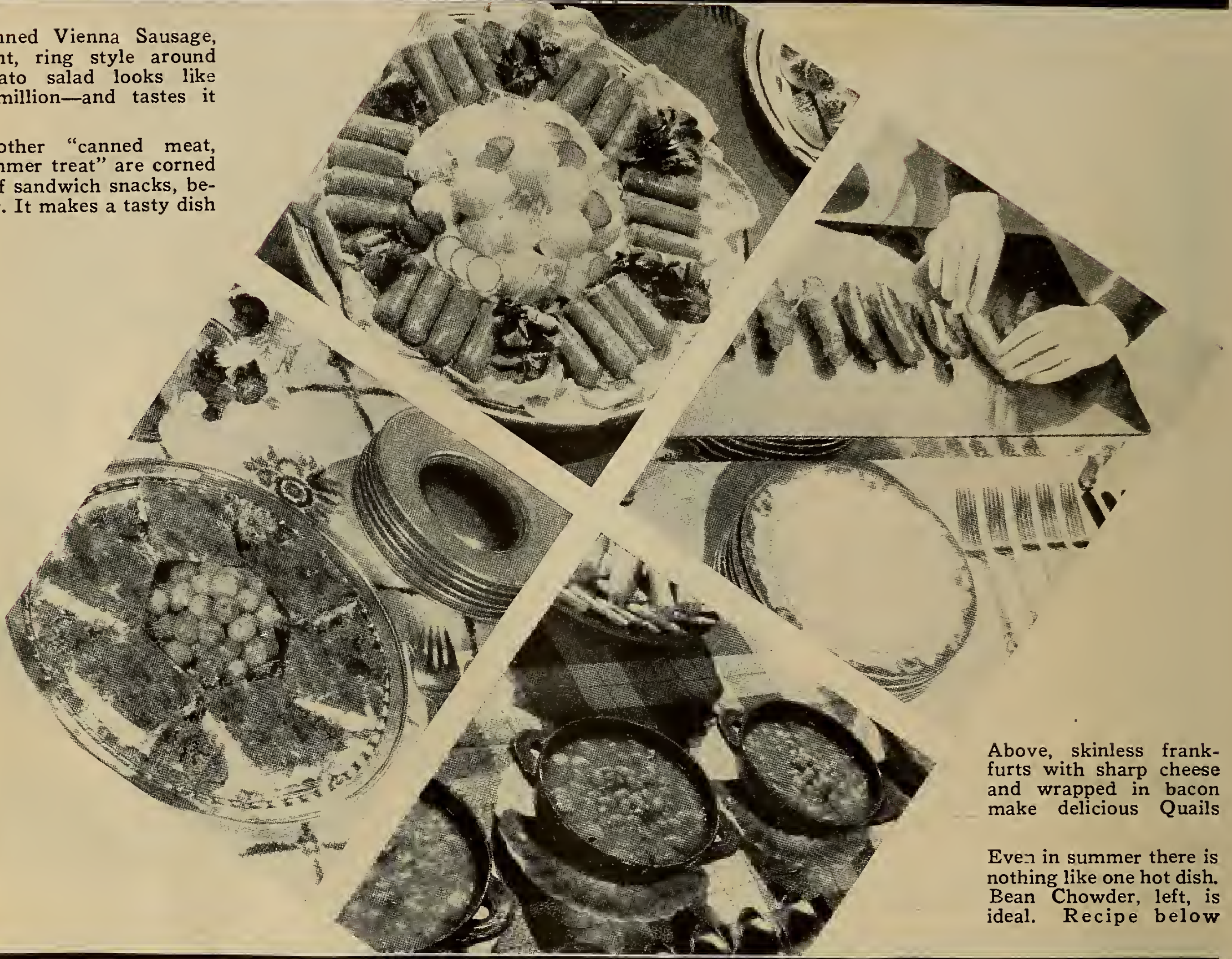
DON'T LET THE RANGE ROAST YOU WHILE YOU ARE ROASTING THE ROAST THIS SUMMER



Canned Vienna Sausage, right, ring style around potato salad looks like a million—and tastes it

Another "canned meat, summer treat" are corned beef sandwich snacks, below. It makes a tasty dish

Above, skinless frankfurts with sharp cheese and wrapped in bacon make delicious Quails

Even in summer there is nothing like one hot dish. Bean Chowder, left, is ideal. Recipe below

CANNED MEAT—A SUMMER TREAT

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

MEAT forms the most important item of all our meals, and hence the first thing the homemaker thinks of when about to plan a menu is: "What meat shall I get?"

On the other hand, preparing and cooking the usual market meats is attended with trouble, time, and temperature—above all *temperature!* For in scorching midsummer it is all too likely that the range roasts the cook while she is roasting the roast. Excess heat, smoke, and smell are all most undesirable in hot weather, and hence the meal problem narrows down to selecting main dishes which practically cook themselves.

But you can keep cool with canned meats! Canned meats come to the kitchen and dining table with all the short-cut convenience, as well as the wholesomeness of any canned food. Ready-to-eat or to heat in a jiffy, the long list of appetizing and varied meats packed in canned form will cut summer work and fuel bills in half.

Perhaps many a homemaker does not realize *how many,* and above all *how delicious,* and *how adaptable* is the canned meat clan. First there's the ever-popular Cold Cuts. This may be packed as a Beef Slice, Corned Beef, Cooked Smoked Tongue, or in a half dozen forms of appetizing "Loaf" meats. When sliced thinly, arranged attractively with a potato or other salad and relishes, it provides the quick, satisfying "makings" of any meal on a summer's day. Or here's a novel suggestion for another platter:

CORNED BEEF SANDWICH SNACKS

Canned corned beef
Egg salad filling
Olives or gherkins
Parsley

Chill corned beef and slice thinly. Make an egg salad filling by blending chopped hard-cooked eggs with catsup and well seasoned mayonnaise and a few drops of onion juice. Put meat slices together with egg filling, sandwich fashion. Arrange on platter with olives and relishes, and garnish with parsley.

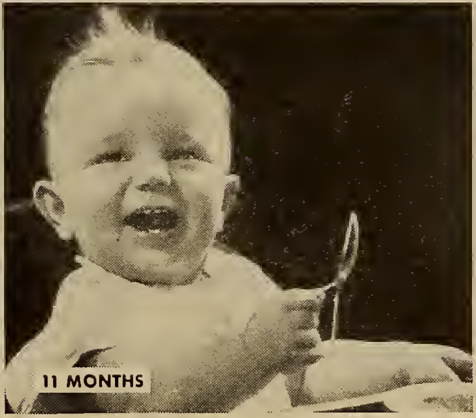
[*Continued on page* 79]

Tommy's life is one big Success Story!

CHAPTER 1. THE FIRST YEAR: CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS

"Baby specialists approve of Clapp's," says Tommy Malek's mother. "Did you know that Clapp's is the *only* large company that makes nothing but baby foods? Clapp's has been making them longer, too—18 years.

"They've *always* worked with doctors. Each Clapp's food has a texture suggested by doctors to suit babies best. They surely suited Tommy!..."



"The way that baby grew! My neighbors couldn't get over it. There was one time when he tripled his weight in 5 months. Yet he was solid, too—strong as a baby bear.

"You knew to look at him that he was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals in his Clapp's Foods. And *appetite!*...his dish would be empty almost as soon as it was filled!"

17 VARIETIES

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

CHAPTER 2. RUNABOUT YEARS: CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS

"Food dislikes? Not a one! Babies often do get the stubbornest notions when the time comes for coarser foods. But Tommy slid onto his new Clapp's Chopped Foods like a charm.

"No lumps or stems, you see—these foods are evenly cut, though coarse, just as doctors advise for toddlers. And since they had the same good flavors as Clapp's Strained Foods, they made the same big hit!"

"A big menu and well-planned—that's another reason why Tommy eats and grows so well on Clapp's. He has 11 kinds of Chopped Foods, including those hearty new Junior Dinners that combine meat, vegetables, and cereals.

"We're a family of Clapp's fans—now baby sister's getting Strained Foods. I tell other mothers, 'If you want your baby to have the best, it's worth while insisting on Clapp's!'"

11 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES.... CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Simply Sunning

[*Continued from page 6*]

pouring a bit of your favorite cologne in your bath to make it even more cooling—and then pat some more of it on after you step out of the tub. That will help you stay cool longer. Pat yourself dry always—a brisk rubdown will only step up the old circulation just like cold water! A dusting of powder will let your summer weight girdle (lighter and meshier than your winter figure-molder) slip into place easily—even on muggy days.

You've noticed, haven't you, the little beads of oil and perspiration that appear on your nose in hot weather? They make your nose shine, your powder cake and disappear. And you're very much upset about it. The same thing is happening all over your body. You're being air-conditioned—and you don't know it. The perspiration evaporates, and in doing so, cools you off. On humid days when the air is already saturated with moisture the body perspiration can't evaporate as fast—that's why you feel hotter and stickier.. That's when you'll need to double up on your baths and showers, when you'll want to be more careful than ever about using a perspiration corrective that will check perspiration locally and prevent underarm odor. You realize, of course, that the perspiration is merely rerouted to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely, without collecting on the skin.

WHAT bathing and an anti-perspirant do for the body, plenty of warm water and soap scrubbings, followed by *cool* water rinses, and a refreshing skin tonic or astringent will do for the face. The soap removes the oil and dirt, helps clean out the pores; the astringent and cool water help shrink those heat-enlarged pores back to normal size. Think how quickly they'd become clogged with oil and blackheads if you left them gaping wide!

So far so good—but don't spoil your fair-though-warmer program by using the heavy foundation cream that saw you through winter's blasts. Summer is quite another thing. Your skin is producing more oil of its own—and that will tend to make your make-up look caked and greasy unless you're careful. If your skin is very dry you may want to use an extra light cream foundation or one of the creamy lotions; otherwise you'll go in for powdery lotions or the new cake foundation.

Make-up itself should be applied sparingly, and you should be conscientious about cleaning off the old before putting on the new. If a good soap and water scrub isn't always convenient, make a practice of carrying some of those tiny cleansing pads in your purse, and give yourself a complete facial whenever you feel the need of re-powdering your nose. That way you'll keep your skin looking fresh and lovely—and what's more important still, you'll keep it from developing large pores and blackheads.

Watch your skin tone as summer goes on, and change your powder to match. You needn't buy a new box every time you acquire a shade more tan. Buy instead a box of tannish powder, and mix a little of that with the shade you generally use. Add more of the dark powder as your skin tone deepens, and then reverse the process as you gradually fade at the end of the season—add more of the light powder till you're off the "gold" standard.

No matter how pretty your face, you won't look fresh if your hair doesn't sparkle with cleanliness too. Hot weather brings all our little hair troubles to the fore. It makes straight hair straighter — and stringier. The sun sets all the little oil glands in oily scalps to working twice as fast—but on the other hand, it seems to dry up all the precious oil in dry hair! Get a new permanent at the beginning of the summer season so you won't have to spend all your time coaxing stray ends to stay curled. Wash your hair more frequently, and use an oily hair dressing to prevent your hair from becoming dried out, or a hair tonic to cut over-oiliness. Brush it five minutes night and morning to stimulate the scalp, normalize the oil output, make every little hair glisten with health. And don't forget, of course, to do your hair up on curlers every two or three days to help your permanent last longer. Try having your hair cut shorter, and brushed up off the nape of your neck in soft curls. That will make you feel cooler, look it too!

PERHAPS dandruff is one of your troubles—not only in the summer, but in winter, too. If so, I know you'll be interested in the perfectly *swell* dandruff treatment package I found the other day. It consists of a pure castile shampoo (one that has been used in the most exclusive New York beauty salons) and a liquid germicide, both for the small sum of 47 cents. You fill your wash basin with water, just as you do whenever you wash your hair, and add two tablespoons of the germicide for every quart of water used. Then dampen and massage your head for three minutes with the solution—this gives the hair and scalp an antiseptic treatment, stimulates the scalp, and kills the dandruff forming germs and any others that happen to be on the scalp. Now lather up with the shampoo, washing in the same water and germicide solution. This step cuts oil and grease in the hair, on the scalp, loosens dirt and dandruff scales, and cleanses the scalp. Last, rinse thoroughly —three or four times instead of once. Your scalp will be clean and sweet smelling—an important point in summertime freshness!—and free of dandruff scales. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it—and it is! If your hair is of the oily type, stop here, but if it is dry, massage in an oily hair dressing. The dandruff treatment should be repeated twice a week at first, then once weekly as your hair condition improves. I forgot to mention that the manufacturer will refund your money if you're not absolutely satisfied with this treatment! Would you like me to tell you the name?

Your soapy bath will be twice as refreshing if you use the fragrant toilet soap that so many lovely screen stars swear by. Each smooth white cake produces an abundance of thick, creamy lather, an active lather that quickly removes dirt, dust and stale cosmetics—yet each cake lasts and lasts. That's because the soap is what we call milled—that is, all excess moisture and air has been rolled or milled out of the soap, leaving an economical bar that does not quickly melt away. The soap is excellent for the care of face, hands and body, because it's so mild —and I know you'll love the delicate floral bouquet. A few pennies a cake.

Did you ever leave home in a rush thinking guiltily that you ought to have used a perspiration corrective—but hoping you can get by this once? And then discovering you can't? Then you're just the girl I want to tell about a slick new deodorant compact. It's about as big as the average powder compact—and it holds compressed powder and puff, too. But *this* cake of powder takes the odor out of perspiration, and helps to check it slightly. Use it for an under-arm emergency, to prevent hot sticky hands, to keep feet from becoming moist and overheated—even to wipe away and prevent those tell-tale drops of moisture on nose and forehead. Don't think that this deodorant compact is a substitute for your regular perspiration corrective—it's not. Use the compact when you've forgotten the other, to supplement it, and on parts of the body where you would not think of using a perspiration stop. Fifty cents buys this handy purse compact. Interested?

And while I'm on the subject, do let me tell you about one of my favorite perspiration stops. It's in solid form, but liquifies as soon as you apply it. Dab a bit under the arms, let it dry a moment, then wipe off with a damp cloth. That simple procedure stops perspiration locally and ends under-arm odor from one to three days—depending, of course, on how freely you perspire! The preparation is not the least bit irritating, cooling rather. And of course it can't harm fabric! It's a grand companion for your purse compact. Price is 35 cents.

REMEMBER awhile back I mentioned the new cake form of foundation for summer use? Here's more information on it. It's a flat disk of compressed powder that comes in several flattering shades. Moisten it with a sponge, and transfer a light film of the powder to your face, then blend evenly and smoothly. I'll guarantee your make-up won't cake, become streaked, greasy looking, or fly away when you're wearing this base. Use it at the beach to protect your face from the sun's burning rays—it's waterproof so you can even go swimming with it on! Use it at night for the velvety finish it gives your skin. It's moderately priced, and a favorite of all the stars in Hollywood where it was developed for technicolor pictures. Want the name? The same manufacturer makes a grand sun oil that is easily absorbed, and is not sticky or greasy. Write me for its name, too, if you're interested.

My last bit of advice is about your hot weather make-up. Be sure first of all that every item in your make-up harmonizes with your skin and eyes, then with each other. And they will if you have a matched make-up kit that I can recommend. It contains powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and eyeshadow—all made to be worn with each other. The kit costs $1.10, and you can get extras of each item (larger than those in the kit) for 55 cents each. If you're developing a tan, buy an extra box of face powder in the tan rachel shade—and blend it with the shade that's right for you. If you want to know the name of the make-up, and how to choose the perfect shade for your skin, do write me.

Write me before July 15th if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you send your letter to me, Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

MOST STARTLING Party-Invitation of the month!—was that which the Edward G. Robinsons devised, for the shindig that was to be the birthday celebration for their son. . . . The bids were in the shape of—of ALL things!—court subpoenas and summonses, apparently from the supreme Court of the State of California. They were done in ultra-ultra-legal form, with the proper legal folders around them, and looking just like a real summons to a suit. . . . And the rumor around Hollywood is that at least two Hollywood people fainted from shock and apprehension when the subpoenas were "served" on them. . . .!! The party itself was swell—with fully 100 Hollywood youngsters present. They even had a real floor show. With three clowns, a mammy-song singer, a dozen ponies to ride in a real circus ring. . . . NITE-CLUB SIGHT of the Month!—was the impromptu burlesque act staged at a Hollywood nitespot by Dead Ender Leo Gorcey and pretty Grace Hayes. They danced a take-off on Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. And was it a take-off. . . .!! Fred would have bitten tenpenny nails in half if he could have seen Leo being a burlesque Astaire!

NOTES FROM A HOLLYWOOD PARTY-GOER'S CUFF: Worst crime in Hollywood party-giving is to let your party go floppo . . . and so the hostesses of movieland have their own sure-fire recipes for keeping the guests alive . . . for instance . . . Glenda Farrell's "party kitchen" . . . a long sideboard down the length of her playroom, equipped with every sort of electric kitchen gadget and an electric stove—even a dishwasher and a food-chopper and a drink-mixer, oh, by all means a drink-mixer . . . and Glenda has a linen-closet full of kitchen aprons . . . so when a party goes dull, Glenda, realizing that there isn't a soul in the world who doesn't think he's a swell cook, opens up this party-kitchen, gives her guests aprons, and tells them to go to it . . . and the dishes they cook up! Omigawd. . . .!! . . . Stu Erwin's gag is simple . . . he yanks out an old hand-cranked phonograph and a stack of the oldest corniest records he can find in the nickel-record shops . . . and the guests howl with glee . . . which is something like the Hollywood gal who keeps a file of ancient film magazines, from twenty years back, and drags them out . . . so the guests can see pictures of Gloria Swanson and husband Wally Beery and things like that . . . of course, Joan Crawford is famous for her movie shows after dinner . . . but she's stopped turning on the phonograph to play those opera-duets recorded by herself and Franchot Tone . . . another kitcheneer is Dorothy Lamour, who, instead of being exotic at her parties, is really very homish, and makes her guests come out and help cook up a nice mess of spaghetti or chili or scrambled eggs . . . Joan Bennett likes IQ stuff . . . you know; these question-and-answer games to see how dumb you are? . . . Garbo? . . . well, now, I don't know what her party-livening-up trick is. Maybe she stands on her head in the corner, with a cigar in her mouth.

NITE-SPOT goers in Hollywood often get the creme de la creme of the entertainment world free, when Hollywood movie stars, inspired by jolly good-fellowship and a couple or three of martinis, get up and strut their stuff at the clubs. . . . Just the other night, Bing Crosby felt swell at the House of Murphy, and upped with his voice and let the guests have a million dollars' worth of free song. He simply "slayed 'em" when he dove back into ancient history and crooned such old-timers as "Tea for Two" and "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" and other old songs. And maybe you think Bing can't make them uncorny!!! . . . And the other Sunday night at the Peanut Vendors, Martha Raye took on the Dead End Kids in a battle of wordage, since Paramount has told her to quit giving away her song talent in public. So Martha didn't sing, but she opened the mouth and gave the Dead Enders tit for tat in a battle of repartee that had the house rolling with glee . . . Despite the Dead End Kids' command of certain phases of the language, the consensus of opinion was that Martha Raye won the contest—set them right back on their dead ends. . . .!

ATMOSPHERIC PARTY of the Month—was the South Seas luau given by Jon sotchaboddy Hall and wifie Frances Langford. . . . (See page 32) . . . The decorations were palms and flowers so that their house looked like the inside of a Tahiti hut when they were ready. . . . And all the full-sized tables had been removed, and squat little stands, close to the floor, were provided. The guests had to sit cross-legged on the floor, and eat with their fingers. . . . True to South Seas traditional menu, there was roast pig, baked fish (even a bit of raw fish for those who could take it, or who fancied themselves goldfish swallowers!) and even poi—that Hawaiian stuff that looks like paperhangers paste and even tastes like it!! Drinks?—tropical rum punches. . . . The guests even had to dress for the party—the men wore tattered breeches, like beachcombers. The gals went for sarongs and Tahitian costumes.

HOW TO LAUGH AT SNOOPERS

SNOOPERS live in every neighborhood. They just love to snoop and snoop! And my, how their tongues do waggle and waggle—if they eye your wash-line and see tattle-tale gray!

WHAT TO DO? Listen to this: Tattle-tale gray means left-over dirt. It means your soap is so weak-kneed it doesn't wash clean. So run to the grocer's as fast as you can and change to the soap that gets out ALL the dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

THEN TURN ON THE SMILES and grin all over—every time you catch a snooper peeking at your wash. For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and dirt-loosening *naptha* whisk out tattle-tale gray like magic. They get clothes so dewy-fresh and white you'll be proud to have *everybody* snoop at them!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Will Carole Lombard's Marriage End Her Career?

[*Continued from page* 23]

surprised at the orthodoxy of Carole on her wedding day, it's going to be utterly ASTOUNDED at what's going to become of Carole Lombard from now on. Because I'm willing to bet everything I ever hope to possess from now on that the Carole Lombard who won the designation of the wildest, maddest, screwiest hoyden in the world is gone. She has DROPPED the role forever. And that now that she's married, she'll be one of the quietest, most unspectacular married women in town!

REALIZE these things:

Carole Lombard, who was born Jane Peters, decided early in life that she had to do things to get places. She has devoted herself, through every working minute, to that aim. She has always wanted to be a star. She worked at it, and became a star. She built up the most amazing make-believe personality Hollywood has ever known, but she did it because she wanted something and that was her analysis of the way to get it.

With that realization, you will realize that the creature you called Carole Lombard was just as make-believe a creature as the characters she played on the screen. She was acting the role of Carole Lombard off screen precisely as she was acting the scenario-writer's roles onscreen. And so, in the final analysis, the "screwball" Carole isn't the real Carole.

Clark Gable, on the other hand, is legitimately Clark Gable, all the way through. Gable has never put on an act. He has always been himself—because that self was precisely what screen fans demanded. Clark Gable didn't fit a screwy personality into a pattern. Clark Gable's REAL personality fitted into the pattern of what the screen needed. And so the Gable you know is the real Gable.

So what?—so here you have two individuals, married and their lives joined. You have a make-believe personality hitched to a real personality. And it is simply and inescapably inevitable that the "screwball" personality is going to collapse under the strain. The dominant real personality of Clark Gable will absorb the brilliant make-believe personality of Carole Lombard. And what'll happen—there'll finally be just Clark and Carole Gable. There'll be a swell guy and a swell woman—a woman who is the real girl that Clark Gable married; not the clowness (is there such a word?) as the Carole Lombard you've come to accept.

For underneath that trick Carole, you see, there has always been a real woman. And it's that real woman that few people in Hollywood knew or know. It was given Clark Gable to be one of those people. And it wasn't the artificial Carole he fell in love with; it was the real woman underneath. And Carole, being above all a very smart woman, knows that—and what she'll give Clark Gable as his wife will be NOT the phony Carole Lombard, but the real "Ma" that Gable loves.

SHE has confessed to her intimates that there's nothing she'd like more than to have Clark ask her to quit the screen; to have babies; to be just his wife. After all, why shouldn't she? All her life she's worked. She never knew a free, unplotted childhood. She began making movies when she was just a kid in school clothes. She's been acting ever since—working, always working, for this Hollywood racket isn't just a 40-hour week; it's a 24-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week job. And Carole must be tired of working after all these years.

And so you can accept it at face value, as God's honest truth as well as Carole's, when she tells her close friends that all she wants now is to skip being a star and begin being a wife and mother, full time. And that's why I led off this story with the stuff about "pa" and "ma" and their really meaning it.

"I'd just like to let 'Pa' be the star, while I stay home and mend socks and mind babies," Carole told a pal, the day after she and Clark got back from their elopement.

And right here and now, I imagine, it's time to debunk a lot of the applesauce and honey you've been hearing about that wedding trip of Clark and Carole.

The happiest couple in the whole, wide world are "Pa" and "Ma" Gable. Sharing their beaming happiness is "Ma's" mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Peters. Newlyweds were at "Ma's" home here, but will move shortly into their own snuggery being built on ranch in San Fernando Valley

Why, over the radio only a few nights after the marriage, I heard a bleating that the reason Clark and Carole picked that particular day to elope was that most of the newspaper reporters and writers in Hollywood were away—they were up in San Francisco, on a studio-arranged junket to see a preview of *Alexander Graham Bell* and attend the San Francisco Fair.

And because of that, Clark and Carole sneaked away like a couple of guilty kids and married in a hush-hush atmosphere.

To that, I say HOOEY! I happen to know that Clark and Carole had it all planned out for weeks and that they knew that they could get away with a quiet, dignified wedding any day they wanted to, even if all the reporters in the world were concentrated in Hollywood. It was purely coincidental that the day they finally did drive off and do it happened to be a day on which some reporters were out of town.

YOU see, Clark had picked Kingman, Arizona, months ago. He'd hunted and fished around that country, and he liked the town. He liked the little First Methodist Church, there. And right there, notice this: Clark and Carole never had any idea other than to be married by a minister. This justice-of-the-peace stuff might be all right for Hollywoodsters who were just getting married for a gag, but for Clark and Carole, a justice wasn't enough. They'd decided, right from the beginning, on a minister.

Besides, both of them wanted to get away from the usual Reno or Las Vegas stuff. So many of Hollywood's screwiest marriages have been what they quaintly call "solemnized" in these places that Carole and Clark, in love and feeling deeply about it, didn't want any of the scent of that sort of thing to attach itself to their own wedding. So Clark picked Kingman.

So having picked the place, scanned maps, and figured driving times, Clark and Carole knew very well that any day they felt like it, or the chance offered, they could drive to Kingman in a few hours, and get married without any of the phony fanfare that they both basically abhor. And there is another fine tip-off—that Clark and Carole, screwy as they've acted for the sake of publicity and fun in the past, wanted their marriage to be utterly dignified and plain and honest and sincere and fine. You see, this marriage is no gag!

WELL, there came Clark's awaited "day off" from being Rhett Butler in "GWTW." Carole wasn't working. So that night before, they made their last arrangements—

Clark, his heart thumping like a guy who hadn't spent years playing torrid love scenes, went to a florist and bought a corsage and two boutonnieres! He bought a plain corsage—two pink roses and a spray of lily-of-the-valley—for two reasons: first, because it was to be in keeping with their simple, fundamentally nice and fine wedding, rather than "orchidy" and flamboyant; second, because a more fancy corsage might have been a tip-off to a snooping press.

You see, in Hollywood, even florists and florists' attendants are paid for being sideline reporters; if they can slip a tip to a radio-caster or a columnist, they get a few bucks. So Clark, wise in the ways of Hollywood, bought a simple corsage that wouldn't occasion any wonderment.

The two boutonnieres—one pink rose was for himself and the other for his friend, Otto Winkler, a former newspaperman who has become one of Clark's intimate friends and companions. It was Otto who was to go with them and help drive those few hundred sandy, hot, dusty miles to Arizona.

They shoved off at 8:45 that morning. They got to Kingman seven hours later. All the way, they weren't recognized, even though they weren't hiding behind dark glasses. It was only a few minutes' activity in Kingman that finished the business—a very thrilled girl named Viola Olson, clerk in the courthouse, gave them their license.

Then they hurried over to Dr. Engle's parsonage at the Methodist Episcopal Church. Otto was best man. Mrs. Engle was bridesmaid. The city clerk and Viola Olson and a Fred Cate served as witnesses, and they'll probably be talking about it for the rest of their lives. That was all. It was simple; it was dignified; it was so doggone clean and sweet and unphony that Otto said it was all he could do not to bawl.

AFTERWARD?—well, Clark and Carole called up a few people. They called the studio and told them what they'd done. They called a few close friends among the news folks and told them. They sent a few telegrams. By then, a couple of press-service correspondents in Kingman had heard about what was going on, and Clark and Carole told them the details. Then they got back in their car, and hurried back to Hollywood. No honeymoon; not yet.

Of course, by the time they got home, the news hounds were hot on their trail. Clark and Carole ducked to Carole's house, which they'll call home until they move into the house Clark bought from Raoul Walsh, out in San Fernando Valley. So many reporters clamored for interviews that Clark and Carole had to have two open hearings, taking them in relays. They posed for endless picture-taking. They answered questions. And that was all.

Next day, Clark went back to work. As he stepped onto the stage, the strains of The Wedding March sounded, and the cast cheered and Clark blushed a little bit. One or two smarties made some wisecracks, and Clark ignored them. And that was all.

At home, Mrs. Carole Gable—yes, she signs autograph books that way now!—was busy making plans for being housewifely. She'll supervise moving into that Valley ranch. It's only a little place, hidden away from the road, behind a big hedge and a huge gate. Six rooms—only two bedrooms. NO guest room, mind you! A gunroom for Clark's arsenal. A big kitchen and a big dining-room. Carole, who loves to cook, will do a lot with that kitchen. Carole's addiction to cooking is no press-agenty gag. She loves it. She makes an awful mess of pots and pans and kettles when she does, but boy how she can cook! She's the living personification of the wisecrack: So you can cook, too!

IN A few days—probably by the time you read this—Carole will be at work at RKO, in *Memory of Love*. She has been insisting that there be no delays in production. She and Clark are figuring on getting time off together, after *Gone With the Wind* is done, if ever, for a honeymoon.

They'll probably be gone a long time. Then they'll come back to work—Clark to finish his current contract, and Carole to make what pictures she feels like. And now I'll try a bit of predicting:

In two years, Clark Gable's current contract will be over. He has always wanted to take a lot of time off at the end of it, for a long, long trip—months, maybe years. Now that he's got Carole, it'll probably be their honeymoon. They'll probably go to Africa, do some big-game hunting. Clark's a rabid huntsman, and he's taught Carole to be one of the best shots in Hollywood.

When they come back, Clark will resume his career. It has quite a long time to go before Clark's day is over.

BUT—and mark this down in your "future" book—I'm willing to bet that when they come back, Carole Gable will NOT resume her career. I think she'll say a loud PHOOEY to the screen, and let Carole become just a pleasant memory.

I think by that time she'll have some little Gables. If she hasn't, she'll get 'em in a hurry. And she'll stay home and be Mrs. Gable and mend socks and mind tots.

And she'll love it.

3 THINGS YOU DESIRE

NOW IN ONE EXCITING

NEW SHAMPOO

Sparkle for even dry hair, manageability for the hair-dress, with no scalp irritation, are all 3 now possible with this marvelous new shampoo discovery

HAVE you ever gazed in envy at some other woman and said to yourself, "Why wasn't I born with hair like that?" But don't blame your Fate. Just read on carefully and discover how old-style shampoos may be cheating your hair of its natural beauty. What's more important, your hair has such an electric effect on the rest of your make-up.

Picture yourself entering a roomful of people. Because of a new discovery in Halo Shampoo your hair now dances with dazzling highlights. It casts subtle overtones on to your skin, giving your complexion softer, more transparent color. You read in the eyes of every man around that the total effect is perfect!

Now why couldn't old-style shampoos do this? Because old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, stringy and unmanageable.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Here at last is the perfect shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

Buy Halo from any drug, department or 10c store in the 10c, 50c or $1.00 size. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Two Thrilling New Hair Styles for Summer

Crisp short ends are brushed up in close-to-the-head swirls. No long straggling wisps dangle on the back of the neck. A brief forelock meets the high side wave in a smartly tailored roll at left.

At its longest the hair is not more than four inches in length. On either side of the high left side part, the hair is up and off the face with a soft wide wave, with tapered ends wound in pin curls.

HALO
SHAMPOO

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

Strange
BEAUTY CUSTOMS

Saxon Girls Bathed in Snow

To increase their soft, seductive lure, Saxon women and girls of the 4th century took baths in the snow.

Modern Maids Use DJER-KISS

With the scent of Djer-Kiss Talc . . . present-day maidens magically enslave men's hearts.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin ...you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

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Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page 16*]

day. Jack says Doug has never been so tranquil and happy, that he's seriously in love for the first time . . . that he and Mary were inseparable for months but the romance developed in the *sotto-voce* manner because her divorce hadn't gone through. What made Doug love Mary so? It seems he loves to read Shakespeare and Mary loves to listen! She's a sweet girl with lots of that Southern charm. . . .

IT'S TRUE S' HELP ME: If I used her name you wouldn't believe me. I was discussing her latest picture taken from a long-famous novel with an English star who divides her time between Hollywood and the London studios. That led to the subject of books. Did she read much? Oh, by the hour, she smiled. Best sellers? No, she read only the classics. "Do you like Thackeray?" I persisted, trying to make a paragraph. She gave me the cold stare that only a true Britisher can use as a chill. "I told you I don't like modern authors!" She still doesn't know why I choked on an olive. . . .

JOAN CRAWFORD, resplendent in a new shade of red hair, lunched daily at Twenty-one, made out her largest shopping checks to Bergdorf Goodman, wept into Walter Winchell's ginger-ale to the strains of the Stork Club rhumba band . . . and according to some, attempted to kiss and make-up with Franchot Tone. But they never had agreed on much of anything during their married life . . . Franchot's public criticism of her pictures was the unkindest cut of all. After everything Joan has endured for her work, it's unlikely she'd care to resume what was anything but an amicable relationship.

THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER'S BALL AT THE ASTOR: Gene Raymond eager to talk about Jeanette MacDonald's concert tour. He was just on from New Orleans where he had joined her for a week . . . Jeanette plans to make it a yearly event . . . she's been so thrilled by the reception given her throughout the middle West . . . Gene denies having deserted the screen for song writing . . . composing is a time filler-inner until the producers get around to feeling as he does about serious roles . . . Judy Garland looks embarrassed while her press-agent reveals she broke the box-office record at Loew's State. Judy remains sweet and modest, loves to sing and doesn't bother about ticket sales while making personals. Say, Judy, now that you're a big girl, why not discard those knee-length Shirley Temple dresses? Nancy Carroll, quite the belle of the ball. . . .

AT THE VERSAILLES: Richard Carlson, on the eve of his return to the Coast to do Winter Carnival *Conga-ing with model Mona Mayfield . . . Mona is the reason Dick finds Manhattan more fun than the movie colony . . . He'll be back in the Fall for another show . . . and if absence makes the heart grow fonder (?) another bachelor will be withdrawn from circulation . . . yes, Mona. Dick asked me to set the local columnists straight about those colored glasses he's been wearing on his nightly rounds . . . His eyes are in a bad way . . .*

[*Continued on page 80*]

Spence Tracy's been trying to sail to London for years. He finally made it with Mrs. T.

Girl with the One-track Mind

[*Continued from page* 50]

could only be successfully traveled by intense application and study—and that's what Louise set out to do. Through school and Northwestern University she burned plenty of midnight oil in preparation for her chosen career.

"I enrolled as a student in the Chicago School of Expression and studied there for two years," Louise reveals. "Father offered to pay all the expenses of the course, but I refused to let him do it.

"Paying my own way as I went along was somewhat in the nature of a test," Louise explains. "It seemed to me to be the only way that I could prove to myself, family, and friends that I was in deadly earnest about a theatrical career. I'd be less apt to quit if I kept traveling ahead the hard way. And another thing. I'd study harder, too, and later, if something did happen to force me to give up the course, I could return home knowing that father's hard-earned money hadn't been thrown away in his effort to help me.

"Well, wanting to pay your own way and earning funds to do it were two vastly different things I was soon to discover after searching for work. Finally, though, I did manage to land a position in Chicago as a dentist's assistant and for three years I earned my board and keep, paid my tuition, and kept myself in fairly decent clothes by saying 'Open wider, please!' In the daytime I'd put a sparkling polish on teeth and at night I'd try to do the same to my dialogue in the school play."

BUT doubling in brass thinned Louise down to a point where she says she couldn't cast a shadow. Not only that but her funds were so low (so she says) that the moths were planning to homestead her pocketbook. But she wouldn't give up. Not this stubborn, one-track-minded, career-hungry little lady. Instead, she got another job.

She signed up to teach dramatics and to direct class plays at DePaul University. The word had finally got around in the best theatrical places that this shy, timid, good-looking girl really had something on the ball. Louise thought herself mighty lucky to land a position like this, and the dramatic department of the university considered itself lucky, too.

"I enjoyed the work very much," she says, "and no doubt would have remained there to this day, but for one thing. That big, alluring word 'Broadway' kept dancing in front of me. I felt that I could never call myself an actress unless I could walk down that fabled street to a theatre where I would be playing behind the footlights. So. . . ."

So when she had saved up three hundred dollars she resigned, took a train to New York and took it on the chin for two months from the booking agents who didn't bother to look up when she queried them about a job. Then came the long-looked for 'break.'

"Milton Stiefel, stock-company producer, was kind enough to give me a try-out in the winter of 1934 at Cedarhurst, Long Island, with the result that I worked there with his company for several months. I also worked for him in the summer of 1935 in Ivoryton, Conn. I had roles in plays that carried Effie Shannon, Florence Reid and many other noted actresses as the feminine leads and the stage experience I gained that summer was priceless. It may interest you

[*Continued on page* 65]

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Turning the Spotlight on David Niven

[*Continued from page 25*]

"I know it, my deah chap. Cheerio," said Niven—and drove off, serenely happy in the consciousness that he'd taught a rude beggar a lesson, and that he was utterly justified, from his point of view, in doing it.

Whether or not he was, isn't the point of this story at all. I'm not going to argue—except to say that while that'll make a lot of people very mad at Davie, I personally think he was right. And besides, it's refreshing to see a star doing what he wants to do in this town where everything and everyone is so damned hidebound by fear of publicity.

Niven, you can depend on it, is going right along in his merry way—and it has been merry!—despite stardom and fame.

Already, he has incurred the displeasure of more people than you could shake a megaphone at. Certain columnists, who feel that they are divinely arrogated to be on the "inside" of every personal activity of every film star, are pretty mad at what Davie has done with this cute little English gal that's been visiting him—"Jackie" Dyer.

Columnists and radiocasters, snooping around town for their news exclusives, scented a romance for Davie, whose romances have been amazing things so far, as I'll tell you later on. It seems that this Jackie girl (her true name is Jacqueline) came all the way from old England to join Davie. No one would go all that way unless there was Looooooove, reasoned the Hollywood tidbit retailers, so they got busy.

Niven just grinned. He said nothing officially. They asked him point-blank whether this Dyer gal was his fiancee, and he merely replied that it was lovely weather, wasn't it? I still believe that none of the columnists knew this—that Davie had gone to his press-agents, beforehand, and explained the facts—that Jackie was only 18, friend of a friend and a family friend, and that she was visiting Hollywood with an aunt, and that he was going to escort her about. That there is no romance. But that he was going to have a lot of fun baiting the Hollywood rumor-mongers.

He then escorted her here, there and everywhere, where the reporters and columnists would be—but said nothing. And finally, Jackie finished her Hollywood visit without marrying Dave, which amazed the commentators, and amused Niven even more. And Niven is still giggling about their embarrassment—even though it's probably put him on the blacklist of several commentators.

HE DOESN'T even give a hoot about his salary, either. Just now, his agent is going 'round and 'round and 'round with Goldwyn, trying to get Niven the whacking big pay-check that Niven, with his new star billing, rates. But the agent is having a tough time, because Niven isn't co-operating.

"That's the agent's business, not mine," is David's theory. And he goes right on living in a little, unimpressive, unpretentious studio apartment, utterly unmeasured for star-size, and continues to carry on in his unsplurging, quiet manner. As a matter of fact, Davie in all certainty can't afford a star-sized Hollywood splurge. I'm quite sure Goldwyn has him sewed up in one of those lesser contracts, which Niven was all too glad to snap at when it was offered to him in the days, not so long ago, when he was just an unimportant Britisher that Merle Oberon liked to have around.

This'll probably make David mad, if anything at all that is printed or said about him can—but it seems quite obvious that despite his innate ability, what really gave him his chance in Hollywood was Merle Oberon's—ah—uh—affection for him.

Mind you, I don't say "love," although the word may be permissible. Endless reams of gush have been written and printed about an Oberon-Niven romance. And it's been a hundred per cent hooey. True, they've always been close—closer than those two fingers you hold up when you illustrate "like that." But despite all their tongue-in-the-cheek interviews and admissions, I'm quite sure there's never been even the faintest thought of marriage between them.

Press-agents made capital of their friendship, and turned it into one of those synthetic Hollywood romances that don't kid anybody but the most naive hinterlanders any more. Niven and Merle, aware of the value of publicity, and not giving a damn whether the publicity was true or phony, co-operated lustily. I mean lustily. And so they garnered much news and magazine space. But all the time, they were just what's quaintly called platonic friends.

True, Merle has a strange motherly sort of interest in Dave's career. Dave is one of those lads that women'll always be mothering. If he can't appeal to the sex-instinct in 'em, you can depend on him to appeal to the mother-instinct, which in most cases is quite as effective a technique or faculty. In Merle's case, she's been mothering Dave's career to a point where it's now achieved adulthood. And she can turn him loose and let him go on his own. So she's marrying Korda, come any day at all, now.

IN A sense, Dave is carrying the torch for Merle. Now that she's marrying Korda, he realizes that beneath this fine friendship between them, there was a touch of something else—at least, on his part. Maybe it's only a vestigial shred of the atavistic impulse that resides in every man, to resent any other man getting his woman, whether he wants her or not. Certainly Dave never had any idea of marrying Merle, but the idea of another guy marrying her rather bites him. So now he's going around, wistfully weeping over the irony of the fact that it's only on the screen that she goes through a wedding ceremony with him.

Because Dave's love-life is too shoulder-shruggy to ever be really hot. He'll never make a gal's heart beat like Gable does. He'll amuse them, interest them, delight them, charm them—but he won't slay them. If he ever proposes, he'll probably do it with a chuckle, and the girl won't know whether to take him seriously or not.

By this, I don't mean that the girls pass him up. He's been escorted by the best numbers in Hollywood, has Dave. Besides La Oberon, there's been Loretta Young, for instance. Loretta, one of the most luscious of the Hollywood sex-appeal lovelies, was Dave's first Hollywood twosome partner. But the fact of that is that Loretta always takes in lost souls. If she sees a friendless puppy, she'll bring him home. So when she met Dave Niven, when he first arrived in Hollywood and didn't know a soul, she took him in. For three months, he actually lived at the Young house, along with Loretta and Sally and Georgianna and Mama.

"But romance—ha, haha, haha, ha . . . !" giggles Dave about it all. "Why, the Youngs consider me one of the family. A sort of adopted son, y'know. And when you see me out with Loretta, why, I'm simply performing a brotherly deed, te he he he . . . !"

Some day, no doubt, Dave will have a real romance that'll culminate in wedding bells. But it'll be unostentatious, and not at all Hollywoodish. He'll probably marry, when and if he does, in a church in London, with a lot of stiffly-starched formal Britishers, relatives, and army-mates and friends, present. Because that's the real Niven. He's still, despite his Hollywood success, a typical Britisher, coldly determined to keep his private life private.

He clowns around the set, and kids with his acquaintances, but that's just surface stuff. I said "acquaintances," because I can't say friends. For the simple reason that he has in Hollywood very few real friends; the intimate, personal sort. That's what I mean when I say he keeps his real private life and thoughts and personality quite separate from his Hollywood self. In that, he's like Colman. So much like Colman that it's hard to tell who his real friends are.

One of them is old-timer Lefty Flynn, who now lives the life of a country gentleman in the fox-hunting country of South Cah'lina. Whenever Dave has enough time off between pictures, he hies himself off to the East, gets behind the gates of Flynn's estate, and lives the real life he likes. He sheds his Hollywood front like a masquerader sheds his mask, and becomes the true British gentleman whose activities, he feels, are nobody's business at all but his own.

He has at least two other friends—real friends. I know their names—they're Traubshaw and Entwhistle. Reason I know their names is because those are the names of the two Dalmatian dogs Merle Oberon owns. Niven gave them to her, and named them Traubshaw and Entwhistle.

IT'S only recently that Davie has "settled down." Up to a few months ago, he's been the hell-bent scion of his family. You've read the tales of what he's done—about that time he was broke as a dropped egg, in New York. So he got a job delivering laundry. But didn't have any wagon. So he went to a society friend and borrowed the friend's Rolls-Royce. "My own car," he glibly lied, "is laid up, and I have a trip to make." So the friend loaned the Rolls-Royce to Dave—and jeepers-creepers, if Dave didn't use it for his laundry deliveries!

That's only one of the stories that's true about Dave's amazing career. He's been a sort of world-roaming son, with never a care in the world. His British progenitors were quite sure he'd come to no good end—and now that he's a movie star, they're probably convinced they were right all the time.

But Davie himself, for the first time in his life, is now really working at something. He enjoys being a movie star. He's like a lot of other Britishers in Hollywood, that way—Errol Flynn, and Ronnie Colman. I think it's part of the undeniable, institutional and constitutional laziness of every high-born Britisher. Flynn, for one, admits it. He admits that there's nothing in life he can imagine that pays as well for doing practically no work at all as being a movie actor. Probably Niven feels the same way. But nevertheless, right now, he's working harder at it than ever before.

Before, he used to take it as a joke. But since *Dawn Patrol*, he's become plaudit-conscious. He's finally been convinced that he's an actor. The raves, from critics and public alike, over his *Dawn Patrol* performance, have definitely affected him. There are even some outspoken commentators who say it's gone to his head. But the fact remains that Davie has dropped that to-hell-with-it attitude of his, on the set, and now sits around on the sidelines, worrying.

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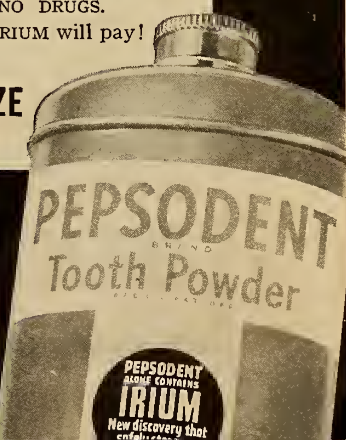

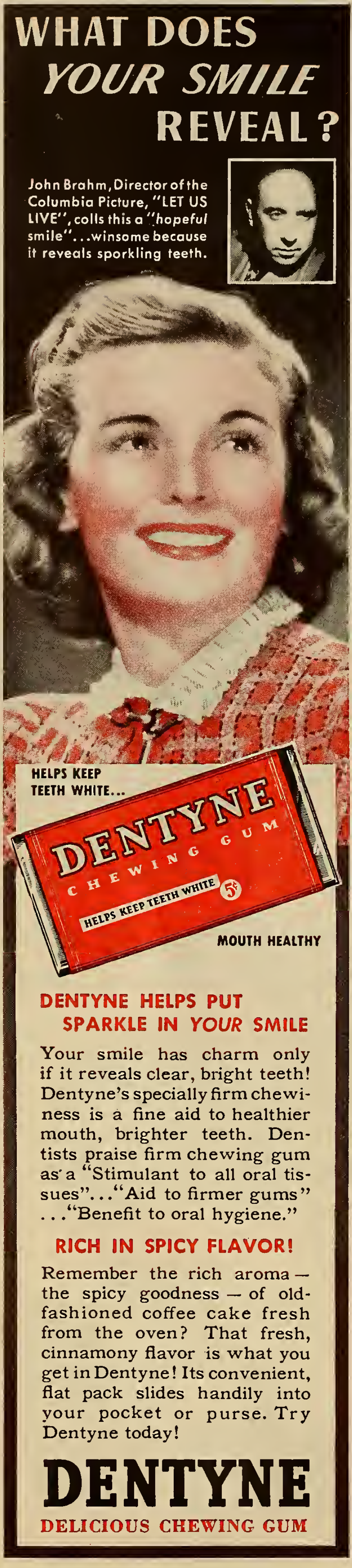

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Do Stars Have To Behave?

[*Continued from page 27*]

in pop-eyed astonishment. Maybe stars grew tired of constant showing-off in private life. And then again, maybe they realized that press and public had begun to ridicule them for it; that yesterday's feeling of awe had changed to today's pain in the neck.

RECENTLY, a tacit ban was imposed on spectacular extravagances, dissipations held up to the public gaze, and crazy parties of the sort stars once liked to give. Parties that made common folk think all film people must be childlike, half-cracked zanies. The rest of America may have been almost as silly during prohibition days, but that certain Depression made most of us forget how we acted under the Volstead Dynasty.

There are other changes going on but not yet complete. We can hardly speak in past tense of the habit of pinning lady-killing reputations on certain male stars. It worked with Valentino, so why, modern stars and their press agents ask, shouldn't it work again? Yet, thanks to the approval given by the public to he-manized versions of Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy, Tyrone Power and others who have lately deserted matinee idolism, this reform is rapidly gaining. At least, the publicity stunt of hiring women to "mob" handsome heroes who are touring the country, is definitely passe.

Hollywood's wild, free-spoken females are also voluntarily curbing themselves. The several who still try to season their conversation with cuss words and allusions fit to make a Port Said roustabout blush, are beginning to suspect that they belong to the childhood of the industry. Their sagging popularity is a powerful hint to reform.

Another change in stellar behavior that makes Hollywood a nicer place to live in, is the dropping of those old-fashioned broad-A, artistic poses and pretenses. We seldom hear, these days, that threadbare wheeze, "I really must do a New York play occasionally, to regain my perspective." Stars are wary of this now.

When John Garfield remarked that he'd like to retain his connection with the New York Group Theatre, merely because he was interested in what was going on there, friendly rivals advised him not to talk about it. They pointed to Franchot Tone and various others as object lessons. Not that a Hollywood star can't do New York plays. Fredric March and Katharine Hepburn, each of whom had flopped on first returning to the stage, clicked heavily in their latest tries. But they don't speak of these plays as saviors of their Art. No, not even Katie risks that sort of snooty attitude toward films and their fans.

Behind the vast change in star behavior are both persons and circumstances. Among the persons, we find Bette Davis, Bing Crosby, Don Ameche, Myrna Loy, Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne, and certain other stars of much import in the modern scheme. These idols are causing many other stars to behave by proving that good behavior is very profitable to both star and industry.

Bette stands as proof that one can be a truly great dramatic actress, possibly the greatest ever, and yet remain a normal, friendly, moral and quiet young woman in private life.

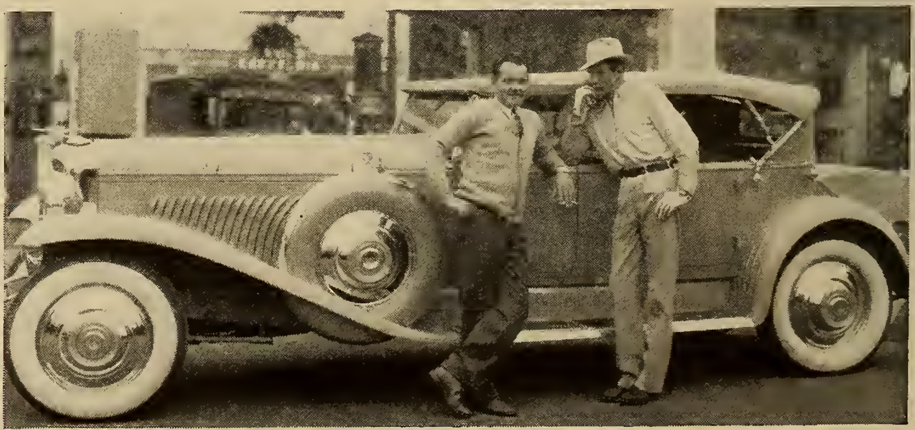
Crosby and Ameche prove that a man can be a top-ranking popularity hero, and yet brag about his wife and offspring, confess that he doesn't drink, and even reveal that he's a homebody, who is hard to drag out to a night-club!

Myrna and Irene prove that happily married women, who are definitely domestic in private life, can be top-ranking glamor girls. And Boyer, *sans* all publicity claims that he's a matinee idol, is actually one of today's most popular romantic heroes.

THE example these stars and many others set deprives the old-fashioned Cain-raising celebrity of his favorite excuse: "You've gotta be loony to be a genius, and you've gotta raise hell in private life, to be colorful and popular at the box-office."

There are few temperamental "walk-outs" from pictures now. Producers are getting tougher about naughty stars. Once they took altogether too much from their high-priced idols, on the theory that stars had to be spunky to be effective screen artists. Now, thanks to examples set by high-powered but manageable stars, they know better.

Much credit for this and other reforms in player conduct goes to the Screen Actors' Guild. That organization, for the sake of all concerned, is trying to dignify player conduct. It insists on sane, grown-up behavior from members. It has power to spank any who persist in being naughty children.



Some of the boys like Gary Cooper liked to drive "eye-opening" cars. Their tastes grew modest when Stepin Fetchit bought a big car of robin's egg blue

Business agents also help keep their stars' conduct under control. By contractual agreements made before success has begun to addle the stellar wits, the agent puts away in trust funds and so on, the greater part of his client's pay-checks, doling out only a modest amount for expenses. Not enough for high, wide and handsome living!

FINALLY, today's film stars are mostly better-class people than the old "colorful" ones. They are boys and girls who can "take it." It's so much harder to get up there and stay up there than it used to be, that those who succeed have to be higher-grade folks. They come from better family stock, and are better educated. Not many years ago, few stars could boast that they had completed high-school. Today, over 60 percent are college-trained.

One of the finest things that has happened, for their fans' sake, is the amicable way big stars now "team" in pictures. A few years ago you couldn't pair stars such as Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, or Margaret Sullavan and Joan Crawford without expecting—and getting!—fireworks. And you couldn't find triple combinations such as Tyrone Power, Don Ameche and Alice Faye who would work together in harmony. When such stars were grouped, there was always jealousy and sulking, and the picture suffered. Remember the wars of *Wunderbar,* and how Garbo and Joan Crawford were kept apart—without a single scene together!—in *Grand Hotel?*

Many of the combinations today are palsy-walsy; Power and Ameche, for example, go to auto races, fights and so on, together. All this has come about because the smarter stars have discovered that teaming is mutually beneficial, provided each does his or her best work. When two big favorites appear together, one star wins new friends among the other star's fans, without stealing the affections of a single one from his team mate.

THERE are still people in Hollywood who contend that the town was more interesting in the old days. Days when one might expect Pola Negri to christen her unlucky director with a champagne bottle, as though his head were the prow of a ship; Katharine Hepburn, dressed in overalls, a mink coat, and a monkey, to sit on the street curbing and read her fan mail; Simone Simon to get vociferously temperamental and shout angry things in French; John Gilbert to land against the law for battering furiously on the door of a famed lady-love who wanted to be alone.

The majority of film-towners, however, prefer Hollywood as it is today. They didn't find its old days so much colorful and entertaining as just plain loony.

Excitement did not depart from the scene when reason entered. Current film colony life is still red-blooded; witness Errol Flynn swapping punches with a polo player, for a cause Hollywood considered just and reasonable. There is excitement, too, in the social scene at which there may appear such combinations as Hedy Lamarr with husband Gene Markey; Markey's former wife, Joan Bennett, with Walter Wanger, and Reginald Gardiner, Hedy's one-time suitor, with some other beauty. And there's a glitter in the gala gatherings at which Countess Di Frasso entertains, with the Roosevelts represented, a few stray Indian Princes present, kissing stellar hands, and acting mysterious.

No, Hollywood may be politer, more refined, more sophisticated, warier; in short, better behaved. But it hasn't lost an iota of its—hang the word, but we must use it—glamor!

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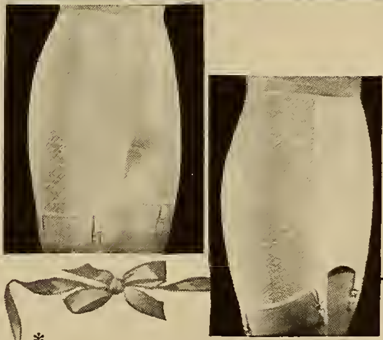

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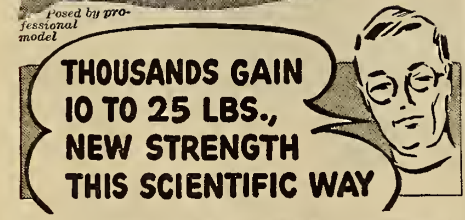
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You see, it has now been scientifically proved that thousands of people are thin, wornout and cranky—hardly able to eat, sleep or work—simply because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

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PICTURE PARADE

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE—AAA½—

If we weren't such enthusiastic Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers fans we would probably give this another half-star and make it four, but seeing as we are we can't help admitting that we were just the wee bit disappointed in *The Castles*. It's not that the picture was disappointing, or the stars, but we couldn't reconcile the gay, lively Astaire-Rogers team, who are so completely modern, with the characters of a generation in which the Turkey Trot and the bob were considered daring and "modern." But, don't get us wrong, the picture is entertaining. It is well mounted and well acted considering that Ginger and Fred were faced with a difficult assignment, having to portray two characters—one living—that are well known to a large percentage of American audiences. Biographical films are always a headache, particularly so when the person or persons are still alive. If you are of the post-war generation and your mama and papa aren't often reminiscent let us tell you that Irene and Vernon Castle were to them what Fred and Ginger are to you.—*RKO-Radio.*

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL—AAA½—

June used to be the month for brides but now it seems to be the month for biographies this being the third biographical film of the month. But as long as Hollywood maintains the high standard of *Juarez*, *The Castles* and *Alexander Graham Bell* we have no cause for complaint. In fact we are even willing to encourage further productions of this type. Besides these three biographies are so varied, covering different periods and different fields of research—one being historical, another theatrical and the third scientific. We all know Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone but this important scientific event is so fascinatingly humanized that the result is a thrilling romantic drama. And it has been given a very fine production and a flawless cast. Don Ameche in the title role gives one of his best performances to date and Loretta Young as his bride is beautiful and appealing. In addition there's Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, Gene Lockhart, Spring Byington and Loretta's three sisters, all giving their best.—*20th Century-Fox.*

[*Continued on page* 66]

Girl with the One-Track Mind

[*Continued from page* 59]

to know that Isabel Jewell, Penny Singleton and Katharine Hepburn are among the 'graduates' of the Ivoryton theatre."

Louise, vastly more confident of herself as a result of her stock-company experience, began to climb her career ladder three rungs at a time come the winter season of 1935-36.

First off she appeared in *Julie the Great*. Later, when *Three Men on a Horse* started its ride into the smash hit class, Louise hopped on as maid and understudy. Later she was given the femme lead—a part she played for thirty solid weeks!

Later when Louise started rehearsals for *House in the Country,* Oscar Serlin, Paramount talent scout, entered the theatre and stopped, looked, and listened while Louise read her lines. Oscar hung around until rehearsals were over, got himself introduced to Louise, put on his Sunday sales talk and in no time at all was making arrangements for a screen test.

"I took the tests early in 1937," Louise says, "and then went on to Chicago to work in *Leaning on Letty* doing so with the understanding that I wouldn't have to report to the studio until November. But I didn't get a chance to do any leaning on good old *Letty*. What I did get was a wire ordering me to report in Hollywood to start work in *Wild Money* with Edward Everett Horton.

"All I saw of California during the first three weeks was what I was able to see from a cab window during my trips to and from the studio. I liked to get things done in a hurry, but it seemed to me that Hollywood worked too fast and when my role was completed I started to pack my bags for a trip back East where a person at least could find time to breathe.

"But Paramount talked me out of it, signed me to a contract, and before long I was appearing opposite John Barrymore and John Howard in three *Bulldog Drummond* pictures. After that came roles in *Night Club Scandal, The Buccaneer* and *Men with Wings*." Bill Wellman, the director of the last-named picture, selected Louise for the feminine role without so much as mentioning a test. A two-minute interview was all he needed to be convinced that she was THE girl for THE part.

Along about this time, Horace MacMahon, one of Flickerville's better character actors, was introduced to Louise and he went Bill Wellman one better. Horace was immediately convinced that Louise was THE girl for HIS heart and a few months later they 'middle-aisled' it.

"When I'm not busy at the studio," says Louise, "I'm busy at home. And by that I mean that I do my own housework, cook my own meals and, when the occasion demands, I sew a fancy seam. Maybe I shouldn't boast too much about these housewifely talents because all the women in our street can do the same—and better, no doubt—but it sort of makes me feel good to know that I can 'keep house'."

It begins to look as though Mr. MacMahon is not only a good character actor, but a better better-half picker than most of his screen acting brethren who keep getting hitched and unhitched frequently enough to supply the preachers and divorce court lawyers with spending money.

As for this marriage-versus-career argument that you hear all day long, Louise refuses to take any part in it. "Maybe," she says rather primly, "I'm old-fashioned and still possessed of a lot of out-of-style Middle West ideas, but it does seem to me that when a girl marries the very first thing she should think of and about is to make herself into a good wife. Work at that and then if she's got time left over to pursue a career, well and good. That is, if her husband agrees. If he doesn't, let her give it up. She wants to remember that a man has to give up a lot of things when he marries.

"So far as I'm concerned, once let me discover that my career of acting is interfering with my career of housekeeping, cooking and fancy-seam sewing and I'll drop the former quicker than I ever smiled into a camera. I've found this out since I've been here—Hollywood distorts your views about a good many things if you don't watch out. But not me."

Well, all we got to say is, that if this sensible, shy, and timid girl is possessed of a lot of old-fashioned, Middle West ideas—more power to her. Our only complaint is that there aren't more girls like her in this crazy town.

LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF!
OH NO WE WON'T, JULIE! WHY SHOULD WE? YOU LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?
YES, I LOVE YOU --BUT PHIL, *I JUST CAN'T* MARRY A MAN WHO--WELL-- WHO OUGHT TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
GLAD YOU *DIDN'T CALL IT OFF,* JULIE?
SILLY! WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK A HAPPY BRIDE, PHIL!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY— PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
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OVER TWICE AS MUCH
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PICTURE PARADE

UNION PACIFIC

—AAA½—

Cecil B. De Mille's contribution to the growing cycle of epics depicting the building of the West came roaring into town and under its own steam. It runs a bit over two hours but *Union Pacific* sped by quickly being packed with a series of exciting spectacles, picturesque scenery and a convincing and dramatic story of the railroads. The story commences immediately after the Civil War and relates the birth of the transcontinental railroad idea and the consequent opposition between the railroad coming East and the one going West. Through this historic progress of the railroad builders runs a love story which for a change doesn't appear as a concession but as logical and necessary to the pattern of the picture. Barbara Stanwyck, a railroad mistress with an Irish brogue, gives a particularly fine performance and Joel McCrea seems to fit the role of the hero to the proverbial T. Mr. De Mille has not only been extravagant with his talents but with the casting, too, for in addition to the stars there's Akim Tamiroff, Robert Preston, Lynne Overman, Brian Donlevy, Robert Barrat, Anthony Quinn, and a host of other talented players.—*Paramount.*

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN

—AAA—

Here at long last is a Bing Crosby picture that we can recommend to Bing's fans without any reservations for it is a natural for Bing's talents and tastes even as far as babies are concerned. Bing's pictures have failed mostly because of his self-consciousness in romantic scenes but when you give Bing a baby instead of a babe to fondle and embrace he is very much at home. The same can be said of the baby, Sandy Henville, who seems just as comfortable in Bing's fatherly arms. And there certainly is a lot of truth in the statement that babies and animals always steal the show for this adorable youngster's gurgles and coos are nearly as entertaining as Bing's vocalisms. The baby not only steals scenes from Bing but from such w.k. stars as Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, Irene Hervey and C. Aubrey Smith. The story seems made to order for Bing's easy-going, happy-go-lucky manner for it's about a gent who loves to sing and does—first sending personal greetings for the telegraph company, and when he loses that as a cruising troubadour. So you see there's plenty of excuse for Bing to sing, not that he needs an excuse for our money.—*Universal.*

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Hollywood Greenhorn

[*Continued from page* 40]

stand, especially since Dolly seemed to have no lines at all.

That first morning on the set, he could stifle his curiosity no longer. To the director he said, "Say, this is a marvelous part, this Dolly role . . . she's all through the picture. But who is she? I can't quite make her out. She doesn't seem to have any lines. Who's playing her?"

There was an amazed silence until the laugh came. Henry's clear theatre-trained voice had carried to every far corner of the sound stage, and extras, crew workers and stars were all listening. The laugh started as a tiny giggle but spread and enlarged to enormous size and sound as it finally dawned on everyone that Henry Fonda meant, actually did mean—and no kidding—that he though "Dolly" a camera term, was one of the cast and story.

"There's Dolly!" the director finally sputtered through his laugh, and pointed to the moving truck-train on which the camera is sometimes placed.

Henry, in retelling that story, was encouraged by the laugh it again provoked. "If that doesn't prove how really new I was to pictures, what an ignoramus I was, then here's something else . . . just listen to this . . ." and he was off on another anecdote, going back even a few months further.

He had been eating on a dime a week in New York—a dime buys a lot of rice, and even a little rice puffs up to stomach-filling proportions when it's cooked. At this low point of his eating career, a stage producer offered him a hundred dollars a week for fifty-two weeks a year. This was summertime, and the contract wasn't to be signed or fulfilled until fall, but on the strength of it, Henry borrowed some money and took a trip back home, to Omaha.

About this time too, he had met an agent, Leland Hayward, and Hayward had taken an interest in him. (It was one of life's amazing coincidences that Hayward a few years later married Henry's ex-wife, Margaret Sullavan). Hayward came to the coast and promoted Henry to picture-producer Walter Wanger, and Wanger agreed that the boy sounded good. That was enough for the agent and Hayward wired Henry to come to the coast at once.

MANY another young man would have hopped the nearest and first freight if he had had to, but Henry received the wire without the slightest flurry of excitement or desire. Movies! What were they? How could they interest him when here he was about to sign a stage contract for a hundred dollars a week. That was more money than he had ever dreamed of making; it was a fortune; it was Easy Street for life. He didn't wire back as requested, but wrote, slow mail: "Dear Mr. Hayward, thanks very much, but I'm not interested in pictures. I have a big deal on now in New York. Very sincerely yours, Henry Fonda."

Before Mr. Hayward received that letter he wired a second, third and fourth time. The Wanger deal was really hot and all that remained was to get Henry out there. When the letter came, with one hand he tossed it in the waste basket, and with the other reached for the telephone.

It was several hours before the Omaha operator could locate Henry. It seems he was off somewhere at a basket-ball game, rooting for the same team, which, several years before he had coached. When the call was finally completed Mr. Hayward wasted no time in making it clear that all Henry need do was to take a little vacation trip to Hollywood. He could fly, he could stay a day or a week just as he wished, and Hayward would pay all expenses.

On the plane Henry wore a satisfied, self-sure smile. He told himself that of course he would never sign for pictures—not when he had this really good thing in the East at a hundred a week. He'd let them urge him and beg him, and they could try all the coaxing they wanted—but then he'd burst his bombshell at them. He'd tell them that he wouldn't sign for less than three hundred dollars a week. He chuckled, just at the thought of their astonished faces when he would spring that! Of course they'd never come across. They'd throw him out for being a young upstart—and he could go back to his stage job in peace.

The three of them sat in Mr. Wanger's office. That is, two of them sat—Henry was more nearly lounging. He didn't say much.

IN THE GAME OF LOVE
A GIRL CAN'T WIN IF SHE LETS HERSELF GET DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
TAKE IT FROM ME—NO MAN WANTS A GIRL WITH "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
YES! BUT HOW CAN YOU REALLY GUARD AGAINST IT? I GIVE MY SKIN A LOT OF CARE, AND IT JUST SEEMS TO GET MORE DRY AND LIFELESS!
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I USE
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU OWE THAT LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" JUST TO PALMOLIVE? WHAT MAKES IT SO DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SOAPS?
WELL, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG. THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, I'M GOING TO GIVE LOVE A CHANCE, AND START USING PALMOLIVE TODAY!
PALMOLIVE
IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

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BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

He just lolled and waited and kept shaking his head. An hour went by. Two. Mr. Wanger was getting really eager, and Henry was just leaning forward to say, "Well now, Mr. Wanger, I wouldn't be at all interested for less than—" when suddenly Mr. Wanger stood up.

"This has gone far enough. I'll make my offer and you can take it or leave it. A forty-week contract at a thousand dollars per."

As Henry says now, "The next few minutes were sort of a blank. I don't know what happened. I don't think I fainted exactly, but it was like that. When I came to, I had said 'yes'."

THAT again is a first telling of an actual incident, the true signing of Henry Fonda. A man doesn't change much in four years, and if three hundred dollars weekly had seemed a divine impossibility in 1935, then you can imagine how startled he is today to find himself making $65,000 a picture. He signed a new contract with 20th Century-Fox recently at that figure, and his contract calls for two pictures a year on that lot, and he is free to make others elsewhere.

Henry is far from being a glamor-boy, and he cares little for the personal enhancement which such money could allow him. He doesn't go in for fancy clothes, or cars, or appearing at fancy places. The pleasure it does give him is that he may at last live nicely, eat well, and provide charmingly for a charming family. There is his wife, his wife's daughter by a former marriage, and their own baby, Jayne, now a year old. They have just bought a 325-acre ranch near San Diego where Henry plans to raise lemons. He has also taken an interest in a ski-club development, near Bishop, California, about three hundred miles from Hollywood. Henry is on the board of directors and has burning plans to make this spot the St. Moritz of America.

Money allows him to do these things, and for these money pleasures he is grateful. But quite aside from the fact that in the beginning he was wooed to pictures by the irresistible sound of a thousand dollars a week, he is really an actor first and a money-maker second.

About Henry they say, "He acts from the heart" and it has never been more truly said about anyone. He has never cared about star-billing, nor about starring parts, and from the beginning he has never paid the slightest attention to publicity. He admits today that in this way he is still a Hollywood greenhorn: he just doesn't know what publicity is, or why it is, or how one goes about it . . . he wouldn't miss it if he never had a line of it.

During these last years he has just gone along doing his work as best he could, and loving every moment of it. He is not an outstanding flashing, dashing personality on the screen, but he *has* always been an outstanding actor, particularly because of his deep and rugged sincerity.

A LOT of skeptics have said that Henry would never get any place, just because he was too much of an actor and not enough of a ballyhoo artist. He never promoted himself, never had any press-agent promoting for him. In his personal life too, he was too quiet, too self-contained, too "domestic." How was he ever to have a big feminine following if he didn't put on the Hollywood boy-glamor a little? He was too "homespun," they said. It was against him.

Quite the contrary it has proved his greatest asset in winning the most important break of his career, the role of Abraham Lincoln in *Young Mister Lincoln*. Early in the year there were two Lincoln pictures being planned around Hollywood. Gary Cooper was to do one of them—but when Fonda was set in the young Lincoln role, to be directed by John Ford, plans for the Cooper vehicle seemed to have been automatically shelved. And wisely too, for Fonda promises to be so perfect for the role that competition, even Cooper competition, might be hazardous.

He was actually the only actor considered and tested by Ford. Looking at those tests, this director said, "There's no doubt about it . . . Henry *is* young Mr. Lincoln. He has it in his eyes. There's no need of looking further."

That sincerity, that quietness, that homespun-ness, and the deep humility. The four qualities are Henry's, and they were Lincoln's too—his most important ones. These are the points in common which won Henry the role, rather than any startling

Henry will dress up when he has to step out—like partying with his wife and Arleen Whelan. He prefers to wear old clothes and tinker and putter about his home physical resemblance, which very much proves how worthwhile it was to remain "just himself" all during his Hollywood experience.

He is a prairie state boy, no city slicker, and that in a large way is responsible for his down-to-earthiness. He traces his family back to the famous Italian family of De Fondas, who migrated to this country in early Colonial days. It's an amusing note that although Henry was born and raised in Nebraska he is allergic to corn: he accounts for it by the fact that corn in one form or another was served at his parents' table three times a day all through his childhood. Incidentally Henry is one of the few Hollywoodites who doesn't mind admitting his birthdate. It is May 16, 1908.

IT HAS been printed time and time again that Henry's earliest ambition was to become a newspaperman. This isn't so. More important to him was his interest in telephones and other forms of communication. During his last two years of high-school he worked as a trouble-shooter for the telephone company in Omaha. He had intended to go to the University of Nebraska, but he became so interested in the telephone business, that he changed his plans and enrolled at the University of Minnesota, to be near the Bell Laboratories where he hoped to get a part-time job. But he found that that was impossible because his curriculum just didn't permit him the necessary free time.

As it was, he was working for board and room and $30 a month at a Settlement house, coaching basket-ball, teaching wood-carving and other manual arts. However, he did his college thesis on communications, telephone and telegraph. These points in Henry's past were never brought out until several months ago at a studio conference when *The Story of Alexander Graham Bell* was being discussed. Producer MacGowan was attempting to outline the character of Thomas A. Watson, co-inventor of the telephone, to Henry, the role in the picture which he was to play. It wound up with Henry doing the telling. He knew more about Watson and his work than was even in the script.

Henry has always been a "tinkerer" and it was his tinkering around backstage, with lights and curtain pulleys, at some of the college's theatrical productions which eventually interested him in the stage, as a career. He is a thoughtful, studious sort of person, and once interested in acting, he set out to really make a study of it, and studied in one of the best experience-schools in the acting world, the little theatre. His particular alma mater was the summer theatre of The University Players at Falmouth, Massachusetts. He says he is still studying.

You can judge how extensive and intensive is his research for each role, especially when its of historical import, by the reference library he collects about him when he's preparing for a production.

He is quite a collector of phonograph records too, having one of the largest collections in Hollywood. He is also a nut about photography, and has made a camera record of his daughter, dating from the moment when she was six hours old.

He has even more numerous outdoor talents. He is quite an archer. He rides horseback, skiis, aquaplanes, golfs and plays tennis. In this respect he is an all-round country gentleman. He loves to wear badly-worn, faded blue overalls and seldom dresses up except when he has to. He is not a very glib fellow. He talks slowly and thoughtfully. As a matter of fact, he's quite unobtrusive in any gathering.

That's what he was in Hollywood, too, for a long time—unobtrusive. Sort of like a tourist at his own studio, watching interestedly but quietly from the side lines, and asking naive questions, too, like a tourist, as he did that time about "Dolly." Nobody has paid a great deal of attention to him until now. But now, with so many important pictures in a row, there is a great deal of Fonda excitement around town. Henry wishes that the newshounds and writers would continue to overlook him, but one just can't anymore.

HENRY really likes to be overlooked. There is this one last story which he told on himself which proves it beyond doubt. It happened while he was on location with *Jesse James* in Pineville, Mo. He was eating a hamburger in a local cafe when he noticed a woman staring intently, with ardor-mist in her eyes. He squirmed and got out as quickly as he could. But she followed him. Outside she grabbed him by the arm.

"Oh, I'm just so thrilled to see you! I've always dreamed of seeing a movie star, but I never really thought this would actually happen to me. Here I am, talking to you! Oh, it's too wonderful. A movie star, just think, right here in our own little town! Only one thing . . . would you mind awfully, please, to tell me which one you are?"

But that was Pineville, and that was six months ago. Today Henry's star is very much in the ascendency. Not only his face is familiar to fans now, but his name, too, is one which grows more important, picture by picture, role by role.

It Was "Love At First Sight"

HOW DO YOU DO! I'VE BEEN ADMIRING YOU ALL EVENING — FROM A DISTANCE
THEN "B.O." CAME BETWEEN THEM
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A MAN LIKES A GIRL TO BE DAINTY AND FRESH —
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What's Wrong with Robert Young?

[*Continued from page* 45]

is subnormal or abnormal. Directors and writers have told me, 'Bob, you're a competent actor, but no one gets excited over you. You ought to get some real stories, some real parts, instead of substituting for somebody else, doing the things nobody else wants to do. You should put up a battle, fight for your rights.'

"It's all right to fight, if fighting will do you any good. I admit that I hate quarrels and prefer to do things the easier way. It's my nature, and I can't help it. I'd be false to my nature and maybe jeopardize my future by assuming a position of aggressor, when I'm not and don't care to be aggressive in this business. I know two people who have done that to their own detriment. I don't like to mention names, but they harmed themselves by never being satisfied with anything. I'm an employee, and not an employer. I have to do what the boss says."

Which explains why he so often plays colorless roles, which in turn reflect upon his personality off the screen. Vital, exciting roles create an aura of glamor in the minds of theatre-goers about the actor who plays them.

AS FOR the attitude of the press toward him, Bob said:

"I guess I don't have the journalistic sense, and it's a very important thing for an actor to have. I don't know what to say, or do, for that matter, that would intrigue or startle the public. Here you are, with an assignment to write a story about me. But what can I tell you that would interest your readers? The cinderella angle has been exhausted. The high-school sweetheart angle has been done, too. Recently the only news I've been able to give about myself is the new house I bought in the Valley and my joint ownership of the Bel-Air Stables with Allan Jones. And that's nothing particularly exciting.

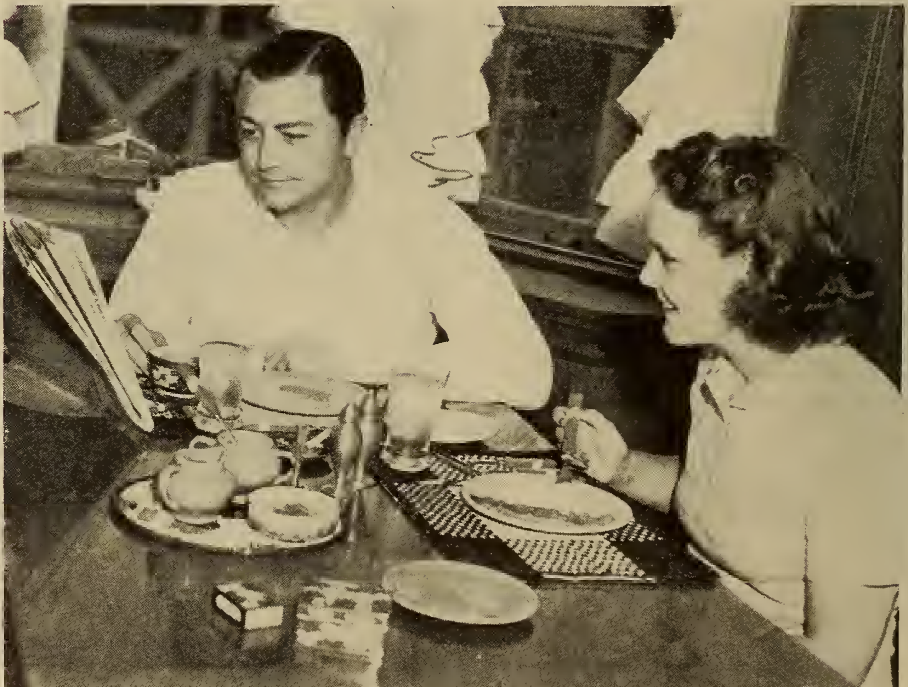
"So it's really a tough problem to supply the press with the kind of copy they want. Unless one murders his wife and poisons his kids what can you do to make the headlines? And then there is another side to this problem. It's mostly my fault that I've received so little publicity. If I'm not particularly popular with the press it's because I've never deliberately sought publicity. Out of sight, out of mind.

"I've never had a press-agent, and a press-agent, I realize, sometimes can do wonders. As for the publicity department of my studio, it has eighty people to sell to the public, and does for each the best it can. I don't resent the fact that they haven't been able to do much for me. As I said, it's mostly my fault."

"Don't you think," I asked him, "your marriage has something to do with this state of affairs? If you were an eligible bachelor you'd get more attention."

"Yes, I suppose so. But when I married I was more interested in being married to the girl I loved than in being popular. I just figured that I had to stand the consequences, if I did become a star. When I married I was just starting out in this business and hadn't progressed far enough for my marriage to make much difference. I don't doubt that if I were a bachelor today I'd get better parts and more interviews. But I don't think my position would have been essentially different.

"It all boils down to this: how much are you willing to give up for that extra bit of popularity and success? Is it worth giving



Bob is a man at peace with himself and the world. And there's peace and happiness in the family life of the Youngs, the wife being a sweetheart of high-school days. He wouldn't give up this life with wife and daughter, Barbara, for more money and fame up the joys and comforts of a family in order to receive, say, thirty per cent more money and publicity? Or even a hundred per cent?

"Speaking for myself, I'd rather tumble about the floor with my two little daughters than be interviewed every month by a dozen fan magazines. It's a question of striking up the right balance. For everything you gain, you lose something. What is important to have and what isn't so important to lose every man must decide for himself, according to his inclination and sense of values. Frankly, I'm perfectly satisfied with the way things have turned out for me. I consider myself very fortunate."

INDEED, Bob impresses one as a man who is at peace with himself and the world, who has the satisfaction of getting out of life what he wants. What made him successful? "I'll be damned if I know," he said. "Things sort of happened to me. I've worked hard. I've stuck to the thing I set out to do, at the cost of many hardships and heartaches. But a lot of people work hard, are conscientious and persistent, and still get nowhere. That's where the luck comes in.

"Had I planned my career it couldn't have turned out more to my satisfaction. I like it very much where I am today. I'm selfish enough to love my success and the advantages it has given me. My great ambition from now on is to continue what I've been doing, as long as I can. Acting is the only thing I know. For a while I thought I might become a writer when my acting days are over. I flooded the mails with short stories, written under a pseudonym, and they all came back. So I better stick to acting.

"As I said, I'm very much satisfied with the way things have turned out for me. I mean I'm satisfied with my personal, my physical life. So far as my acting is concerned, I'm always conscious of my shortcomings and try to overcome them. What I've attained thus far means too much to me to lose it by slovenly habits in performance and appearance."

Bob looks like his screen self in real life. He is six feet tall, weighs around 170 lbs., has brown hair and brown eyes. He is always nattily dressed. There is habitually a certain dignity, and indeed, gravity, about him. "I've a peculiar temperament," he confided. "I'm likely to be depressed when there's absolutely nothing to be depressed about, and I should on the contrary be happy; and I'm likely to be gay when I should be sad. My moods are usually contrary to current circumstances."

WHEN it comes to hobbies, he never finishes anything, he says. "I took up golf and played it two or three years. I wasn't improving much, so I gave it up and became a tennis enthusiast. From tennis I switched to horse-back riding. I do that now as much as anything. At the Bel-Air stables, Allan Jones and I own twelve horses; the rest are boarders. I have three horses out in the Valley, and am thinking of buying a couple more. Until about two months ago I took piano lessons. I've always wanted to play the piano, just for my own amusement. I've still to learn to play it."

The Bel-Air Stable caters to the fashionable riders on the coast. It is located in an ultra-exclusive section of Beverly Hills, which you enter through an imposing gate. Here, at Bel-Air, you can see squadrons of bankers' daughters and movie stars charging up a hill or trotting down to a shady glen in single file. It's great stuff, if you can afford it. Every minute of his spare time Bob spends in Allan Jones' trailer, which is their office, with telephones and everything. Business is good.

Bob first met his wife, Betty Henderson, while both attended a Los Angeles high-school. He has jerked sodas in drug-stores, moved furniture, worked in a bank, sold insurance, and has tried his hand at sundry other occupations, while learning the tricks of acting. He played four years at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, in a wide variety of roles. But when he made the round of studios and agencies he was turned down everywhere. Twice he decided he was through with acting. He had to eat. Then, when things looked their blackest, an agent took a chance and signed him to a Metro contract. For a while he was little better than a juvenile stock player, dreading option time.

Slowly but surely, without any sensational fire-works, he has forged himself to his present position. He did not see Betty Henderson for a few years, not as a boy friend anyhow. She was engaged to another fellow. Then she broke her engagement and married him. At the Wednesday evening rehearsals of his weekly radio program, he always takes his wife to the N.B.C. studios. She sits with Mrs. Meredith Willson and the wives of other performers, watching the rehearsal. She is a critic whose opinion he values highly. The young lady has a pointed and I suspect a rather determined chin.

Yes, Bob is sitting pretty. As we talked in his dressing-room, a cool, quiet chamber of knotty pine in a streamlined building on the M-G-M lot, he recalled his past.

[*Continued on page 86*]

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"I Can't Help Growing Up, Can I?"

[*Continued from page* 21]

reads at the same time. She knits on the sets. She knits while her mother is doing her hair. She gave me hope that the story I had come so far to get would be mine . . . Shirley Growing Up . . . Shirley wanting to grow up and explaining why. . . . That hope was soon to be *squshed*—squshed is the only word for it.

I said, "Shirley, do you want to grow up?"

"Well," said Shirley politely, but obviously without interest, "I can't help it, can I?"

That answer should have given me my clue. But with the stupid persistence of adults who will not rest content with childhood frankness, I didn't take it. I said, "but just pretend, for the fun of it, that you *could* have a choice—what would it be? To remain as you are or to be a Grown-Up?"

"Oh, I like it the way I am," Shirley said, still polite, still disinterested, "anyway, I don't know what it's like to be a Grown-Up so how can I say? I guess it might be very nice—if I didn't have any troubles. But there is no use thinking about it, making myself feel sorry for myself, you know."

Of course, the first answer to my question gave me a clue to Shirley such as nothing she could have said would have given me. Nine out of ten children would have answered my question, "Do you want to grow up?" with a "Oh, I don't know!" or "I want to be a Grown-Up" or "I want to stay a child." Not Shirley. Shirley, quite unconsciously, gave the question the one literal answer there is to give it. One *can't* help growing up. One can't escape a biological law. Shirley knows this. Shirley, being completely practical, accepts it.

One thing we are all apt to forget about this little girl, is that *she is a little girl.* A ten-year-old child. An instance of the general tendency to forget her childhood occurred not long ago when a learned gentleman came to Hollywood to interview Shirley. He had compiled a list of questions which he intended to ask the child—among them such questions as, "What do you think of the divorce ration in America?" "What do you think of the general situation in Europe?" And more of the same. Reminded by the publicity department that Shirley could not possibly be expected to answer these questions, that Shirley is a child, the learned gentleman replied, with honest surprise, "I know it, but—*she is Shirley Temple!*"

Yes, she is. And being Shirley Temple is being something "very, (*very*) speshal." But the speshal and astonishing thing about Shirley is that *she is a child.* And what is more, a completely unspoiled child. By this I mean that the straight and honest reactions of childhood, the sound point of view of the natural, unforced child, the trusting acceptance of the world around her, these have not been sullied nor distorted in Shirley.

She is what all children should be, is Shirley. She is, first of all, glowingly, rosily, shiningly healthy. All because she has grown up-to-ten in a home atmosphere of love, but *wise* love, which is love tempered with firm discipline giving the child firm floor to walk upon.

She has none of the little quirks and twists that make up the Problem Child to mothers and teachers. Mrs. Temple was almost apologetic when I asked her whether she has any problems at all with Shirley. But, after giving it some thought, she had to answer, "No, honestly, we haven't. I don't really know," she laughed, "whether I should admit this or not—for publication. It may sound so smug. But you ask me and, like Shirley, I had better answer honestly. She is very self-assured. She has very definite ideas about everything. She does the normal, childish amount of teasing. But she is still completely tractable. . . ."

As we later walked through the orange-groves I said to Shirley, "But when you grow up, you won't have school anymore—what about that?"

"Oh, I don't mind school," said Shirley, "I like it, especially American history. That is nice. I have just read a book . . . I mean, Mom read it to me . . . it's called *Hatching the American Eagle.* It's very good, too. Now I am reading *Strangers on the Desert* to myself. . . ."

I said, "But when you are a Grown-Up you can go to dances. . . ."

"I have been to two dances already," countered Shirley serenely.

"When you grow up you can wear long dresses, you can have perfume and jewelry and things."

"I wore a long dress when I dreamed I was a Queen in *The Little Princess,*" said Shirley. "It was a pretty dress, did you see it? It was fun to wear it. But you couldn't have fun in it for long. You couldn't play badminton in it, or ride a bike. I don't like perfume or jewelry very much."

I gave it up. For Shirley, certainly and shiningly, being-ten is sunnily sufficient. I explained to Shirley what kind of a story I had come to get. I said, "I wanted you to tell me that you want to grow up, and why, and how you have changed in this past year and all that. . . ."

Trying to be helpful the child answered: "I haven't changed at all though, I'm sorry. I still have just the same things, all the dolls I had when I was a little girl. I play games just the way I always have. I have learned to play badminton lately, though," she gave me this suggestion, brightly, "and I love to play Keno . . . and, you know, I knit. . . ."

After Shirley had left us to play a game of croquet, I said to Mrs. Temple, "The real story of Shirley, as I see it now, is her unquestioning acceptance of things as they are, her contentment with *today* . . . I wonder," I added, "how she would accept trouble—the small tragedies of the average child which she has never had to experience at all, or has she?"

"Very few," Mrs. Temple said, gratefully, "but she did have one experience which demonstrates perfectly, I think, the way Shirley would take such troubles as may come to her. Some months ago Shirley and I were up at Lake Arrowhead. On the morning we were to drive down, Mr. Temple phoned me to say that Shirley's dearly beloved little dog, Ching-Ching, had been run over by a car, was at a veterinarian's and that there was not much hope for his life. I was to use my judgment about telling her. On the drive down Shirley started to talk about how she could hardly wait to get home to see Ching-Ching. I realized that I would have to tell her and, as gently as possible, I did. I said: "Daddy hopes they can save Ching but they may not be able to. . . ." Shirley just looked at me while I was talking—without any change of expression. She didn't say a word nor utter a sound. Then she turned a little away from us, looked out of the car window and *continued to look out of that window for the remainder of that three hour drive.* Not until she got into bed that night did she cry. Ching survived. But I felt that there was great significance in the way Shirley accepted that blow, which was a very real blow to her."

OUT of my long talk with Mrs. Temple, out of watching Shirley through the afternoon, playing croquet, riding her bike, playing with Ching, knitting, accepting without argument, her mother's dictum that she could not go into the pool that day I came to the conclusion that if you want proof that Shirley is still a child, I could give them to you. Here they are:

She loves to tease. "She is," her mother told me, laughing, "like her dad in this respect. He is never so happy as when he is teasing some one." This teasing makes her just like every healthy, normal and, therefore occasionally mischievous child. No, there's none of the precocious primness and priggishness about Shirley.

She still takes almost no interest in clothes, in her own appearance. She still dreads to go shopping unless she is going on an expedition of her own, to buy presents for her parents or brothers. She never looks into the mirror. She doesn't even look into the mirror when her mother fixes her hair. She is extremely fastidious about having a clean face—and hands. But this is a love of cleanliness, not vanity.

SHE likes to play with boys better than girls. But this is nothing new, nothing "significant." She still makes no distinction, whatsoever, between boys and girls as regards her behavior with them. Never once has she ruffled a curl, adjusted a ribbon, displayed the slightest sign of budding feminine coquetry when boys are around. You see, she is used to boys, having two brothers. She has the natural dignity of a child and does not like to be pawed over, kissed by strangers. What child does?

She has, as yet, no self-consciousness whatsoever about the unique spotlight she occupies in the world of today. When asked how she liked *The Little Princess* she answered, "Mr. Treacher was awfully funny, wasn't he?" She still accepts her mother's explanation of why crowds gather to stare at her . . . "Everybody likes to look at any little, happy thing," her mother told her, a couple of years ago, "*you* always like to look at a cute, frisking little puppy or kitten. It is the same sort of thing."

If, with the instinctive wisdom of childhood, she perceives that there is a difference in the number of people who gather to stare at her wherever she goes, she has never mentioned it. The chances are, and her mother agrees, that Shirley will grow up to be a rather reticent young woman. She isn't a talky child now. She never monopolizes a conversation. She isn't "show-offy," not *ever*. She doesn't confound you with precocious observations. She doesn't, thank heaven, wise-crack. But she has developed a flair for making up the most outrageous puns.

When a subject does interest Shirley, however, she can discuss it intelligently. Just now she is interested in astronomy. But, for the most part, Shirley talks of things all children talk of . . . her dog, horses, games, books, radio programs, things-to-eat. Her pet aversion is butter.

Nor has Shirley, as yet, become conscious of any "caste" distinction between people. Famous stars or studio workers are equally her friends. She is not a hero-worshipper. She never says that she likes any one star better than another. She says "I like them all. . . ."

Shirley still looks to her mother for everything. If she does an exceptional scene on the set her eyes immediately and instinctively seek her mother's eyes. If she muffs a shot, the same thing happens. I don't think I have ever known a mother-and-child relationship so complete and at the same time so sane as the relationship between Shirley and her mother.

So, then, if you are looking for radical changes in Shirley you will be disappointed. Loving Shirley, however, you should be pleased. For after all, radical changes do not take place in the normal child of ten.

ON THE other hand Shirley is developing, of course. She manifests greater awareness of people. She is greatly interested in people's *faces*. She compares them to birds, animals and flowers. She is beginning to have a sympathy with other people's problems and troubles. Perhaps when she said to me that it might be nice to be a Grown-Up *if she did not have to have any troubles* she was unconsciously giving her first hint that there are troubles in the world.

When her brothers come home with their problems she tries to comfort them. She tries to be helpful to people.

When Mrs. Roosevelt visited the *Susannah* set Shirley, with her unfailing sense of the appropriate, led the First Lady into her trailer, firmly closed the door and there held converse with her. Asked later what they had talked about Shirley said, a little reluctantly, "We had a very nice conversation. Mrs. Roosevelt asked me about my school-work and I asked Mrs. Roosevelt about her grand-children."

Another sign of Shirley's development is her changing attitude about her work. Time was when Shirley, "born actress" as ever lived, just went in there and trouped. Now she is learning that acting is a craft, something that she can mould to her own design. Now when she does a scene she might stop and say, "No, that was wrong. . . ."

She doesn't, she says, "like to be sad in pictures." When she has a crying scene to do she does it entirely without artificial stimulation. When, in the final scene of *The Little Princess*, where with tremendous emotional stress she is reunited with her father, it was thought that sad music would be helpful. As Shirley went into the scene there came upon her affronted ear the wailing of violins. Shirley cast one distressed look at her mother. The music was stopped, the orchestra dismissed. Later, Arthur Miller, Shirley's cameraman said scornfully, "What d'they think she is, a ham?"

SHE is never excited about anything, *so she says*. . . . But Mrs. Temple smiles a little at Shirley's insistence that she never gets excited. She is inclined to believe that what Shirley really means is that she controls her excitement, doesn't let it get the best of her to her own disadvantage.

So, Shirley is developing . . . she takes more care of her own rooms now. She doesn't want much interference with her dressing, wanting to do everything herself. She took much more interest in her birthday party last April than she has ever taken before, discussing with her mother what favors they would have, what gifts she would give her guests.

I drove 245 miles to get an answer to my question, "Do you want to grow up?" I didn't get that answer. For Shirley doesn't answer the unanswerable. But I think I learned a lot of things about Shirley NOW. And Shirley Now is sublimely sufficent.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

Whenever Rudy Vallee appears with different girl gossips smell romance. He squired Mary Healy to Rathbone party

Betty Grable, soon seen in *Million Dollar Legs* (and has she got 'em!) roller skates to health after an appendicitis operation

get the gals all a-dither—but take a peep at your ol' Tattler's correspondence, and you'd be surprised at the battalions of honeys who keep wanting to know what George Brent's intentions really are!

Count that mail lost which doesn't bring at least one irate demand from some nettled damsel who wants to know whether George is kidding Garbo or Bette?—and if he means to marry either—or anybody, ever, for that matter.

Well, the Garbo-Brent business is probably deader than last week's mackerel, if anybody really wants to know. As for this Brent-Davis temperature that's being worked up, all your ol' Tattler can say is that it smells to the zenith of the usual publicity blah. After all, Bette's still in the position of the burned-fingered damsel, who isn't any too anxious to start playing with matrimony again, for a while. And George has sounded off so often and so violently and so positively about gals and romance in Hollywood, and especially about the utter unmarriagability of any movie star (he thinks there isn't a gal in movies who'd make a good wife, and he's said so!) that it seems unreasonable to expect that anything serious will ever come of the Bette-George two-ing. . . .

BUT—it's precisely out of such situations that the gods of perversity like to make Hollywood capital. And so, if George and Bette DO ever do anything as absurd as trying to mrandmrs life, your ol' Tattler won't be exactly surprised. He'll just have a slight case of indigestion.

■

SILLIEST Romance in Hollywood is, as you might expect, this Marie Wilson-Nick Grinde thing. Latest gag:

[*Continued on page* 82]

Little Irisher—Big Find

[*Continued from page 24*]

was with her often, backstage at the Abbey. Very young, she met all the great of the Irish theatre—W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, all of them.

"And it never occurred to me to want to be an actress, or anything but a painter. My parents even suggested the stage to me, and I didn't think it was a good idea. I'm sorry now. I wish I had been a child actress. I'm sorry I wasted all those years. I envy child players, becoming un-selfconscious so young. Even though most of them are so spoiled they should be walloped."

Her earliest memory is of being walloped, herself, for painting all over a large supply of the family notepaper. "I can't remember a time when I wasn't painting. I didn't realize it then, but what I was drawing were little dramas. I was never able to draw a likeness of any living person. I drew fantastic people—usually with terrified expressions."

THE Fitzgeralds lived outside Dublin, by the sea. Their place, "beautifully isolated", was called Gray Stones. And when she and her older brother could escape from the governesses who were also their educators, they ran wild. So wild that, when Geraldine was 11, her parents decided that she was becoming much too bold and packed her off to London to a convent.

It wasn't the same convent attended, about the same time, by Vivien Leigh and Maureen O'Sullivan. But Geraldine wonders if there isn't something in the atmosphere of any convent that breeds actresses.

"We were so repressed. We were allowed no form of self-expression. We did little plays, but never in costume. We had painting classes, but we all had to paint alike, just as we had to dress alike, and behave alike. An atmosphere like that makes a child want to burst.

"I have never been so unhappy as I was there. You know those long bees-waxed corridors they have in institutions? There was one in particular I hated. Every time I had to go down it, I'd close my eyes and say to myself, 'I must remember this. Nothing that might ever happen to me could be so bad as this.' That was a hunch of sorts, I suppose."

The discipline extended to the games they had to play, whether they liked them or not. They weren't supposed to talk while playing. Geraldine couldn't keep still. "For 'distracting the other girls,' I was finally degraded to rolling a hoop for my exercise. I was the lone hoop-roller of the entire convent. That was the ultimate in humiliation."

On every holiday trip home, she would plead to be allowed to stay home, and have tutors. But she was 15 before she got her wish.

There was a rebirth of Irish art going on, led by John Keating and Nora McGinnis, among others, and she wanted to be part of it. So in time she enrolled in the School of Art in Dublin, where she would have John Keating for a master. And the only stage ideas she had were ideas for designs for stage costumes, until—

"The day I finished at the school, I went to John Keating and asked him brightly, 'Where should I go now—Paris or Rome?' He looked at me a long moment. He said, 'My dear young lady, *I* suggest that you go off and get married'."

The ambitious 19-year-old girl went home stunned. Intuitively, she knew he was right: she could never be a great artist. She was heart-broken as only the young can be, when a dream is killed. But, for all her bitter disillusion, she would not admit that wifehood was her only destiny. She had not lost that irrepressible feeling that she had had as long as she could remember—that she was to have a career. She lay awake that night, thinking, "There's something else I am intended to do in life, if it isn't painting." She tried to conjure up all the possibilities. Among other things, she tried to picture herself—for the first time—as an actress.

THAT was the only picture that didn't fade away instantly, swallowed up by the dark; and when it did fade, it kept coming back, brighter and brighter. She interpreted that as an inner injunction, which she must obey immediately. There was no time to lose. She had lost enough time already, traveling a road that had ended in a blind alley.

"Next morning, first thing, I went to see

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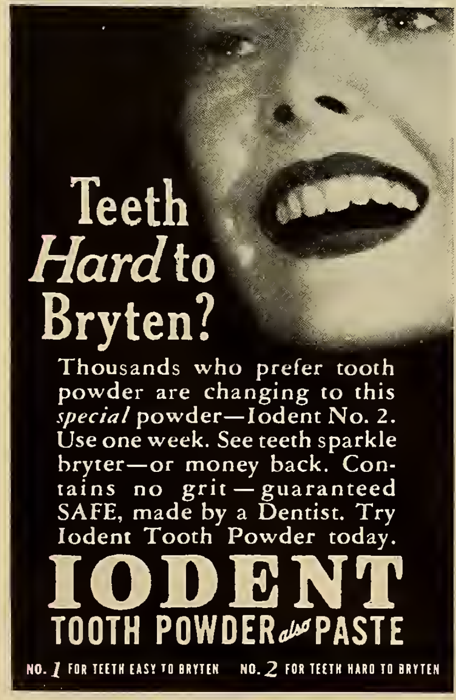
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my aunt. I told her about the ghastly end of my art career, my night of torment, and my hunch. Never had I been stage-struck; never, even with her example always before me, had I dreamed of acting. She knew that. She could believe that, wanting to act now, I was blindly obeying a sub-conscious urge. She said, 'We must do something about your voice. It's much too high. It's a flutey little voice. It has no emotional range.' She taught me the things I had to do to bring it down.

"First, to breathe properly. Second, to pronounce vowels resonantly. Third, to project my voice to the far corner of a large room, or to the next room, without shouting. This, I discovered, was a mental thing. My aunt would say, 'I'm going to stand at the far end of the room. I want you to talk in the same tone of voice you would use if I were beside you, and I want to be able to hear every word you say.' I get so angry, whenever I hear of people paying good money to dramatic schools to learn how to do this. It is so simple, if you put your mind to it."

Note to SOME so-called actresses. Geraldine isn't afraid of messing up her beauty for character roles. That's why her talent is so vivid as Isabel Linton in *Wuthering Heights*. And she hopes they won't be after calling her Gerry

After she had the hang of it, Geraldine would practice pitching her voice an hour each day—during which time everybody else would leave the house. After four months of that, her aunt volunteered to get her on at the Abbey, playing bits. Geraldine didn't want that. She wanted to have a career through her own efforts, not through a relative's. But, since it is impossible to become connected with any theatrical company without introductions to the right people, she did ask her aunt to introduce her at the Gate Theatre. ("I had a hunch about that particular theatre.") The director, Hilton Edwards, thought he could use her—in the crowd.

"Weeks passed after that, and nothing happened. He had forgotten all about me, of course. In despair, I asked my aunt what I should do. She told me to drop in on a rehearsal and, if I had a chance, speak to him again. I had hardly stepped inside the theatre when he called down from the stage, 'You—come up here at once. Where have you been? I've been looking for you for weeks.' He gave me a very small part. The play was *Blood and Sand,* which Valentino once did as a picture. I was sure he didn't remember me, but I didn't say so until the play was over and I was engaged for another. Then I asked him if he had had any idea, that day he had called to me, who I might be. He grinned; he had a sense of humor. 'Not the slightest,' he said. 'But I had to have somebody for the part.'

"I've never been so happy as I was at the Gate. It was a small, intimate theatre, and terribly good. The company was famous all over the world, though it never went outside Ireland. There were no stars; the play was the thing. And a different play every two weeks. You were cast in what seemed most right for you. Some weeks you might have almost nothing to do, and other weeks you would have terrific parts. I was there two years—and in that time I did everything from bits to leads; old plays and brand-new plays; comedy, drama, tragedy, even dancing. I can't begin to tell you what it was like.

"While we were doing one play, we were always in the midst of rehearsals for another. We'd show up at the theatre at 2 p. m. and rehearse till 2 a. m., with only time out for sandwiches and tea and the evening performance. Those were wonderful working hours. Every branch of the theatrical profession should have them. I know they'd be a huge success in Hollywood, where the present hours are barbaric. How can anyone possibly do his best emotional acting right after breakfast?"

HER two "years" at the Gate Theatre were really only two winters. The first summer she had free, she "practically died" of inactivity. The second summer, she had a hunch that, if she went to London, she would find some summer acting to do. And so she did—but in an unexpected quarter. She had an offer to do a British movie, *Turn of the Tide.* That led to another British movie, *The Mill on the Floss,* which kept her from returning to the Gate Theatre when the season started. And, "the moment the picture was over," she married Edward Lindsay-Hogg.

He's tall, dark and handsome in the British manner, but he isn't an actor. He's a scion of the British upper crust. Geraldine needed no special hunch to marry him. "All falling in love is a hunch," she smiles.

"After the wedding, we traveled about a good bit. I forgot about working; I was completely happy, taking life easy. Then, one day, out of the blue, I had this overpowering feeling that I must go to New York. We had a house and everything in England. I tried to shake off the feeling. It wouldn't be shaken off. Something kept telling me I must go to New York: something was waiting there for me. So we packed up and sailed.

"Soon after our arrival, I saw a picture of Orson Welles in a magazine. He had started at the Gate Theatre, as I had, but I hadn't known what had become of him. New York theatrical news doesn't seem to penetrate to Dublin. I was still wondering if I should get in touch with him, when he got in touch with me. That led to a part in *Heartbreak House,* which he was producing on Broadway for a limited two months' run. It was a tremendous success, and the movie companies started making offers.

"I wasn't Hollywood-minded, because I didn't think the kind of contract I'd want could ever be worked—one with six months off every year, to vacation and work on the stage. I felt that I couldn't be happy with any other kind. And none of the offers were that kind. I wasn't distressed. I wanted to stay in New York forever; its theatre has more vitality than any other theatre in the world. But after *Heartbreak House*, I was reminded that I was an alien—and an alien can work on the Broadway stage only once every six months. That's because London won't let American actors work there any oftener than that.

"Then Warner Brothers wanted to test me. I mentioned the six-months-free angle, and they didn't back away as the others had. They said, 'If the test pans out, it's agreed we'll sign a six-months contract'."

She trained out to Hollywood last July, stayed just long enough to make a test, then headed for Ireland with Edward to finish out the interrupted honeymoon. She was on the boat when she received the news that her option had been picked up. She was urged to return at once. But she had heard about Hollywood's signing foreign actresses, then letting them languish in idleness till their contracts ran out. She wasn't returning till she had a definite picture assignment. In Ireland, she ignored three more summonses. The fourth one mentioned *Dark Victory*. Whereupon, she sailed back.

INDEPENDENT is the word for Geraldine—whose hair, by the way, is dusky auburn and whose eyes are green. (It's odd that no one thought of testing her for *Scarlett*.) She's five-feet-three, and a shapely 112.

Her contract runs from October to March, which isn't ideal, considering that that is the best theatrical season. But she's allergic to heat. "I'm very seriously affected by it. I get sick. My face goes positively green." And she's sure that Hollywood is much cooler from October to March than vice versa. The winter rains and fogs helped to keep her from being homesick, though they failed her last Christmas Day. "We were feeling frightfully dismal. And the sun shone blazingly. It was shocking."

Aside from blazing sunshine, her pet aversion is the nickname Gerry. She is now fighting bitterly to keep the studio from calling her that (to shorten those nineteen letters to fifteen).

Geraldine doesn't have to worry about dieting, because, when she's working, she has no appetite, no interest in food. "Nerves, I suppose." She has to be in the mood to do her best acting. That's why she goes to her dressing-room after every scene and gets some music on her portable radio. And that's why she was so insistent about six months off every year. She could refresh herself at least that often.

She has only one hat to her name—a floppy straw of cartwheel proportions, acquired in Palm Springs, which she uses as a sun umbrella. And even that has a hole for a crown. She believes that air is good for the hair.

She would like to play comedy—"real clowny comedy." But she has a feeling that Hollywood may never let her do it. Not after *Dark Victory* and *Wuthering Heights* and, now, *Give Me a Child*, in which she plays a tragic girl released from prison to have a baby.

With her first three Hollywood pictures behind her, she's off to Ireland with Edward —to "a lovely house that is very, very old. Not old in the Hollywood sense; not ten years old; but two hundred and fifty years old." Warners tried to persuade her not to go. She couldn't be persuaded. She had a hunch, you see, that a breath of heather would be good for her—and for her acting.

And Geraldine plays her hunches.

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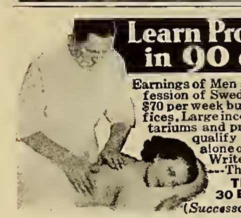

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What Not To Discuss With Your Husband

[*Continued from page* 29]

could have nowhere else on earth. There was only one Hollywood. The prospect was thrilling, except for one thing. It meant long separations from her husband. He had made his New York dental practice his life-work. He couldn't transfer that practice to the West Coast any more than she could transfer her movie-acting to the East Coast.

At first, Hollywood didn't know about Dr. Griffin. When it did discover that Irene had a husband, and that she and the husband would have to spend eight months of every year a continent apart, Hollywood sagely prophesied that the arrangement would never work out. Hollywood had seen too many marriages falter at much smaller hurdles.

But Irene didn't fall in love with any of Hollywood's Great Lovers. She didn't even seem interested in advertising her own charms by being seen at this party or that night-club with a variety of escorts. She lived the quietest (some called it "the dullest") life in Hollywood. She didn't seem interested in anything except her work, her golf, and—her distant husband. After every picture, she was off to New York for a reunion with him. Or he was in California, sharing her vacation.

Hollywood dubbed him "Mr. Irene Dunne." If that ever irked his professional pride, he refused to show it. Nothing seemed able to disturb their marital equilibrium. As the years passed, and this became increasingly apparent, Irene Dunne's marriage became one of the Seven Wonders of the small world of Hollywood. With each new interview, she faced a barrage of new questions about how or why she and her husband stayed married.

That went on for so long that you can't blame Irene for saying now, "I can hardly believe it's stopped."

The reason why it has stopped is that the Griffins finally became awfully, awfully tired of having their honeymoon purchases in cold storage. To be able to enjoy them, they built a house of their own. The site they chose for the house was a hilltop in Holmby Hills, which happens to be in California, which happens to be a state "the Doctor" likes very much. About the same time, they adopted a baby girl named Mary Frances. And "the Doctor" began spending more and more time with his family on the hilltop in Holmby Hills, leaving his practice more and more in the hands of capable associates—until finally he relaxed completely and remained, except for brief flying trips to New York.

Why didn't Irene stop working, too? If her husband had wanted her to, she would have, happy though she was in her career. He didn't want her to give it up. Not only because she was happy in it, but he was proud of her screen achievements. As long as they could be together while she was working, as well as when she wasn't, that was enough to satisfy him—after all those years of a continent between them.

So Irene can have her cake and eat it, too. Her stock as a star has never been higher. (See *Love Affair* and *Invitation to Happiness*, with *A Modern Cinderella* coming up.) And, at the same time, she has never been happier in her private life. Her career isn't keeping her from her husband any longer.

"Now people are trying hard to worry about our not being able to adjust ourselves to a life together, after living apart so much, and so long," Irene told me, with a laughing gleam in her warm gray eyes. She curled a shapely leg under her in her chair. She said, comfortably, "Doctor and I aren't worrying."

"What's your anti-worry insurance?" I asked.

"If all those separations couldn't separate us," she answered, "we figure we're a cinch for a happy life together."

"But what, besides a hunch, gives you that feeling?" I persisted. "In what way did 'all those separations' give you good training for a happy life together?"

"Here I am, on a spot again," she muttered vaguely to herself—just loudly enough so that I would be sure to hear. She paused reflectively. "Well," she said, "we acquired a strong taste for each other's society.

"We never fell into the habit of taking each other for granted. Every time we *could* be together, we certainly were in a companionable mood. Personally, I'd call that good training.

"Understand, I'm not recommending a few years of sundry separations as a fitting prelude to a happy, normal married life," she added, hurriedly. "I'm not recommending long-distance matrimony to anyone. Not little Irene."

Having made that point clear, she continued, "Even though you're a continent away from your husband, you still can discuss things with him—by telephone or mail. But letter-writing taking the time it does, and talk-by-telephone costing what it does, you can't exactly rattle on, willy-nilly. You have to stop and sort out what's important, or amusing, or interesting to him as much as to you. That's a hardship at first. You know how a woman likes to rattle on. But not being able to is probably good training for a happy life together, when you can be together.

"UNCONSCIOUSLY, you work up a list of What Not to Discuss with Your Husband. It isn't that you want to keep anything from him. You don't. It's just that you acquire some discretion about things he won't be interested in.

"For instance"—she smiled—"a husband and wife should *never* discuss the way the other drives a car. They probably shouldn't even speak to each other while one of them is driving.

"Take us, for example. Frank not only drives fast: I never saw anyone so interested in everything along the roadside. I used to ride up Fifth Avenue with him at 6 p. m., holding my breath, and when we got home he'd be able to tell where every new building along the route was, and just how far along the construction was. No amount of discussion could ever have convinced him that he wasn't one of the world's safest drivers.

"And nothing he might say could possibly make me think as he thinks—that I'm a punk driver. Why, the first time I ever had my hands on a car wheel, I was alone in New York's Roaring Forties at the rush hour, and I got uptown without so much as a scratched fender. Frank says, 'Providence guided you.' I say, 'natural driving sense.' And no amount of discussion could possibly change either of our minds.

"If you're on the screen, something you're

[*Continued on page* 81]

Canned Meat—A Summer Treat

[*Continued from page 52*]

THEN second, there's the big and important group of canned sausages, especially those small chunky and tasty ones called "Vienna Sausage." What a clever hostess can do with these little cold dogs! Stand them up in a mold, cover with spicy tomato gelatin, and you have a handsome aspic for the buffet. Or, arrange them ring-around-the-rosy style on a big lettuce covered platter, and heap a smart potato ball salad in the center. It will look like a million, cost not much more than a dime, and by altering the salad, as stuffed tomato cups, mixed green vegetable salad etc., you can arrange refreshing variations.

Sausages of the midget Cocktail type can be used for more substantial meals as well. Skewer a brace with a ring of tomato and grill under the broiler; roll them in leftover mashed potato balls, and fry in the skillet; use as a ring around a platter of hot boiled rice—there are as many bright ideas for using these sausages as there are links in their can.

Canned sausage also includes that other Grand National favorite—the canned skinless frankfurter. Sunday supper will be acclaimed a success if either of the following recipes are used for the main dish:

BUFFET FRANKFURTERS BARBECUE SAUCE

Barbecue sauce
Canned skinless Frankfurters

To make sauce: simmer together ½ pound butter, 2 cups cider vinegar, ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ cup Worcestershire, ½ cup tomato catsup, ½ cup chili sauce, juice ½ lemon, 1 minced clove garlic. Dip frankfurters in sauce, and broil, or lay in baking pan and bake in oven.

FRANKFURTER "QUAILS"

Canned skinless frankfurters
Sharp cheese
Bacon strips

Split franks lengthwise and fill with stick of sharp cheese. Wrap spiral fashion in bacon, and bake or broil to cook bacon thoroughly.

Canned meats of course, also include the many tasty sandwich snacks and spreads which do everything to get the picnic sandwich off to a grand start. The meat may be boned chicken, minced ham, tongue, beef, liver paste and other zestful spreads which turn just plain bread into appetizing morsels. Keep an assortment always on hand, and be ready to picnic piquantly at a moment's notice.

ONE most important use of canned meats is as *accessory* or *extender* items to usual ingredients. From this point of view the canned meat is a most thrifty as well as adaptable buy. For example, the family needs a dish of some heartiness, but Mother doesn't want to stay cooking in a hot kitchen too long, and she doesn't care to expend the money for quick-cooking (but expensive) steaks or chops. But she can buy one or more cans of appetizing beef stew, turn into a casserole, cover with a mashed potato crust, and brown 15 minutes in the oven. Or she can quickly cut out small biscuits made from a ready to use biscuit mix, arrange on top of stew, and have a hot-pot-pie—both cook-quick dishes of the least cost—but both tasting so good!

Canned meats must also cover such irregular items as canned Chop Suey, canned Chicken a la King, Tripe, Brains, and many other specialty dishes which are now packed in canned form for the convenience and economy of the hostess. One can of Chicken a la King, for example, heated and poured over toast, or used with an *extender*, of boiled rice or noodles, will serve four portions. Canned beef balls are tops, too, whether packed without or with spaghetti.

If beans may be classed as Poor Man's Beef, then we must include canned Baked Beans, canned Chili Con Carne, and other bean dishes on our list. As every boy and man will testify, canned Baked Beans is his "meat" in summer as well as winter. One excellent way to serve them is as a Bean Soup or Bean Chowder, a dish of appetizing heartiness especially after a good swim at the beach, other sports, or a tiring auto drive. There's nothing quite like one hot dish, even in summer, to make a genuine meal, even if the other items are light or sketchy. Here's suggestions for changing canned Baked Beans into

BEAN GUMBO

Minced onion
Minced green pepper
Butter
Canned baked beans
Canned tomato juice
Diced canned cornbeef
Salt, pepper

Saute onion and pepper in butter. Add to canned beans with sufficient tomato juice to give soup or chowder consistency. Add diced beef, and season to taste. Serve in small pottery bowls with assorted crackers.

BEAN CHOWDER

To canned baked beans add diced cooked potatoes, diced cooked carrots, with tomato juice and sufficient diced canned tongue or snippets of cooked ham to give added meat flavor, and season with onion, thyme, and black pepper.

You will want to try other tricks with canned meats and similar products in your hot weather menus. You will find that these will not only enable you to *come out of the kitchen*, but will save you cash money in lessened fuel and meat bills.

FREE

Let Me Send You "Save With Canned Meats," including recipes for Ten-Minute Chicken Pie, Hot Ham Snacks, Clark Gable's Corned Hash & Eggs.

Please paste this coupon on a post card, and send it to Christine Frederick, c/o MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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WHEN it's time to treat your guests, excuse yourself . . . *just for a moment!* Run some water, get some ice—and before they know it—you'll be back with a tray of thirst quenching Kool-Aid! Yes, frosty glasses filled to the brim with America's favorite home refreshment. Kool-Aid is the thrifty, convenient treat that everyone enjoys. So serve it often to your guests, your hubby and to the younger folks. Be sure you buy the original Kool-Aid!

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Thanks to New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, you can now wear smart shoes that everybody admires without suffering the torture of corns, callouses or bunions! These soothing, cushioning pads quickly relieve pain wherever shoes rub, press or pinch your feet or toes; help keep you free of corns. *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are new in design, shape and texture. 630% softer than before! Separate Graduated *Medications* are included for quickly removing corns or callouses. A complete treatment in one box! Get this new thrill in foot relief today. Costs but a trifle. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Sold everywhere.

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Generous tube at 10c stores.

X-BAZIN Cream

Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 58]

can't even see a few feet away without 'em . . . so, boys, lay off the ribbing. . . .

THE STORK OF A WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT: Bob Montgomery enjoying Tallulah Bankhead's interested stare . . . Margaret Sullavan emerging from the Pierre for the first time . . . animated and friendly . . . Peg is now in London and Paris with Hubby Leland Hayward . . . Everybody missing Dorothy Lamour who was a nightly visitor until she was scared out of town by kidnap threats . . . Dottie used to sing here before Herbie Kay and the sarongs got her . . . and she doesn't mind being reminded . . . at the bar, Franchot Tone complaining of a sore throat . . . The Monte Carlo: Irene Dunne and her Doctor Griffin looking like any sedate married pair. . . .

HEPBURN CAPTURES THE TOWN: Beautifully growned by Valentina and playing her love scenes with unexpected warmth, Katharine Hepburn has become the "oomphiest" gal on either side of the footlights . . . of course, you wouldn't think so if you saw her dashing out of the stage entrance of the Shubert Theatre in unpressed slacks and a shiny nose, the autograph pack in hot pursuit . . . Her performance in *The Philadelphia Story* is sheer magic! Opening night she took a dozen curtain calls clinging to Van Heflin's arm . . . made a tearful and gracious speech. She hasn't gone in for any of those shenanegans that made her so unpopular in the West Coast studios. She's been generous with billing, refusing stardom and even co-operates with the press-agent on publicity! When the cast gathered at Sardi's across the street to await the first reviews, Van was there but Katie wasn't. But it's still a romance, with Katie actively interested in Heflin's career.

ALICE FAYE wants to see the World's Fair, but it's really Tony Martin who brought her East. He's to join her shortly. She's *so* impatient. Tony has given up the screen and will concentrate on his band, so it looks as though they'll have to continue their long distance marriage. Alice looks completely recovered from her series of illnesses, but must continue to guard her health.

Katie Hepburn's *Philadelphia Story* is N. Y. hit. Van Heflin is leading man. Romance?

What Not To Discuss with Your Husband

[*Continued from page* 79]

always thinking about is your weight. The camera makes you look ten pounds heavier than you are. Ever so often you add five or six pounds, heavens knows how, and you get worried, and go on a diet.

"But I never discuss my diets with Frank—or what *he* ought to eat and ought not to eat. A woman can become a terrific nag unconsciously, talking about food. She may wonder desperately what to have for dinner, but she's wise if she wonders in silence. No husband enjoys being dragged into the kitchen, even mentally.

"FRANK is a very good bridge player. I'm only fair. So we don't play bridge together. You won't catch me getting involved in any of those violent discussions called post-mortems. I'm staying out of arguments if I can. But we play poker. That's different. There we're strictly on our own. Any boners we make involve only our separate selves.

"If you're going to play a game with your husband, it has to be something that won't get you into arguments. A game you can play solo. Like golf, for instance. A lot of discussion can go into eighteen holes of golf, but there's something about being out in the open that makes it the kidding kind. Frank will tell me something I'm doing wrong, and I'll say, 'I'm too busy trimming you to listen.' (I'm only five strokes behind.) A little later I'll slice a ball off into the rough, and I'll mutter to myself, 'Now what am I doing wrong?' Quick as a flash, Frank will say, 'Oh, so you want me to tell you?'

"If you're playing a game with your husband, the surest way to have a good time at it, and stay out of arguments, is to admit your own mistakes lightly—and not be caustic about his. You can't tell men what to do when it comes to anything athletic. Masculine pride, you know."

She smiled disarmingly.

"There's a popular belief that if an actress is married to someone who isn't in the profession, they can't possibly be happy together—'because they don't talk the same language.' It's an erroneous belief. I don't have to leave home to talk about pictures, any more than I have to go home to talk about them. We see most of the best movies, and we talk about them afterward—as what moviegoers don't? And we have some nice warm discussions.

"We have never been a 'yes' family. . . . There's one great advantage to having a husband who isn't in the profession. He's used to thinking of you more as his wife than as an actress. So that, when you come home from one of your own pictures, he talks about the performances everybody else gave. That's one way of keeping your feet on the ground.

"I don't take all my little studio problems home with me, but I take the big ones home. I don't think you can ever be excited about your work without discussing it with someone close to you. Only, after all those years when I couldn't run to him, I'm careful not to overdo it now. Just as I'm careful not to surround him with picture people. He and they have almost nothing in common. There's something about association with professionals that a professional misses—but I have less of it probably than any other star in Hollywood. I'm not distressed about it. I'm fairly positive I'll be happier in the long run.

"I know so many professional people who wouldn't know how to behave with any other class of people. Doctor has made so many friends, at the club and elsewhere, in all walks of life. And some of them are the finest, most loyal people I could ever hope to know. Even," she added, "if they aren't in the movies."

IRENE doesn't believe that a wife should discuss with her husband what she should wear when they're going out together, or how she should fix her hair, or what shade of lipstick she should use, or anything of the sort.

"That's something else that 'all those separations' taught me. Back in primitive times, the female of the species put flowers in her hair, and otherwise made herself colorful, to surprise the particular male she fancied. That's the way it should still be. I decided that when I'd go to New York, and Frank would see me in new things, with my hair different, his eyes would light up with pleased surprise. You're lucky if you have enough rooms to dress for an evening out before your husband sees you. His surprise, when he does see you, and doesn't know what you've done to make yourself so attractive, adds an extra fillip to your evening. It revives your courtship days.

"It never hurts to be charming to your husband first, and other people afterward. He's the most important man in the world. That's another thing those separations taught me.

"In Hollywood, when they say a woman is charming, they usually mean she knows how to appeal to any man who looks at her. But the women I've found most charming are those who have eyes only for those they are with. One of the most charming girls I've ever known had a waiting list of suitors, not one of whom could have told what the secret of her charm was. I'll tell you what it was. She wasn't the most attractive girl in sight. But she was so subtly complimentary to any man she was with. She made him feel, as long as she was with him, that no one else existed.

"It's the technique a siren uses to take a man away from his wife. But a wife can use the same technique to hold him. Unconsciously, I used it after those long months apart from my husband. I had no eyes for any man but Frank."

Just then the sound of a French children's song being played on a phonograph drifted down from the upstairs nursery. Irene explained that Mary Frances, recently given some French records by their French maid, wants them played by the hour.

"Which reminds me," she added, "of something else a wife shouldn't discuss with her husband. The discipline of a child—in front of the child. It's fatal for one not to agree, at least at that moment, with whatever the other says.

"It usually isn't fatal to discuss anything or everything with your husband. But a little discretion can make what you do discuss important and amusing and interesting to both of you. That"—she smiled—"Is the viewpoint I'm defending now."

Men "Fall" For
Glamorous Hair!

So Don't Let Dry, Dull Hair Spoil Your Natural Charm and Allure... Here's that Wonderful Oil Shampoo Which Leaves Hair Soft and Radiant

WHY LET DRY, dull, unmanageable hair keep you from being completely lovely? *For your own sake do as thousands of women do.* See your hair reveal new sparkle and brilliance . . . have it soft and manageable . . . agleam with dazzling highlights!

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You get these astonishing benefits with Mar-O-Oil Shampoo. *It is utterly different from any other shampoo.* It gives you three amazing benefits you have never before experienced!

Here's what it does: *First,* because it contains imported olive and natural vegetable oils, *it combines an oil treatment with an oil shampoo!* And beauty experts say that nothing is so wonderful for dry, unruly hair as an oil treatment.

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YOU MUST BE SATISFIED—OR MONEY BACK! We are so confident that you will like Mar-O-Oil far better than any other shampoo ever tried, *that we make this liberal guarantee:* Buy one bottle of Mar-O-Oil and follow directions. Use ½ bottle. *If not thoroughly pleased,* return to J. W. Marrow Mfg. Co., Chicago and your money will be refunded in full. Could anything be more fair? You be the judge.

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New Lipstick Gives This Alluring Appeal

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 74*]

All of Bing Crosby's boys are with Dad on location except the baby. Dennis is on ladder, and his twin, Phillip, stands at lower left. That's Gary, the oldest, at right

Marie didn't have time to buy Nick a birthday giftie—so she gave him a promissory note, good for one box of candy or one homebaked cake (with orange frosting) payable in 30 days.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Now it's Johnny Maschio with Janie Bryan—
These Hollywood guys sure keep tryan!

■

MOST discountable romance-rumor in town, recently, is the twaddle about Ginger Rogers and Davie Niven

Favoring classic Grecian lines for evening wear is Andrea Leeds who is Gary Cooper's leading lady in *The Real Glory*

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

Priscilla Lane and new boy friend, Oren Haglund, whom many believe are married though they won't admit it, have a table together at recent dinner given by Warners

being that way. Ginger isn't being that way about anybody—not even (or especially) Niven. As a matter of fact, Ginger isn't even within thinking distance of a divorce from Lew Ayres, from whom she's been separated for so long. But neither she nor Lew have ever taken it to a lawyer. Not that they're torching. They simply admire each other—and neither of them has any particular wish for complete freedom.

After all, in a merry-go-round like Hollywood, an undissolved marriage, even when it's not in working order, is a pretty good brake system . . . As a matter of fact, Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers are the friendliest separated couple in Hollywood. What other wife goes to parties and sits on her ex-hubby's lap, I ask?

■

DELIGHTS of being a movie actor—Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly have a kissing scene. Director yells "cut." But Greene and Nancy stay in the clinch for fully thirty seconds after . . . Hmmmmm . . ! !

■

CUPID'S QUATRAIN:

Brian Aherne and Norma Shearer—
Looks like romance is near an' nearer;
Then it's Wendy Barrie with Brian Aherne!
—wonder who'll be next in turn?

GEOGRAPHIC layout of residential arrangements on a certain block, out here, are a bit—uh, ah—embarrassin' . . .

It's the block where Jobyna Ralston and Virginia Grey both live, their houses only a few numbers apart. Jobie is Richard Arlen's estranged wife. Virginia is Richard Arlen's big heart-beat. And every time Rickie rolls around to see Virginia, can Jobie help noticing out of her front room windows?

■

MOST sophisticated comment on matrimony-in-Hollywood came from Frank Morgan, as he approached his 25th wedding anniversary. A quarter of a century ago, Frank and Alma Muller secretly eloped, back East. Nobody thought it would last. But the other day, Frank and Alma celebrated with a big party at Palm Springs. And here's Frank's lovely remark: "To fool BOTH your public and your wife for twenty-five years is quite an accomplishment, if I do say so myself . . .!"

■

DON AMECHE and wife are keeping their fingers crossed. This time they want a girl. They have two boys, now—so they hope that the stork makes it a Miss Ameche, this time. And Don's so happy about being a papa for the third time that he doesn't even care that it makes him move out of that house he likes so much. On account of it's getting too small for the recurrent Ameche population increase system.

Those Amazing Hollywood Glamour Girls!

How do they do it?

Here's the Hollywood Secret

Screen stars must be *always* active. They can't afford to have "calendar days." Production can't be held up—the show must go on. One scene, a sheer and clinging evening gown; the next, a modern swim suit!

Always active!

Obviously, their secret must be theirs alone! Holly-Pax, the revolutionary new mode of sanitary protection was developed in answer to screen stars' demand for such a product. A tampon of surgical cotton used internally, Holly-Pax eliminates pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't show—even in a swim suit. Its comfort is amazing—no chafing, no binding.

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And — due to its method of absorption, no odor can form! Think what peace of mind this alone will bring! Ask for Holly-Pax at drug, department and ten cent stores. A large package of ten costs only 20 cents; the package of four, 10 cents; truly an economical form of protection.

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20c for package of ten

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

Anne Shirley, James Ellison link arms with co-eds of *Sorority House.* Left to right, Evelyn Eager, Helen Seamon, Anne, Ellison, Sugar Geise, Edna May Jones

BABY-TALK: The Johnny Mack Browns have done it again. This makes three little Brownies. It's a girl.

It's an August date for Ol' Doc Stork at the Bob Burns place. Or is it June?

And by the time you read this, John Wayne expects to be called daddy.

And another Wayne—Wayne Morris—won't deny that wifie Bubbles Schinasi is reading books on baby-care.

And whenever Betty Furness and Hubby Johnny Green show up at a nite spot, the band breaks into "Ten Baby Fingers and Ten Baby Toes," and Betty blushes so prettily . . .!

■

EXCITINGEST jitters around Hollywood's younger set came when it was whispered furiously around town that Deanna Durbin is planning to marry Vaughn Paul, son of the former oldtime boss of Universal studios, as soon as she's 18. From the studio came violent denials; from Deanna herself, nothing at all. Deanna will be 18 by Christmas time—and the studio is hoping that she'll change her mind about marriage by the time those months have passed.

Meantime, however, Deanna and young Paul step out together at the eateries and the niteries, and there doesn't seem to be any cool breeze blowing.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Mary Brian and Reggie (ex-Hedy) Gardiner;
He seems to be quite serious regardin' her.

■

ALICE FAYE and Tony Martin bought a wedding present the other day, and presented it to Alice's big brother, Bill, who is going to marry Eleanor Hansen any day now . . . Wedding present is a ranch. As this is written Bill won't say just when the wedding-date'll be—but intimates that he and the Hansen will probably pull a fastie to Yuma, any moment.

■

BIGGEST GIGGLES of the month, where Hollywood insiders gather to swap romance-rumors, is about that special train trip a bunch of 20th-Fox stars took to the San Francisco World's Fair.

In one special car were Tyrone Power, Annabella — AND Loretta Young—AND SONJA HENIE . . .!

They say the situation was TERRIFIC.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Gertrude Niessen and Tommy Lee—
Right back where they used to be!

■

LATEST heart-twister around town is, of ALL people, Mr. Shipwreck Kelly. He just slays 'em. Slayees, to date, include Mary Brian, Lupe Velez and Peggy Fears . . . Lupe and Peggy used to be the firmest friends, but that was B. K.—"Before Kelly."

■

DENIAL-of-the-MONTH—"I'm NOT going to marry Robert Paige," says Margaret Roach.

"Anyway, not' till I'm older," she adds.

But doesn't say how much older—maybe a day or a week or so?

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

PRETTY sour were the Hollywood tidbit-collectors over the quietness and comparative dignity of the Lombard-Gable wedding. With Carole's screwball reputation, the chatterers anticipated a holiday of wisecracks. They forgot that Carole may clown about everything EXCEPT the one thing that's dearest in life to her—her real love for Clark. . . .

But the point here is that Hollywood feels cheated—and now it is looking forward with fiercer avidity to the other in-the-offing nuptials: The Janet Gaynor-Adrian merger; the Barbara Stanwyck-Bob Taylor inevitability . . . .

Bob and Barbara have been spending most of their time off looking over real estate. Ty Power has gone further—he's bought the Grace Moore hilltop estate, which is a magnificent home. And he and Annabella have already moved in. As for Janet and Adrian—they're as talkative as two oysters. Two DEAD oysters . . .!!

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
It looks from here as though it's a
Romance: Billy Bakewell, Sari Maritza!

◆

WELL, well, well—Doug Fairbanks Senior and Wifie Lady Sylvia had a crackup at last!—and on their third wedding anniversary, too . . .!

But this a literal crack-up, not figurative. On their way to Palm Springs for their anniversary party, their car ran off the road and it was the car that had crack-up—NOT the Doug-Sylvia romance . . . Nobody was hurt. They continued in a taxi. And they're well on their fourth married year, thank you.

◆

GENE MARKEY and Hedy Lamarr are kidding the gossipers. They're sending out cards: "We've been married a month!—and everybody said it wouldn't last!!"

◆

DANNY CUPID'S HOLLYWOOD NOTE BOOK: Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson are second-honey-mooning and there's no sign of their second-separating . . . what's all this dating between Andrea Leeds and Jimmy Bryant, and where's Ken Murray? . . . is Constance Moore or Mary Brian the salve Reggie Gardiner is using on his busted heart? . . . your ol' Tattler wishes Dick Purcell and Vicki Lester would go ahead and do it, and stop making passes! . . . icicles on the Lynn Howard-Bobby Mullineaux twosome . . . Joan Valerie's wearing Lyle Talbot's heart . . . is Eleanor Powell the least bit serious about ork-leader Len Keller? . . . Ivan Lebedeff is kissing Lola Lane's hand most frequently, currently . . . Leo Gorcey says he's going to marry Katherine Mavis, he says, says he . . . Fifi D'Orsay (don't you remember?) is getting a divorce from Maurice Hill, so she'll pretty soon be back in circulation with her grand old " 'Allo, beeg boy!" . . . and Marlene Dietrich has been squired here and there by Erich Remarque, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

◆

THIS has been a remarkable month. Amazing month. There hasn't been a rumor that Lili Damita and Errol Flynn are (a) expecting the stork, or (b) getting a divorce.

Instead, Lili and Errol planed back into town together, the other day, after a Mexican vacation. Soon as the plane landed, they jumped out—and Errol saw a pretty, sleek little plane on the runway nearby. He stopped to admire it. Up stepped the owner, who knows Errol and knows that Errol is a pilot. "Howdya like to tak'er up?" he asked. "Swell," said Errol, and in a jiffy, he was in the cockpit, and putting the new plane through a series of maneuvers.

And down on the ground, Lili, her eyes moist, looked up and whispered:

"What a man. WHAT a MAN!!"

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Rose Bisonette and Wesley Ruggles—
Are they thinking in coos and snuggles?

◆

WHEN seventeen-year-old Nan Grey finally ups and marries Jockey Westrope (which she swears'll be any day, now!) she'll have the wedding dress of her dreams.

It's the same one she wore in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up.* She was so cuh-raaaazeeee about it that Joe Pasternak, producer of the picture, bought it from the wardrobe department and gave it to her for a wedding gift.

◆

NEWS-SOME TWOSOMES: Walter Brooks and Punkins Parker . . . Marj Weaver and Bill Davis, 'cept when they're spattin' . . . Lana Turner and (of COURSE!) Greg Bautzer . . . Lilian Bond and Pat di Cicco . . . Mickey Rooney and M-G-M stock-gal Beth Hughes . . . Tom Brown rebounding with Frances Robinson when she isn't helping Reg Gardiner rebound . . . David Niven and (oh, my!) Ann Sheridan . . . Barbara Brewster and Buddy Moreno. . . .

◆

CUPID'S QUATRAIN:
Beverly Roberts did so lament
When she said good-bye to Peter Kent;
And then she settled with a whoosh
Into the life of Jimmy Bush!

Hard to believe . . .
But true . . .

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What's Wrong with Robert Young?

[*Continued from page* 71]

"I WAS born in Chicago. My mother was born in Chicago, but my father was an Irish immigrant who came over to this country at the age of eighteen. When I was ten months old, the family moved to Seattle. Nine years later we moved to Los Angeles. We lived on the wrong side of the tracks, in the Boyle Heights district. In a way, I had a tough childhood, but nothing like Jimmy Cagney's or Eddie Cantor's or Eddie Robinson's. I have great admiration for those men. It wouldn't be fair to my family to say that we were poverty-stricken. We were just an average middle-class American family. Sometimes we were behind in our rent for two or three months, but I never missed a meal, and I hope I never do.

"This is a funny old world," he added. "I sometimes drive around to see the places where I used to live, work or play. When I drive through Boyle Heights, my conscience bothers me. I feel I have too much, and they have too little. The contrast of my present life with my past is just like a dream. I sometimes wonder if it's really true, could it be possible, that I, Bob Young, once of Boyle Heights, and a small drugstore on North Main Street, am now a movie star, live on my own estate in the Valley, am part owner of the Bel-Air stables, have servants, drive a fine car?

"But believe me, no car I ever bought has given me as much pleasure and made me feel as proud as the bicycle I purchased with my own earnings when I was a high-school kid working in a drugstore, at 50 cents a day. It took me seven months to pay for the darn thing, and I'll never forget the sensation I had when I paid the last installment and the bicycle was wholly mine. My dad had bought me a bicycle when I got a job in that drugstore. It helped me get the job, as I had to make deliveries in the neighborhood. It was my first bike and on the first day somebody stole it! It was a second-hand one. But the one I bought was brand new.

"The next year I worked in another drugstore, on North Main Street, four or five blocks from the General Hospital. The store was supposed to close at 10:30. But almost every night, when I had all my glasses and the fountain cleaned and polished, and was ready to go home, a group of nurses would come in, and order malted milk. I had only two mixers, and it took me twenty minutes to make eight malted milks. They would just sit at the counter and talk and laugh to their hearts' content, while I was tired and sleepy and dying to go home. I would drop forks and knives, ask them casually if they were through, but they refused to take the hint. So it was usually midnight when I got home."

That was tough on our romantic high-school boy, dreaming of becoming an actor.

Somebody knocked on the door. The assistant director came to inform him he was wanted back on the set. He got up and went to the mirror. While he was applying some make-up on his face, I saw a printed notice posted on top of his mirror. It read:

The finest of all virtues is humility. . . . To be humble in spite of power, in spite of success, in spite of riches. . . . To walk with your fellow man. . . . To call him a friend. . . . That's the only test of greatness. (From a saying 5,000 years old.)

ABOVE IS A SCENE from the coming John Garfield-Priscilla Lane hit picture, *A Family Affair.*

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Young Mr. Lincoln, starring Henry Fonda and Marjorie Weaver.

Each Dawn I Die, starring James Cagney and George Raft.

Boy-Friend, starring Jane Withers.

The Gracie Allen Murder Case—and many, many others!

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NOW ON SALE
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MOVIE STORY
MAGAZINE

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

Chubby

■ Sonja Henie, who's greatest battle in life is against Ol' Debbil Avoirdupois, is gloating over the statistical fact that she has lost 11 pounds in the last few months. But Ty Power, who used to say such nice things to her, wipes the smile off her face, every time he sees her. . . .

He calls her "CHUBBY!"

Gag

■ Gag-of-the-month—was the one Davie Niven, the irrepressible, played on his boss, Sam Goldwyn. Goldwyn, you understand, has a contract on Niven which calls for one-half of all his professional earnings outside the studio. So Davie has to split all his radio checks with Sam. Well, the other night, Niven appeared on a national program for a big sponsor—and, like all the other artists on the program, he received in addition to his check a big case containing packages of all the company's products.

And Niven, the darn' fool, dutifully cut EVERY package in half, and sent half of each to boss Goldwyn . . . I esk you!

Home Furnishings

■ Cute Little Gadgets About The Hollywood Homes—in Gail Patrick's house, she has upholstered chairs in the kitchen. Says Gail: "Well, most parties wind up in the kitchen, so why not be comfortable?"

In Humphrey Bogart's playroom, there are plaques on the wall, like the kind trophies of the hunt used to be mounted on. But on Bogart's plaques, are mounted horrible examples of the kind of hats women wear today. And the titles . . . !—h'm, Hays would never pass 'em.

Ginger's New Partner?

■ Now that it's cut and dried for Fred Astaire to switch his teaming to Eleanor Powell, over at M-G-M, it leaves poor Ginger Rogers (and RKO, for that matter) without a big-name dance star to team with the redhead in her next RKO dancie.

So they're scouring the world. And the hottest name they've dug up yet seems to be Jack Whiting, of the Broadway and London stage who is also—of ALL things!—stepfather to Doug Fairbanks, Junior. You see, Whiting is the husband of Bess Fairbanks, who used to be married to Old Doug Fairbanks.

Wouldn't it be funny to see Ginger screen-romancing with Doug's steppappy?

Could Occur Only in Hollywood

■ Hospital room. Grey-haired woman, seriously ill. At the bedside, her son, her son's wife, and . . . one other woman. That other woman's name is Joan Bennett. And the woman in the bed is Gene Markey's mother. And the other two are, of course, Gene and Hedy Lamarr, whom he married after divorcing Joan.

Ears Weren't Big Enough

■ No sensitive violet is Clark Gable. If nobody else kids him, he'll kid himself. The other day, on the *Gone With the Wind* set, his stand-in, Lou Smith, was under the lights while Gable stayed cool on the sidelines.

The cameraman, having his troubles, snarled at Lou: "Hey, Lou!—look more like Gable, wilya, so I can get this lighting right!"

Gable grinned, shot back from his sidelines seat:

"What's the matter with my stand-in? Aren't his ears big enough?"

Bill Powell, Gardener

■ Still convalescing, Bill Powell stays home these days, is rarely seen out. But often, his friends visit him. And so, the other fine day, Ronnie Colman and Benita Hume, Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow drove up to Bill's house, rang the doorbell. Came the butler.

"Ah—Mister Powell is gardening, now," he explained as they were admitted. So they trooped to the back garden—and discovered what? There sat Bill Powell, in pajamas and a brilliant dressing-gown, reclining in an easy chair with a glass by his side—seriously superintending the job of setting out a half-dozen potted window plants . . .!

And if you think Hollywood let him get away with *that* kind of "gardening," wait till you hear the sequel:

Next day, there was delivered a big box to Bill. It was labeled: FOR YOUR GARDENING WORK. And it contained a tea gown, a set of manicure scissors and implements, and a garden hat with flowers on it . . .!

Hart and Pickford Again

■ Looks like you're going to see some of the old-timers on the screen again. Bill Hart, of ALL people. And Mary Pickford.

Not that Bill is going to act again. He probably never will. After all, it's being silly to see a man his age come galloping into a scene with a gun in each hand, yelling at the villain to stick 'em up. BUT—plans are ready for the re-issue of some of the most famous of the old William S. Hart Two-Gun features, with modern sound dubbed in.

As for Mary Pickford. There's gossip around town that she's going to end her self-imposed exile from the screen, not to appear again, however, as the curly-haired beauty of yesteryear, but in a biography of Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science.

No "It"sy-Bitsy

■ You'll never have to read any more gossip rumors that Clara Bow, the "It" Girl of bygone days, is planning a screen comeback . . . Clara, utterly busy being wife and mother for hubby Rex Bell and family, now weighs nearly 200. And that's no "It."

Oh To Be a Kid of 80

■ Amazing folk, these Spaniards. Take, for instance, Leo Carrillo's uncle, 92 years old—92! He visited Leo on the set, and Leo introduced the nonagenarian to Virginia Bruce. The old man looked at her keenly, then whispered to Leo:

"I wish I was 80 again . . .!"

LARRY SIMMS starring as Baby Dumpling in Columbia's "Blondie Steps Out" and Daisy, famous comic strip dog.

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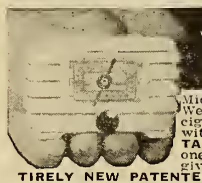

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LIQUID OR OINTMENT

Be Our Guest in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 15]

which Allan owns jointly with movie star Robert Young. Many Hollywood notables have promised to attend the party.

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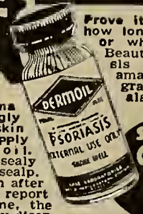

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U	■	11 F	R	O	M		12 A		A	N	■	
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18 B	O	19 B	■	20 A	R	21 D	E	N	■	22 C	U	T
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27 N	O	L	A	28 N	■		■	29	I			
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42 R	O	Y	■	43 R	A	Y	E	44 S	■	45		
46 E	N	■	47 A	E	R		48		49	■	50	
E	■	51 T	O	N	E		52			53 M	■	
54 N	O	R	T	O	N		55			L		

ACROSS

1. He has title role in *Jesse James*
6. —— *Takes a Trip*
11. *The Stranger —— Arizona* was a Buck Jones film
12. *Pennypepper* in *There Goes My Heart*
13. Initials of Ann Sothern's husband
15. She was the hard-boiled showgirl in *Letter of Introduction*
16. His last name is Guard
17. Initials of Miss Travis
18. Male lead in *Thanks for the Memory*
20. Last name of 15 Across
22. What director calls to indicate end of scene
23. His last name is Craig
25. Is Nan Grey a blonde?
26. Date in May on which Richard Barthelmess celebrates birth
27. He played opposite Dorothy Lamour in *St. Louis Blues*
29. —— *Pacific*
30. What Edgar Kennedy tamed in *Peck's Bad Boy with the Circus* (sing.)
31. Short for Mr. Gorcey, one of *Little Tough Guys*
32. —— *Up and Fight*
35. *Road* ——
38. —— *On, Leathernecks*
39. She had lead in *Comet over Broadway*
41. Norman Foster's real one is Norman Hoeffer
42. Star of *Billy the Kid Returns*
43. Paramount comedienne (poss.)
45. Descriptive of film with an unhappy ending
46. Mr. Nugent's initials
47. *Torchy Gets —— Man*
48. To perform in a motion picture
50. Miss Donnelly's initials
51. Male lead in *The Girl Downstairs*
52. *Where the Buffalo ——*
54. *Bert Monroe* in *Thanks for the Memory*
55. Women fans enjoy those shown in *Artists and Models Abroad*

DOWN

1. Sabu's head covering
2. Initials of Director Florey
3. Portland Hoffa's native state (abbr.)
4. First name of Miss Pilbeam, British star
5. *Col. Torrance* in *Storm Over Bengal*
6. *Crime —— a Holiday*
7. *Mr. X* in *The Mad Miss Manton*
8. He had lead in *Off the Record*
9. Miss Negri's initials
10. Singing cowboy star
14. One of Spencer Tracy's favorite sports
17. Month in which Evalyn Knapp was born
19. Hero of *Smashing the Spy Ring*
21. *Katherine* in *If I Were King*
22. What movies are called in England
24. *Aunt Elizabeth* in *His Exciting Night*
26. *Scott* in *Dawn Patrol*
28. This motion by Harpo Marx means "yes"
29. Dickie Moore is one
32. Motion pictures are projected on this
33. The short feature may be a Terry ——
34. Month in which Mary Astor was born
36. —— Kiam designs many film costumes
37. *Mme. Lucien* in *Devil's Island* (poss.)
39. *Mrs. Goodwin* in *Kentucky*
40. *Freshman* —— (pl.)
43. *The Road to* ——
44. Andy Clyde is one
47. *Too —— to Handle*
49. First name of director of *Trade Winds*
51. Initials of Tom Ricketts
53. Myrna's initials

June Solution

T	R	E	V	O	R		B	O	L	A	N	D
O	■	D	I	N	■	V	■	F	O	R	■	A
M	B	■	C	■	B	A	D	■	U	■	M	R
L	I	T	T	L	E	■	O	L	I	V	E	R
I	T	■	O	■	N	A	N	■	S	■	N	O
N	■	A	R	C	■	N	■	L	E	W	■	S
	I	N	■	A	L	I	C	E	■	A	N	
U	■	N	A	T	■	T	■	O	U	R	■	L
S	D	■	V	■	S	A	M	■	R	■	Y	E
H	E	L	E	N	A	■	A	I	S	L	E	S
E	L	■	N	■	D	I	X	■	U	■	S	T
R	■	B	U	D	■	S	■	F	L	A	■	E
S	A	Y	E	R	S		S	K	A	T	E	R

Miss and Mrs. America

You Amazed Me!

Jack Dawn
DIRECTOR of MAKE-UP
M.G.M. STUDIO

To make-up the beautiful women of the screen has been my responsibility for so long, I overlooked that beauty is important to all women.

Imagine my amazement when so many of you responded to my offer to help women be beautiful.

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Ring is 1/30th 14K Gold Plate set with Simulated Diamond and 6 Brilliants

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of freckles, ugly surface pimples-Enjoy new beauty

Nadinola Cream quickly starts you toward a fresher, smoother, softer, more alluring complexion—the kind that men admire and women envy. That's because, unlike most creams, Nadinola speeds up the natural process of exfoliation. Its gentle action helps to clear and whiten dark, dull, rough skin—to fade away freckles, loosen blackheads, clear up surface pimples and other externally caused blemishes. Used and praised for 40 years by thousands of women. Only 50c at your drug or toilet counter. Satisfactory results guaranteed or your money back. Get famous, quick-acting Nadinola Cream today!

"Your Autograph, Please!"

[*Continued from page* 38]

door startled him. A bellboy rushed in. "G-great gosh, Mr. Bellamy," he stammered, "gosh—you don't know what you're in for."

Ralph stared at him. "Why, what's the trouble? A fire? Murder? Explosion?"

The bellboy muttered incoherently for a minute. "Gosh, worse than that. There's about twenty billion dames downstairs, and they're all demandin' to see you. They're tearin' up the place. I even think they're on their way up."

Ralph grew pale. From previous experience he knew that fighting hungry lions was nothing compared to mixing with a bunch of souvenir-seeking women.

Ralph rushed into the other room. At that moment, nothing seemed more desirable than being securely hidden under the bed.

Suddenly, he heard a sound, and turned. A girl was standing in back of him.

She was scowling. "I seen all yer pitchers, an' I want a lock of yer hair. An' when I wants something, I usually gets it."

She swooped down on him, but Mr. Bellamy was already safe in a third room . . . and the door was locked.

SO MUCH for the brainstorms of autograph collectors. Now for the more practical side of the business. As you may know, signatures are more than just so many ink-filled sheets of paper. Each has a definite price, and many collectors follow the hobby only for the money in it. Myrna Loy, Loretta Young, Clark Gable and others sell for a quarter on a sheet of paper.

The price is raised to a dollar when the signature is on a 'still' photograph. Shirley Temple costs twenty cents. Lon Chaney still sells for over a hundred dollars.

Prices change with various events. Jean Harlow, on a photograph, jumped from fifteen cents to two hundred dollars immediately after her death.

A dedication adds to the price. While 'To Oswald' might be worth only a quarter and 'To Oswald, with love' a dollar, 'To Oswald, with gratitude, respect, and friendship, etc.' would be worth five dollars. Autograph companies purchase these, remove the name dedicated, and resell them to rich hobbyists for several times the price paid.

Many times autographs of little-known stars are worth more than those of big-timers. Paul Muni, for example, who will refuse to sign your book if you ask for a dedication, lowers his sig. value automatically. But a supporting player who fills the page with beautiful phrases is a popular man with the professional hobbyists.

MANY stars collect autographs, and will pay highly for a really good collection. A former autograph collector, now employed as an aide to one of New York's foremost gossip columnists, once was offered three hundred dollars for his autographs by John Barrymore. Mr. Barrymore, by the way, rarely signs autographs himself.

The late Will Rogers was another autograph collector who frequently offered to buy collections. No one believed him serious, however, due to his reputation as a humorist and a practical joker.

Shirley Temple collects autographs, and numbers among her collection various leading political officials, the foremost of these being President Roosevelt. Charlie Chaplin goes in for the literary lights; Warner Baxter the sportsmen.

Non-professional collectors, however, have the hardest time of it. While the autograph seller will quit if the going gets tough, the autograph collector will go to all extremes to get that signature. One collector jumped on a celebrity's speeding car, and attempted to hang on until the next stoplight. However, there was snow on the ground, and no chains on the car. Result: the car skidded and the boy was smashed to the ground.

On the other hand, Loretta Young, upon learning that a nine-year-old had hung to her car for more than twenty blocks signed the boy's autograph book, and even invited him to have dinner with her.

Loretta, by the way, has learned that it pays to be nice to autograph hunters. A radio commentator once announced that she was attending the Broadway show, *Tovarich*. After its break, she came out to find the streets filled with people. Traffic had been stopped; police were standing on all sides.

Miss Young started to step back quietly into the theatre, but a sharp eyed woman spied her. "Yow," she howled. "There she is. There's L'retta Young."

Then Loretta had the questionable enjoyment of having an enormous crowd fighting for her autograph. She ran across the street. The crowd ran across the street. She ran back. The crowd ran back.

Loretta began to look serious. A flower which had been adorning her hat now adorned the hat of a souvenir seeker. Her hat was lopsided and *she* felt lopsided. Something had to be done.

Suddenly, five or six muscular boys leaped out of a taxicab. Pushing the crowd away on all sides, they stepped up to her. "Quick, Miss Young. Hop in."

Too bewildered to do anything else, she "hopped in." The cab began to drive swiftly toward Fifth Avenue. Before the crowd had time to realize what had happened, Loretta Young was three blocks away. When they reached Fifth Avenue, the cab stopped.

"Miss Young," one of the boys asked, "how about your autograph?"

Loretta signed, and the boys started to step out. She stopped them, and opened her handbag. "Wait. Here's a little something for helping me out."

"I'm sorry, Miss Young, but we don't accept money."

"Oh, I'm—"

But the boys had already walked away.

THEN there is the strange organization which does similar rescuing. It is called simply "The Guild."

When Henry Fonda was trapped in a Radio City barroom fifteen minutes before he had to broadcast this group, consisting of four men complete with tuxedos and top hats, helped him escape in time to appear. However, they disappeared mysteriously before he had time to thank them.

Martha Raye was escorted to her Paramount Theatre dressing-room by the same four; and had the same strange experience of having them disappear suddenly. Numerous other stars have been rescued by these strange men, yet none have ever learned their identity. All they have ever said was that they were "The Guild."

One of the best repayments for autograph collectors who do not follow the hobby for the money in it are the interesting bits of celebrity psychology it reveals. After a while of collecting, you will soon realize that every star has some humorous or strange habit.

Paul Muni, for example, will never sign autographs in a public place because staring people embarrass him.

Because Joan Crawford once acted in an awful flop which had a certain song as its theme, she will cry or become very angry if that song is hummed near her.

Some six years back, when Lionel Barrymore had just been hailed as a tremendous success, he was so pleased by autograph collectors who stopped him in front of his hotel that he handed each of them a dollar bill.

If you ask Spencer Tracy for his autograph when there are few other people around, he will be sure to give you all the details of his latest picture.

Never give Lily Pons directions, for her limited knowledge of the English language may cause her to misinterpret it. Once, an autograph collector instructed her, "Please dedicate it to Sherry—on top." The autograph came back signed, "To Sherry On top."

The Marx Brothers will always write a humorous remark about their signature, while Eleanor Powell signs something complimentary.

AND finally to a habit which, unluckily, is prevalent among many female stars . . . when a celebrity actually raised in them thar hills of Ioway or Oshkosh, Wisconsin suddenly and miraculously becomes endowed with a British accent. But autograph collectors have found a way to solve that, too.

Recently, a certain movie star born right on Tenth Avenoo visited a Broadway theatre. Immediately a boy stepped up and asked for her autograph.

A string of "Oh, deah, deah me's" followed. Then: "Oh, but I really cahn't, you know. It would take duhreadfully long, my little man, and I simply cahn't."

The autograph collector glowered. He could excuse those two "cahn'ts," but that "my little man" . . . grrr!

Then his eyes slowly took on a faint sparkle. He had an idea. He smiled apologetically. "I don't really want your autograph, Miss Dash. What I would really like is for you to answer a question for me. Please, it'll only take a second."

"Yes?"

"If a person's very ugly, can he get into the movies simply on his talent?"

She fell blithely into the trap. "Why, certainly. In fact, the uglier you are—the more talent you need."

The autograph collector looked up at her. "Gosh," he breathed. "You must have an *awful* lot of talent."

The actress then let out a few unprintable words which she had definitely *not* learned in Merrie Old England.

And that's autograph collecting. It's a darn rotten hobby which irritates you when you fail to get the signature you're after; and disappoints you when you do get it.

But if you can't take it, don't ever get an autograph. Because once you do, you'll have signatures on the brain for the rest of your life.

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